Dec. 10, 1979

# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Art of Dining**—A comedy by Tina Howe. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

**The Balcony**—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.)

**Bent**—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Class Enemy**—A play by an English author, Nigel Williams, about some brattish schoolboys in a down-at-heel quarter of London. Their speech is suffocatingly scatological. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Dark at the Top of the Stairs**—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the musical CANTERBURY TALES, taken from the Chaucer work, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are required, call 663-2028.)

**Evita**—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein**—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Getting Out**—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Holeville**—A play by Jeff Wanshel, with music by Des McAnuff. The second offering of the Dodger Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

**The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs**—Brian Murray heads the cast of a play by David Edgar, who adapted it from Mr. Sachs's writings. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16.)

**King of Schnorrers**—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Ladyhouse Blues**—Kevin O'Morrison's family portrait—a widow and her four grown daughters in a kitchen in St. Louis in 1919—is composed of many details of character, time, and place. Occasionally, it almost teeters over into sentimentality, but it is saved by the clear, firm performance under Tony Giordano's direction. Jo Henderson, Christine Estabrook, Laurie Kennedy, and Wendy Fulton are the good actresses. (10/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting Victor Herbert's BABES IN TOYLAND through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Loose Ends**—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square. Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Modigliani**—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Dan Owens' THE MICHIGAN is the first in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

**Night and Day**—An uncharacteristically down-to-earth melodrama by Tom Stoppard. There

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THE NEW YORKER

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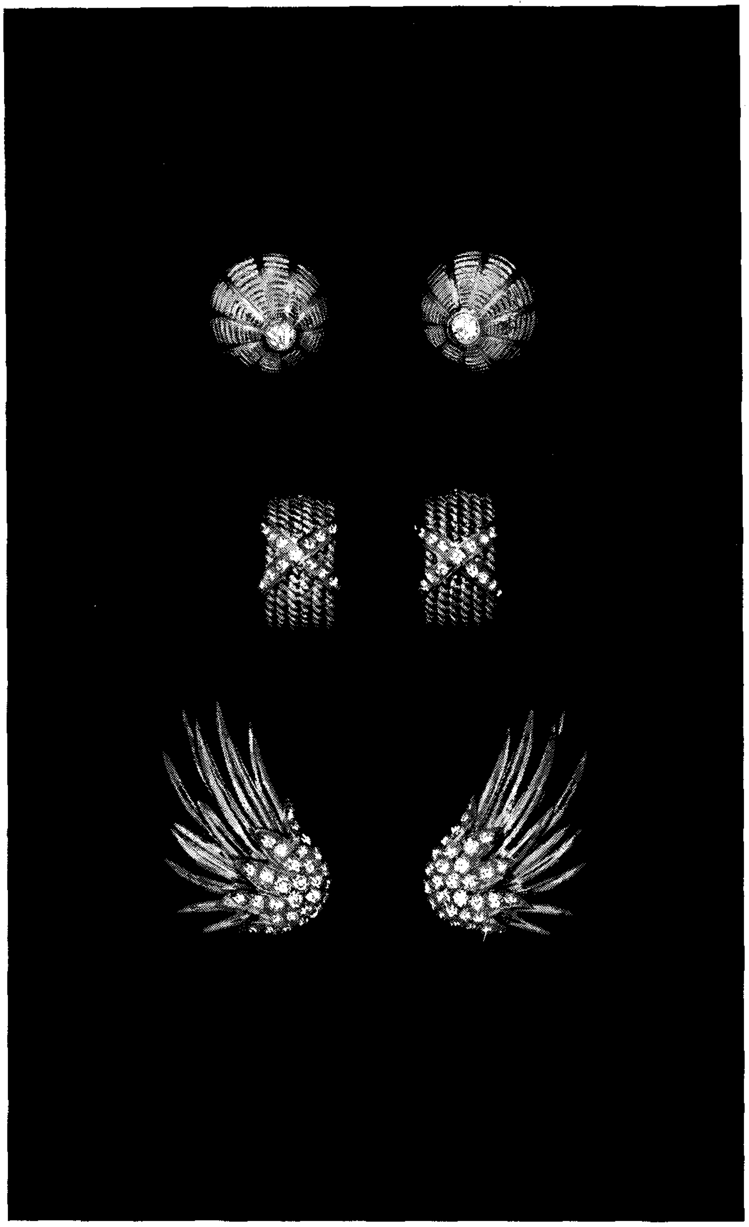
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LV, No. 43, December 10, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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are many funny lines in the solemn presence of death. Maggie Smith is the star. (Reviewed in this issue.) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.)

**The 1940's Radio Hour**—How things were in a busy radio studio on a certain evening in December, 1942. A good-natured, implausible musical, with a book by Walton Jones (who also directed) and an able cast singing many marvellous old songs. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Oklahoma!**—A revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Laurence Guittard, Christine Andreas, and Mary Wickes. Directed by William Hammerstein. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 13. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**One Mo' Time**—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**On Golden Pond**—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Peter Pan**—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

**Rebecca—The Rabbi's Daughter**—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

**Romantic Comedy**—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Say Goodnight, Gracie**—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

**Scrambled Feet**—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Smart Aleck—Alexander Woollcott at 8:40**—The critic and radio personality Alexander Woollcott, who died in 1943, had many famous friends; Howard Teichmann has woven Woollcott's life and his friends' names into an amusing tapestry of the twenties and thirties. Peter Boyden skillfully impersonates Woollcott. (12/3/79) (Basement Space, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Sorrows of Stephen**—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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**Spell #7**—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good: those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

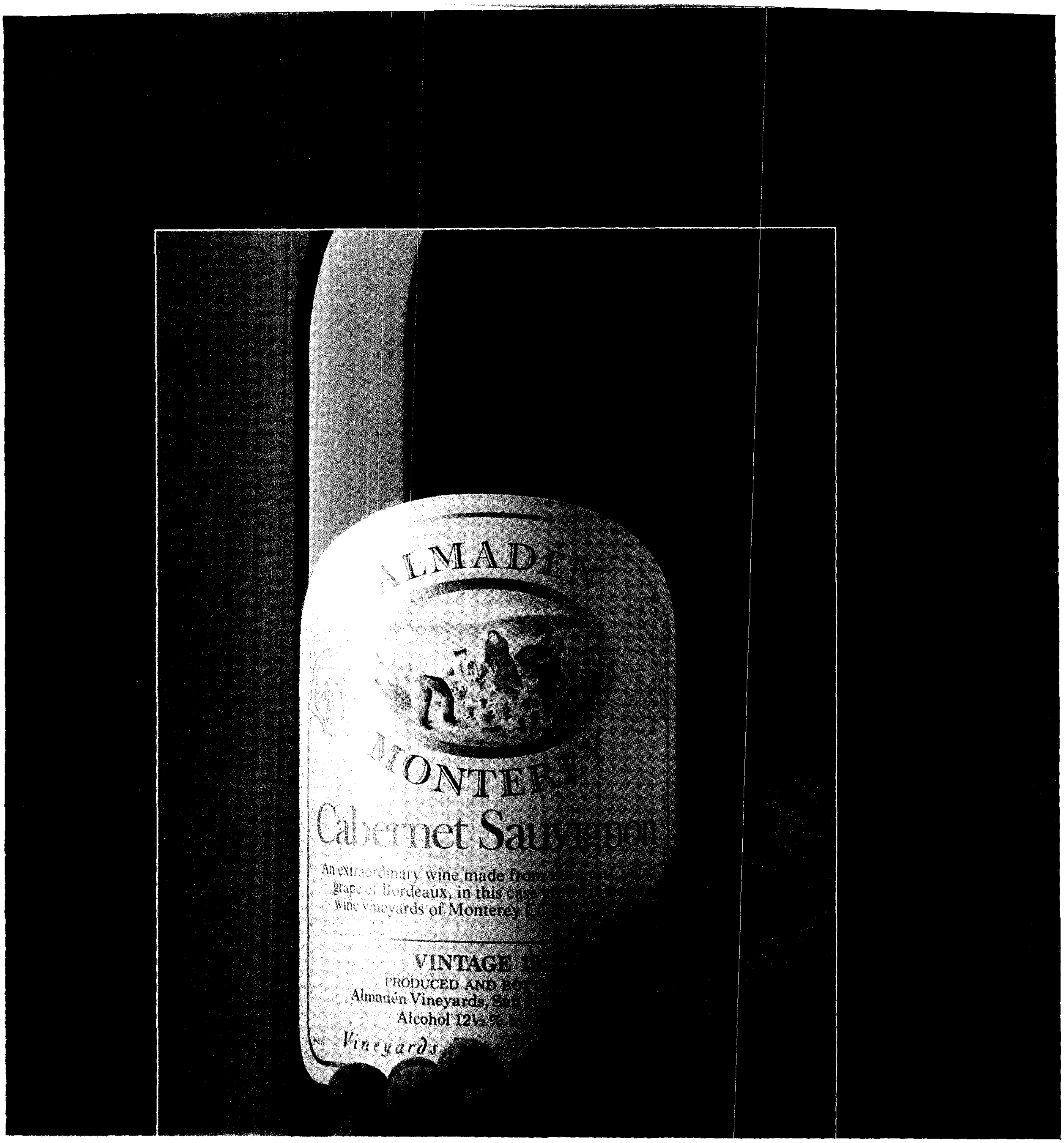
**Strider: The Story of a Horse**—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Sugar Babies**—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7:30.)

**Tongues**—A collaborative effort by Sam Shepard and Joseph Chaikin (who also performs) on two short plays presented under the collective title "Tongues." (The other is "Savage/Love.") (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, at 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 6; thereafter, nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8.)

**Woody Guthrie**—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are older than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Final performances Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,152 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD**: A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has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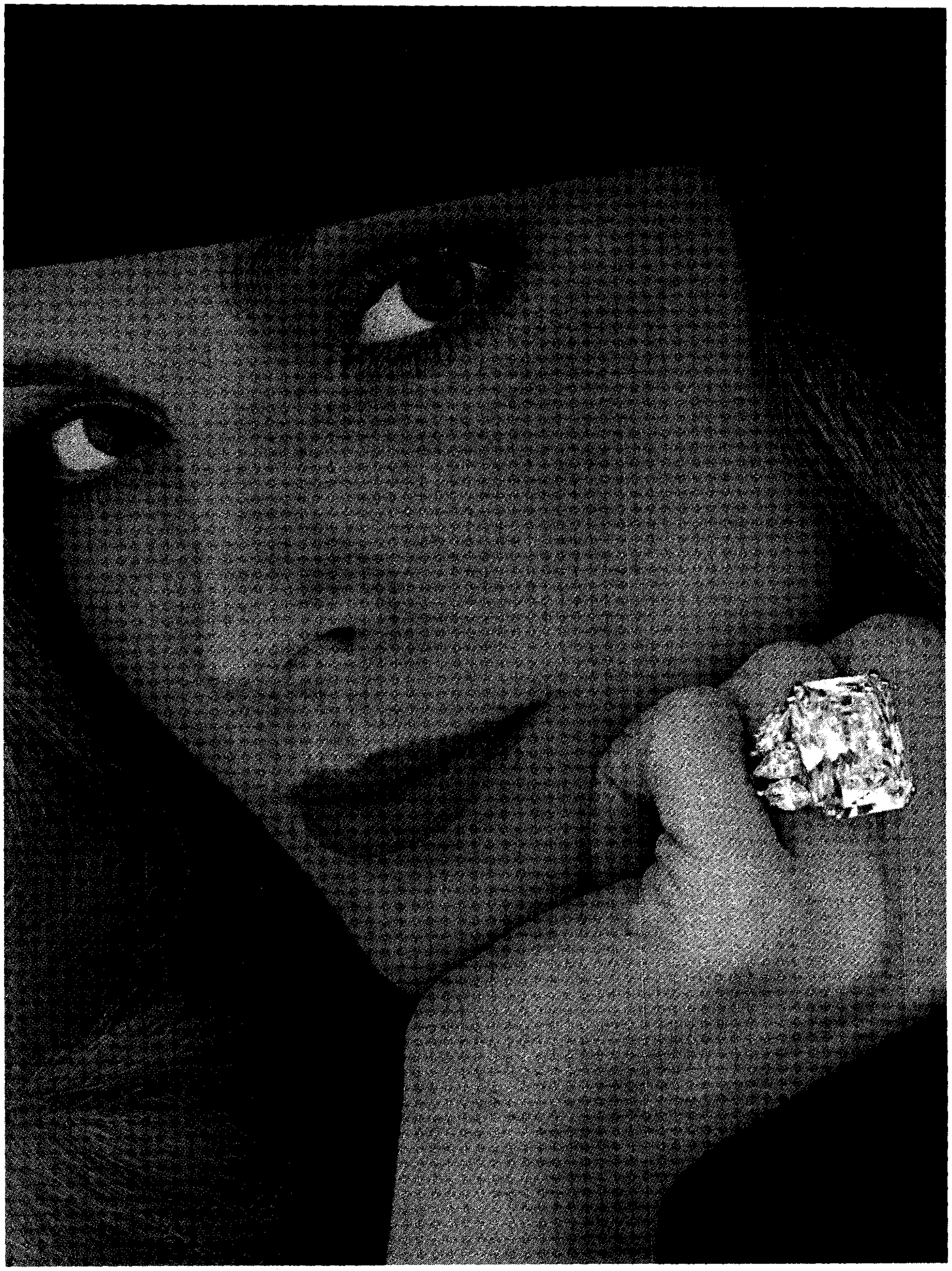

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frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Lucie Arnaz. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**NACHA GUEVARA**—An Argentine chanteuse, with Alberto Favero as accompanist on the piano. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30, and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

**VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP**—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Wednesday, Dec. 5, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 255-8235.)

**AMERICAN MIME THEATRE**—A company of eight in a program of old and new works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Monday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

**ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE**—Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," "Memoria," and "Les Noces" (company première).... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Streams," "Hobo Sapiens," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Tilt," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," "Memoria," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Streams," "Solo for Mingus," "Fire Sermon," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7:30: "Myth," "A Song for You," "Portrait of Billie," "Les Noces," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Night Creature," "The Time Before the Time After," "The Mooche," and "Memoria."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Butterfly," "Portrait of Billie," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Flowers," "According to Eve," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Myth," "A Song for You," "Portrait of Billie," "Memoria," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: "Gazelle," "Hobo Sapiens," "Flowers," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Myth," "Facets," "Masekela Langage," and "Les Noces." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

**DANCE UMBRELLA**—Final performances of the engagement. **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Dec. 5; Friday evening, Dec. 7; Saturday matinée, Dec. 8; and Sunday evening, Dec. 9.... **DAVID GORDON'S PICK-UP COMPANY:** Thursday evening, Dec. 6; Saturday evening, Dec. 8; and Sunday matinée, Dec. 9. (Camera Mart-Stage One, 460 W. 54th St. 581-9386. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY**—"Orison," "Landscapes," "Interpretation," "Soliloquy of a Bhiksuni," "All in Spring Wind," and "Shen." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

**DANNY GROSSMAN DANCE COMPANY**—"Higher," "National Spirit," "Curious Schools of Theatrical Dancing: Part I," "Ecce Homo," and "Tatum vs. Cecil + Monk." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

**AAK (KOREAN COURT MUSIC AND DANCE)**—A troupe of twenty dancers and musicians appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

**DANCE FILMS**—The Bolshoi Ballet in four full-length ballets. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 3: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 5: "Ivan the Terrible."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 7: "Spartacus."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 9: "Anna Karenina." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A partial lineup: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, composer **PHILIP GLASS**; on Monday, Dec. 10 (at eight-thirty only), rock guitarist Ronnie Montrose and Gamma; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 11-12, Daryl Hall, John Oates, and their rock band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, pianist Lonnie Liston Smith and his combo. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine at this often crowded, dark-panelled bar and restaurant. The current piano-bass team is **RAY BRYANT** and Jimmy Rowser. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. Sundays are given over to bossa-nova singer Angela Suarez and her backup trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**CACHAÇA,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** and her trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**CAFÉ PIERRE,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is holding court Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... **BARBARA CARROLL** plays solo piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

**CARNEGIE TAVERN,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: Philip D'Arrow and the Units Wednesday, Dec. 5; Philip D'Arrow and the Decks Thursday, Dec. 6; the Richard Lloyd quintet Friday through Sunday, Dec. 7-9, with a different band opening the show each night—Trademarks on Friday, Bad Brains on Saturday, and the Editors on Sunday; and Klaxon Tuesday, Dec. 11. Music after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**CITY LIMITS,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

**THE CONSERVATORY,** in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who knows ever so many tunes by just about every composer from Harry Ruby to Billy Joel, works in this redesigned corner bar with bassist **JACK SIX.** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," **ALBERTA HUNTER** hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slot, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

**CRAWDADDY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM,** his clear, easy tone still intact (he's in his mid-seventies), works with a trio during dinner—from six to eleven—through Friday, Dec. 7. Starting Monday, Dec. 10, trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** will lead a trio. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**DAVID K'S,** 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** who has been called "the last of the great saloon singers," is installed in the cocktail lounge of a plush Chinese restaurant (no takeout). He can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sundays, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** is in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave. at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Pianist Larry Harlow

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and his quintet will play through Saturday, Dec. 8. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in his foursome for two weeks. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and another fine player, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**. On Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

**Hanratty's**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—As soon as one opens the door to this refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that looks to be in the process of being refurbished itself, one sees an ornate upright Steinway reputed to be over a century old. The pianist one usually sees is **DICK WELLSTOOD**, the professor of stride piano—he plays stride on "Like Someone in Love" and "You're the Top," and he could probably, if he hasn't already, work his way through an all-stride Stevie Wonder salute. He performs from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Swing pianist **DILL JONES** performs with guitarist **MARTY GROSZ** and bassist **BILL PEMBERTON** for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

**Hurrah**, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Convenient to Avery Fisher Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the West Side Y, this second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. Wednesday, Dec. 5, Sham 69 and Reds; Thursday, Dec. 6, Romantics and Proof; Friday, Dec. 7, Sports and Unnatural Axe; Saturday, Dec. 8, Sports and 80's; and Sunday, Dec. 9, Iggy Pop. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish.

**Jazzmania Society**, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Upstairs, clarinettist Dr. Ron Odrich heads a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and his trio will be here. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, alto saxophonist Frank Strozier's foursome will play on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8; trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** will bring in his band on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Knickerbocker Saloon**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the pianists and bassists. Right now, the musicians are pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, who claim the place as their New York home base. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. On Mondays, pianist **CORKY HALE** works with bassist **JAY LEONHART**. Dining.

**Lone Star Café**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant. Here's part of the schedule: Folkie and comic Kinky Friedman will appear on Wednesday, Dec. 5; Cabin Fever, a country band, will play on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, have been set aside for the Flying Burrito Brothers. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

**Marty's**, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **CARMEN MCRAE** is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

**Max's Kansas City**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 5, Kieran Liscoe Band, Panic Squad, Joy Ryder & Avis Davis, Tiger Beats, and Elda Stilletto & Friends in a benefit show; Thursday, Dec. 6, Student Teachers, 8 Eyed Spy, and Candy Apple & the Corps; Friday, Dec. 7, Incognitos and Normals; and Saturday, Dec. 8, Cheap Perfume and 2-Timers. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

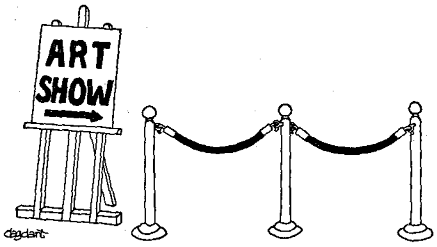
**Michael's Pub**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN** and his band are presenting a program called "George Gershwin in Manhattan" Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are "Portrait of the Auteur as a Young Clarinettist" nights (when Woody Allen sits in with a New Orleans-style septet). Music from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—R. & B. singer Jocelyn Brown will drop in on Wednesday, Dec. 5; on Thursday, Dec. 6, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will move in for three nights; and Friday through Monday, Dec. 14-17, the wonderful rhythm-and-blues band **STUFF** will be playing. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

**Other End**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Comedienne Elayne Boosler will be on hand through Thursday, Dec. 6; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, will be turned over to folkie Jim Dawson; on Sunday, Dec. 9, electric jazz-rock violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, his vocalist wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK**, and their band will be here; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 12-15, will be assigned to tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ'S** band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Peacock Alley**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a Louis XVI Steinway, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.



**Rainbow Room**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides a bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is at the piano, singing in her clear, uncomplicated voice through Sunday, Dec. 9. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, jazz singer Cybill Shepherd will start sharing the stage with comic Tim Cahill. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

**St. Regis-Sheraton**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Pianist-composer Charles Strouse is presenting a program of his own music in the King Cole Room with the assistance of singers Ann Anello and Kim Fedena Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club. On Wednesday, Dec. 5, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** plays with a fivesome; flugelhornist Mike Lawrence's group will perform on Thursday, Dec. 6; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 7-9, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI** will team with saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER**, drummer **STEVE GADD**; bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and pianist **DON GROLNICK**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 11-12, pop singer Billy Reed and the Street People will be present; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** will front a septet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

**Sheraton Center**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Clarinettist Buddy De Franco and his quintet are currently working in a lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

**Sweet Basil**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—On Wednesday, Dec. 5, alto saxophonist **RENE MCLEAN** heads a fivesome; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, alto saxophonist **JACKIE MCLEAN** will lead a quartet; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 9-10, drummer George Avaloz will direct a quartet; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 11-15, **CECIL** and **RON BRIDGEWATER** will co-pilot a band including pianist **MICKEY TUCKER**, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**. Music from about ten. Dining.

**Tin Palace**, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason: The schedule includes saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** and his sextet on Wednesday, Dec. 5, and tenor saxophonist **GARY BARTZ'S** foursome Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 6-9. Music every night after ten. Dining.

**Tramps**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

**Trax**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. A partial lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 5, Jeremiah Samuels and Child's Play; Thursday, Dec. 6, George Sanders & the News; Monday, Dec. 10, Stuffy Schmidt; Tuesday, Dec. 11, Neon; and Friday, Dec. 14, Necessaries and Romantics. Music every night but Sunday, after eleven, usually. Dining.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, Fridays and

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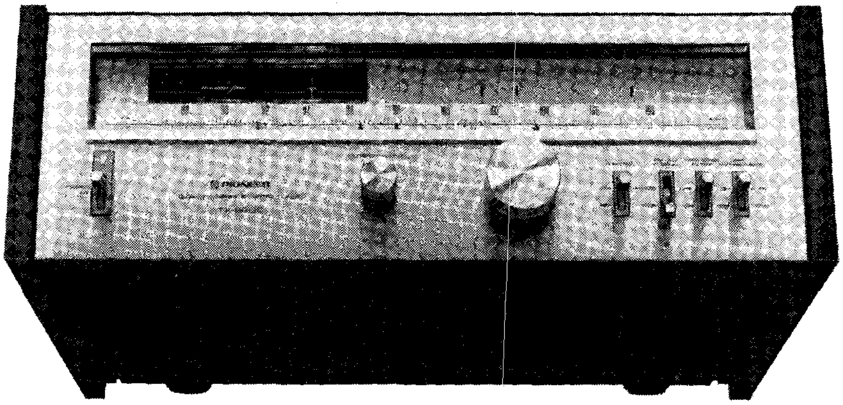
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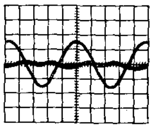
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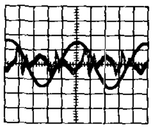
CLASS B AMPLIFIER.
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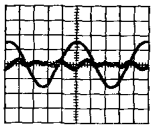
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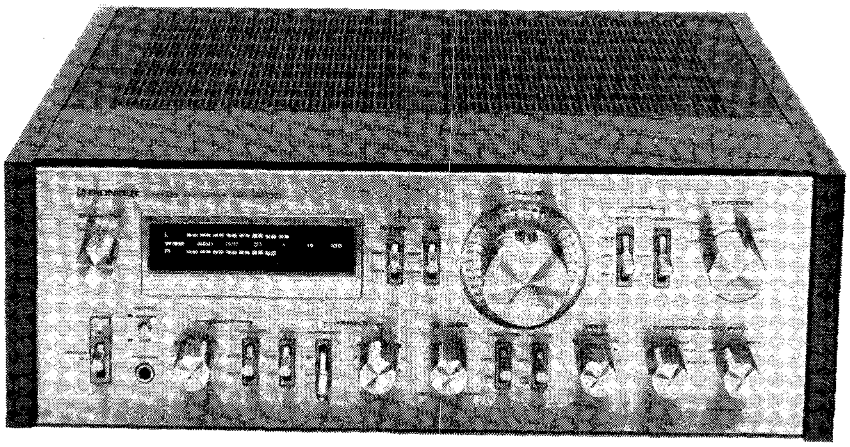

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays are given over to flutist **HERBIE MANN**, who will appear with singer **CISSY HOUSTON** on Friday, Dec. 7, and with percussionist **NANA VASCONSELOS** every Sunday. Shows Fridays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Sundays at ten. On Sunday, Dec. 9, singer **JOAN MORRIS** and pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** will do one show at ten in the Top of the Gate. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 9; on Monday, Dec. 10, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** will bring in his big band; and on Tuesday, Dec. 11, saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE'S** fivesome will move in. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sadik Hakim who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will direct a combo; pianist Jim Roberts will guide a band on Saturday, Dec. 8; and Sunday through Saturday, Dec. 9-15, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will head a quartet called Two Tenor Boogie. Music nightly from about nine.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**BETTE MIDLER**—Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.

**STEVIE WONDER & WONDERLOVE**—With the National Afro-American Philharmonic Orchestra. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY JAZZ BAND**—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.

**LESTER BOWIE QUINTET**—With Jack DeJohnette. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Dec. 7, at 11.)

**BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL AT LINCOLN CENTER**—Doc and Merle Watson, Peter Rowan & Tex Logan and the Greengrass Boys, John McEuen and the Dirt Band, Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys, and Bryan Bowers. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7.)

**PETER KUHN, DENNIS CHARLES,** and **WILLIAM PARKER**—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

**CHICO FREEMAN QUARTET**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11.

**AMINA & COMPANY**—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

**MARIAN MCPARTLAND**—With the New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra in a program part classical and part jazz. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-8182.)

**JAY CLAYTON AND VOICES**—Jazz Gallery. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.

**MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** and **ANDREW CYRILLE TRIO**—Public Theatre. Friday, Dec. 14, at 11.

**MAX ROACH AND CECIL TAYLOR**—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 280-5223.

**STEVE KUHN-SHEILA JORDAN QUARTET** and **JOHN SCOFIELD TRIO**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 11.

**SQUAT THEATRE**—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, at 9:30 and 11:30: Sun Ra and His Arkestra. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 9:30 and 11:30: Blues 79, with J. B. Hutto, Eddie Clearwater, and Left Hand Frank. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

**SOUNDSCAPE**—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Society. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 9.)

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## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**BORIS ANISFELD** (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

**CHARLES ARNOLDI**—Paintings depicting an impenetrable jumble of strips of color strewn like jackstraws, every which way, across the canvas. Through Wednesday, Dec. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**MARGIT BECK**—Semi-abstract landscapes, several of them aerial views. Through Dec. 22. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

**JOSEPH BEUYS**—An installation: objects from a 1974 Beuys performance (felt blanket, etc.), rubble from a recently closed Berlin art gallery, gas lamps hung on small saplings. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays. A larger exhibition of sculptures is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

**ILYA GRIGOREVICH CHASHNIK** (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**JUDY CHICAGO**—Studies for "The Dinner Party" and other works by a feminist artist. On loan from a number of New York collections. Through Jan. 3. (The Sarah Institute, second floor, 42 E. 65th St. Open Sundays.)

**WILLIAM F. DRAPER**—Oils of South American cities and still-lifes of flowers in the artist's garden. Through Dec. 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**TOMMASI FERRONI**—Paintings, classical-allegorical in style, except for the deadpan introduction of contemporary objects—a motorcycle helmet on Cupid, a smashed-up car mingled with fallen armored knights. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**KLAUS FUSSMANN**—Loosely handled watercolors, mostly still-lifes and landscapes of the Baltic shores, by a German artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**FRED GARBERS**—Small landscapes and a few larger paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**JOSEPH GLASCO**—Tightly organized abstract canvas-collage paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**GEORGE GROSZ** (1893-1959)—Watercolors, drawings, illustrations, and a few atypical (for him) collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**RAOUL HAGUE**—Massive sculptures made of raw walnut or cherry tree trunks that are not so much sculpted as severely pruned. There are also similar pieces of sycamore and poplar. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER**—Strangely colored patterns involving tiny figures, architectural details, and fantasy creatures, all done in a decorative-abstract style by this Austrian artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**MARGARET ISRAEL**—A new series of paintings by this inventive artist, mostly bold still-lifes on paper sewn to canvas and surrounded by sculptured nursery figures or commedia dell'arte characters in ceramic or cloth, also sewn on. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, in new quarters at 417 E. 75th St.)

**KEITH JACOBSHAGEN**—Small, meticulously painted views of the Nebraska skyline, made up of distant grain elevators, brick factories, silos, barns, and clumps of trees seen across the endless prairie. The artist has inked a sort of diary on the bottom margin of the works; for instance: "Elevator at Havelock–Sept 1979–worked most of afternoon–flies impossible!! Must get more bug spray. Coal trains to the north." Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**GUSTAV KLIMT** (1862-1918)—Thirty drawings, some of them in the loose, delicate style of his prime and some of them student work. Through Dec. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

**FRANZ KLINE** (1910-62)—Small, vigorous works on paper, including a couple of black-and-white representational interiors. . . . ¶ Works by several other artists are also on view, including a construction by Loren Madsen in which a heavy timber is held at right angles to the wall by the tension between a diagonal prop beneath it and a bowed slat above, stretching to the ceiling. Through Dec. 28. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

**ROBERT M. KULICKE**—Flower and fruit still-life paintings, mostly. Through Dec. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**ANDRÉ LHOTE** (1885-1962)—Twenty-five oils and a few works in other mediums; a number are from his later years. Through Jan. 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**HENRY MOORE**—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**KEN PRICE**—Ten abstract geometric ceramics, about eight inches high. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**BRUCE ROBBINS**—Sixteen painted pilasters, eighty-eight inches tall, six inches wide, and made of wood and plaster, standing against stark white walls. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

**HUGO ROBUS** (1886-1964)—About thirty sculptures, and a few paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**LUDWIG SANDER** (1906-75)—Large color-field oils and works in charcoal on paper from the sixties and seventies. Through Dec. 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**REEVE SCHLEY III / THOMAS ANSHUTZ** (1851-1912)—Watercolors of the New Mexican desert, beach scenes on Cape May, and other landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. / Straightforward oils by the well-known traditionalist, including four paintings of his favorite model, Rebecca Whelan. Through Dec. 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

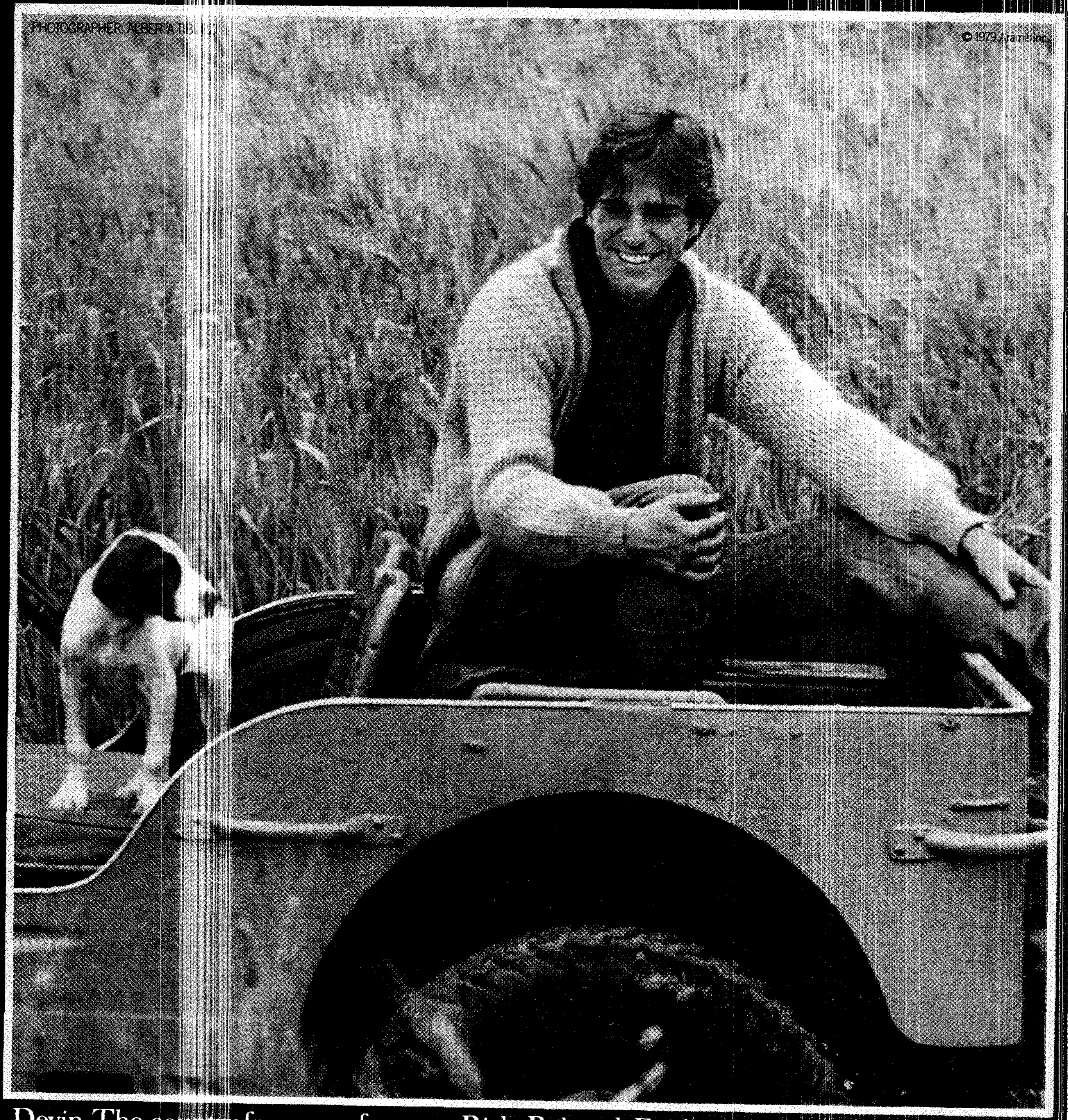
**ANSEI UCHIMA**—Paintings, pastels, and woodblocks, mostly abstract, by a Japanese artist now resident in this country. Through Jan. 5. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**TOM WESSELMANN**—Small-scale works dating from the early sixties to the present, many of them in this artist's cool, erotic manner. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

**FRANCISCO ZUÑIGA**—Sculptures (Mexican women and children) in bronze and marble. Also drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MASTER PRINTS**—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Small paintings of houses, and still-lifes by Mary Faulconer, idyllic landscapes by Phyllis Mason, and still-lifes by Richard de Menocal. Through Dec. 22. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: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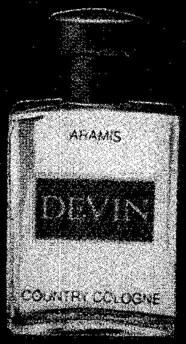
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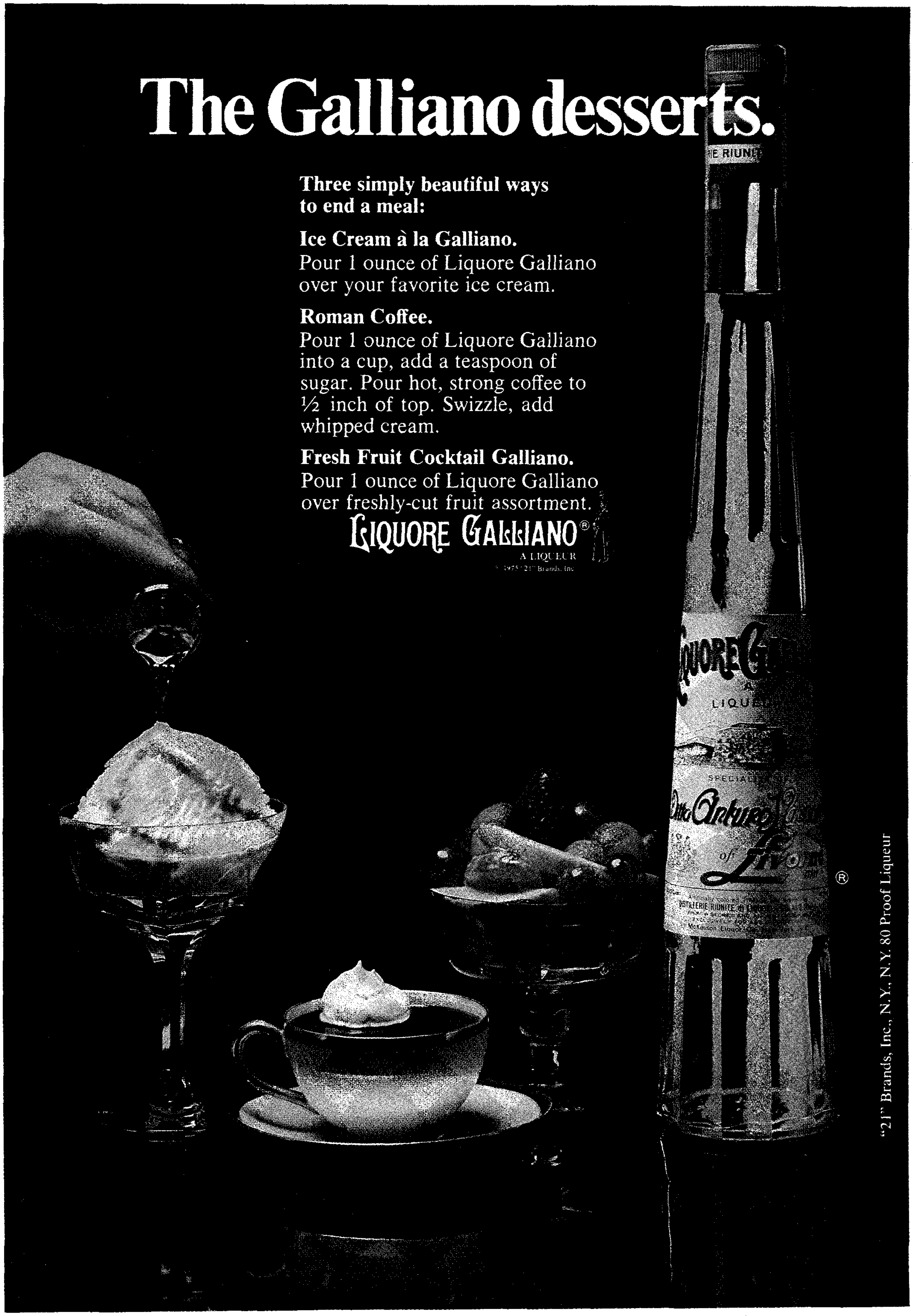

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Works on paper by invited artists, Cynthia Gallagher and Jean Feinberg among them. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: European drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, including Agostino Carracci's "Profile of a Young Man," in brown pen, and Jean-Baptiste Greuze's interior in gray brush. Through Dec. 28. (Open Mondays.). . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Illustrations by Joe Lasker for "The Boy Who Loved Music" are included in a show of watercolors, mostly by contemporary artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An exhibition of seldom seen drawings by Calder, Léger, Matisse, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, and Picasso. Through Dec. 22. . . . **REED,** 120 E. 78th St.: The subject is woman, as seen through the discerning eyes of twenty-eight artists, most of them men, ranging from Saul Steinberg to Willem de Kooning. Alice Neel has her say, too. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Opens at 1.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Cubism and Related Movements," an assemblage of early-twentieth-century paintings and works on paper by Gris, Malevich, Severini, Moholy-Nagy, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ED ARNO**—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**LARRY BELL**—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**THOMAS HART BENTON** (1889-1975)—Drawings done in 1933 as preliminary sketches for a mural that is now at Indiana University. Through Dec. 29. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**FANNY BRENNAN / MINO ARGENTO**—Tiny, elegantly executed paintings—a fluffy cloud impaled on an open safety pin, for instance, or a caliper holding a painting of a caliper holding a painting of . . . / Abstract paintings in which soft pastel colors are contrasted with the hard lines of engineering drawings, all worked out on a grid. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**PAUL CADMUS**—Not only his paintings and drawings, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, but art works by his father, his mother, and his sister. Through Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**SARAH CANRIGHT**—Nonobjective paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

**JOSÉ DE CREEFT**—Twenty-two sculptures, including a chased-lead piece from 1919 and an oak carving from this year. Also ten paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**ROBYN DENNY**—Seven hard-edge sequential paintings: the simple abstract pattern of one painting "connects" with the simple abstract pattern of the next, even though they are hung on separate walls or even in separate rooms. Through Jan. 12. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

**ALBRECHT DÜRER** (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

**JACKIE FERRARA**—Complicated towers made of stacked slats of raw, sanded sugar pine, some with interior stairways that suggest Mayan pyramids. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

**STEFAN HIRSCH** (1899-1964)—Factories and mills are the subjects of many oils by this pioneer Precisionist painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**EDWARD KOREN**—Ink drawings, some of them with color and all shown for the first time, of his characteristic fuzzy creatures, some of which seem undecided whether they are vegetable or animal. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**MORRIS LOUIS** (1912-62)—A series referred to as "column" paintings, dated 1960. Through Jan. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**RANDAL RUPERT**—Encaustic paintings of details of irises, forsythia, and fall leaves, greatly enlarged, plus gouache drawings, some abstract and some representational. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Oosterom, 50 W. 57th St.)

**LUCAS SAMARAS**—Fabric paintings: fabric cut and sewn in abstract patterns and hung on stretchers. Through Jan. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**JOAN SNYDER**—Large abstract landscapes, one of which—a gentle pastoral painted to welcome her newborn daughter into the world—signals a pronounced change from her polemic canvases of a few years ago. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**ALTOON SULTAN**—More paintings of Victorian-era houses, and a group of paintings with figures. Through Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**SABINA TEICHMAN**—Abstract paintings inspired by thoughts on outer space. The artist calls them "Cosmicscapes." Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN TORREANO**—Six-foot-square canvases freckled with round daubs of acrylic squeezed on directly from the mouth of the tube, and further adorned with a scattering of glass jewels. Through Dec. 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**JOYCE WEINSTEIN**—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM T. WILEY**—Mixed-medium drawings, some of them immense and densely crowded with the artist's own fetishes—palettes, skylights, yin-yang symbols, human figures, Three Mile Island—and scribbled over here and there with his punning observations about current events. Through Friday, Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: A fortieth-anniversary show includes small works by a number of famous artists—Daumier, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rouault, and so on, with emphasis on Klimt and Schiele and Käthe Kollwitz. Through Dec. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.). . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by thirteen artists in various mediums include Jason Stewart's simple rectangular forms built up to a noticeable thickness by repeated applications of oil stick and dry pigment to paper; compositions of variously colored bits of canvas sewn together by Lenke Rothman; and glittery patterns worked out in mixed mediums on vellum by Ellen Tuchman. Through Dec. 21. . . . **TOUCHSTONE,** 29 W. 57th St. A show of drawings by, among others, Dottie Attie and Paul Zelevansky. Through Dec. 29.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**CHARLES S. DUBACK**—Paintings of inland Maine, most of them concentrating on sunlight filtering through shaggy pines. Through Thursday, Dec. 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

**LAURACE JAMES**—Sculptures, some freestanding and some hung on the wall, made of pine timbers strung together with rope and occasionally incorporating a slab of marble or slate. Most of the wooden components are hinged, so that the works can be reorganized at will. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**CHRISTOPHER KNOWLES / GEORGE SCHNEEMAN**—Huge, childlike Christmas drawings done in green and red, most of them reaching to the gallery ceiling—Santa Claus, gift packages, Tannenbaum. / Small, clean-cut fresco portraits of fellow-artists and contemporary literary figures. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**HILARIE MAIS**—Large freestanding sculptures (and one wall piece) made of steel rods welded together and stained, so that they look like line drawings when seen against a white background, as they are here. Through Dec. 22. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

**JOHN MANDEL**—Nine graphite drawings. Through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**KENNETH NOLAND**—Ten big, shaped polygonal canvases, seven of them solid black trimmed at the edges with bright colors, and three in a light color trimmed with bands of dark color. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**FRANC PALAIA**—This artist makes "relics" (in the form of corroded signs and crumbling walls) out of plaster, tempera, and Styrofoam. Through Jan. 3. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**GEORGE PECK**—Abstract convex canvases, and works on paper. Through Dec. 22. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**CLAYTON POND**—Poster-like paintings of people in racing cars, airplanes, campers, or on sailboats or motorcycles, plus pencil drawings done in a hard line that is almost entirely without inflection. Through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

**MICHAEL VENEZIA / JOSEPH EGAN**—Canvas-covered bars, ten feet long and two and a half inches wide, sprayed with a paint that leaves a rippled effect as it hardens. / An installation in which the city's newspapers are represented by what the artist calls "incidents of sculpture"—the *Times* by a yellow terry-cloth hanging, the *Post* by a black timber with three hinged arms, and the *News* by a red bullet-pierced board jutting out of the wall. The ensemble is dedicated to Giants quarterback Phil Simms. Through Dec. 22. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**COMPOSERS' ART**—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At **SOHO 20,** 99 Spring St.: Works on paper, sculptures, and paintings by eleven gallery members. Through Dec. 26. (Opens at noon.). . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Contemporary drawings by more than twenty artists, including an apparently effortlessly drawn interior, done in ink by Richard Artschwager; a still-life by Morris Graves; a large depiction of leaping whales by David True; and a delicate, Klee-like colored drawing of architectural forms by Mira Schor. Through Dec. 29. (Opens at noon.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**JOHN CHRISTIAN ANDERSON / VICTOR SCHRAGER**—Elegantly made and fitted oak boxes, which open to reveal, say, a dismantled telephone laid out like a precious relic, or a scattering of found objects—a glove, a small balloon, a fragment of plastic—beside a map of Boston numbered to show where the items were found. / Color still-life photographs taken with a Polaroid camera so big that the subjects have to be taken to it, in Cambridge, rather than the other way around. Through Dec. 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**HONORÉ DAUMIER** (1808-79)—More than a hundred lithographs covering a forty-year period of the French caricaturist's career. Through Dec. 19. (Pratt Graphics Center Gallery, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays and, except Saturdays, evenings until 7.)

**AL HIRSCHFELD**—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through

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Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

**Rebecca Horn**—An installation, by a German artist, consisting of two stainless-steel swings rocking in what the artist calls a dialogue; a tack hammer that hits a steel bell every few seconds; and a twelve-foot vertical thermometer, containing ten kilos of mercury, that registers subjects instead of temperatures ("Peacocks" is the lowest, "Inferno-Paradise" the top). A Henze recording plays in the background. Through Dec. *22*. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

**Sean Scully / Merrill Wagner**—Canvases ranging up to eight feet long on which narrow horizontal bands of a solid color are laid on, row after row, by a process involving tape. / This artist, whose previous works have consisted of tightly regimented monochromatic strips of pigment, has blossomed out in this show with lyrical abstractions painted on slate, marble, and Plexiglas. Through Dec. *22*. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Anna Walinska**—An exhibit of more than eighty paintings and drawings done in the past quarter-century, all devoted to the Holocaust. Through Dec. 16. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Cris Alexander**—Portraits of celebrities, many from Broadway and the ballet, done over the past forty years. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Alice Austen** (1866-1952)—Family outings, Victorian interiors, and New York Harbor by the Staten Island photographer. Through Feb. *24*. (*Seaport Gallery, 215* Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Henri Cartier-Bresson / Eugène Atget** (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 *Fifth* Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Philippe Halsman** (1906-79) / **Thomas Schiff**—Contact prints of portraits. / Abstract photographs chiefly. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Neikrug, *224* E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Peter Hujar**—Recent photographs of farm animals. Through Dec. *22*. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Aleksandras Macijauskas**—Prints documenting the practice of veterinary medicine in Lithuania. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe**—Photographs of the inhabitants of islands off South Carolina's coast. Through Sunday, Dec. 9. (The Art Salon, 249 E. 62nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Grant Mudford / Tod Papageorge**—California architectural exteriors. / Photographs of party scenes and discothèques. Through Dec. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Eliot Porter**—Dye-transfer prints of wildlife. Through Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)... ¶ *An exhibition of* Porter's dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Group Shows**—At the **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A loan show from the Israel Museum. Among the photographers: Francis Frith, Brassaï, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Fifty photographs by artists who worked in Paris between 1925 and 1940: Kertész, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, others. Also, sculptures of the same period. Through Jan. 5. (Open Mondays.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

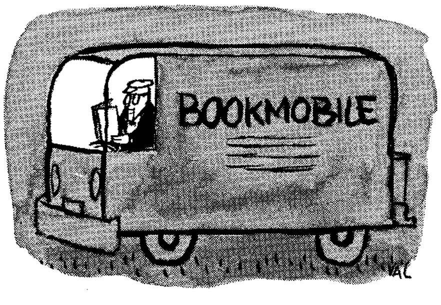
**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of twentieth-century art: two galleries of paintings and sculptures, and one of drawings. Some of the artists: Alex Katz, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Murray, Chryssa, Yvonne Jacquette. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. *27*. . . . **photography:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. *20*. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. *22*. . . . ¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of the works of the German sculptor Joseph Beuys. Mediums include gauze, honey, fat, and felt. One-third of the rotunda, for instance, is occupied by large nonrepresentational pieces of solid cast tallow; in another area is a felt-draped piano. Also drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at Ronald Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s." Two views each of such personalities as David Hockney, Truman Capote, and Liza Minnelli; three of Chairman Mao; and eight of the artist's mother. Through Jan. *27*. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ A show of more than two hundred prints and illustrations by Edward Hopper. Through Sunday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Sixteen watercolors by *Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses* traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—"The American Renaissance 1876-1917," a show of more than three hundred objects by artists, architects, and craftsmen of the period. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Childe Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-eight artists have paintings, drawings, and graphics in the thirty-first annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about twenty of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums). . . . ¶ A memorial show of works by Edwin Dickinson, Charles Eames, Eugene Francis Savage, Edward Durell Stone, and Stow Wengenroth. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

**American Craft Museum**, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary handmade musical instruments, ranging from earnest classical violins to whimsical gourd fiddles. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of more than sixty Japanese Buddhist paintings from Western collections. Through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. *27*. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays, except Dec. 11, and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, *2* to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A small show of furniture (half the twenty pieces are chairs) from the permanent collection: an informal German household chair (seventeenth-century), a Frank Lloyd Wright chair (1935) designed for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and an Italian marble-top side table (eighteenth-century). Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

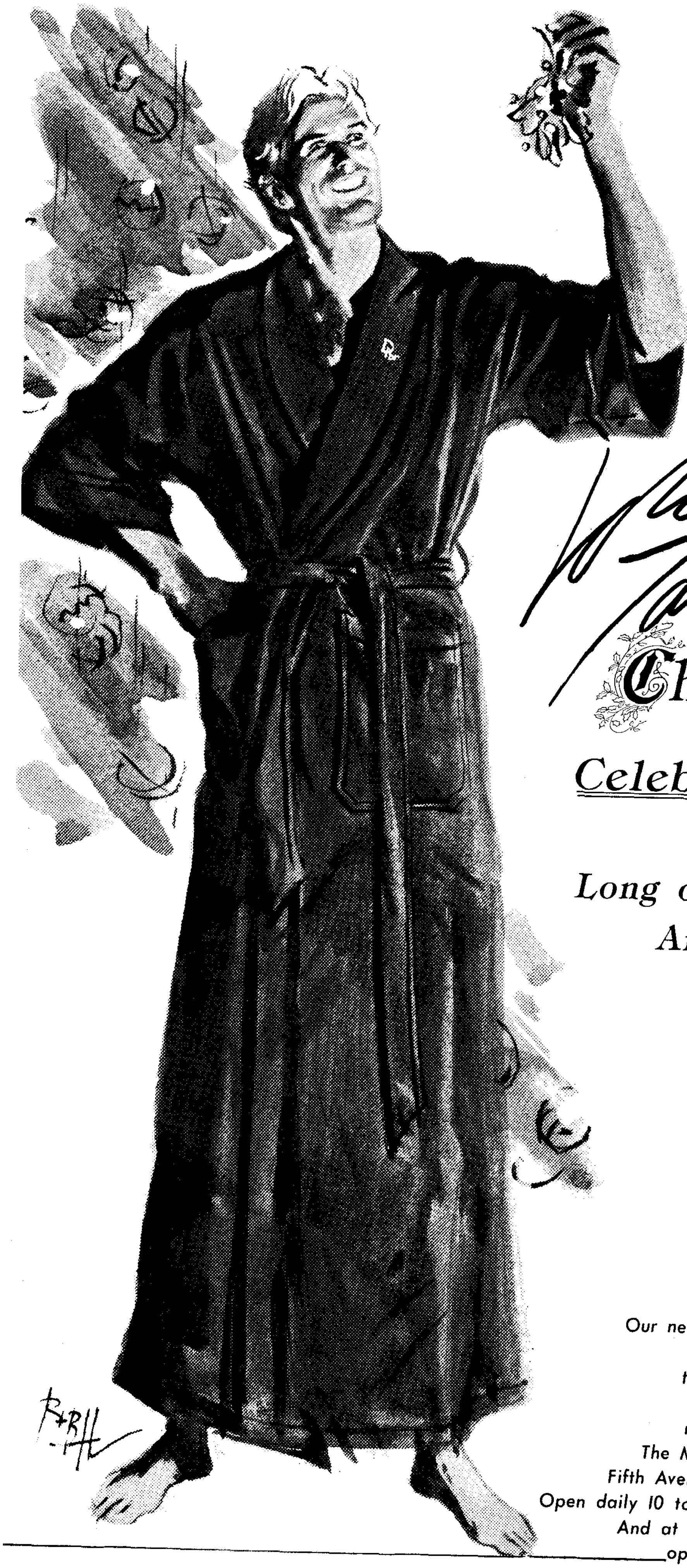
**Frick Collection**, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of fifteen ornate small-scale wood sculptures by Abraham Miller (1881-1973), the craftsman who in 1914 carved the Frick's two decorative chimneypieces. Included are reliefs, figures, handmade tools, and an unfinished pine piece dated 1973. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, *10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)*

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, *noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)*

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of paintings with New York City themes by Philip Reisman—hot-dog venders, street musicians, tenements. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's orig-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inal watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Thirties in England" is the Berg Collection's current exhibition. The works on view include manuscripts, first editions, letters, pamphlets, and radio transcripts by British authors Joyce Cary, Elizabeth Bowen, Noël Coward, Graham Greene, and others. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

**Artists Space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Gary Burnley, Martin Cohen, Candace Hill-Montgomery, Lewis Stein, and Haim Steinbach. Through Dec. 22.

**Franklin Furnace,** 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nigel Rolfe (performance), Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30; Laura Hayes & Alan Sondheim (videotapes), Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Donald Burgy (performance), Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; individual exhibits of works in various mediums by Ann Rosen and Kenneth Shorr, through Saturday, Dec. 8; Bern Porter (retrospective, including collages of found objects), through Dec. 29.

**The Kitchen,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ned Sublette (guitar concert of compositions by Cage, Mac Low, and Young), Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; Karole Armitage and others (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 8:30; Gary Hill (videotape installation), through Saturday, Dec. 15; videotapes by several artists, through Dec. 29.

**Tweed Courthouse**—Sculpture, sound, photographic, and architectural installations by seven artists, among them Maureen Connor and Charlemagne Palestine. Through Friday, Dec. 14. (52 Chambers St., behind City Hall. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**Film As Film**—A show that examines, through photographs, drawings, and enlarged film strips, abstract film of the twenties and thirties. On view, among other items, are enlargements of individual pictures from "Rhythm 21," by Hans Richter, and from "Anémic Cinéma," by Marcel Duchamp. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

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**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Raina Kabaivanska, Yuri Mazurok, and Nicolai Gedda; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Astrid Varnay, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 10: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Julia Migenes, Lili Chookasian, and Richard Kness; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 11: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Bianca Berini, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ferdinand Radovan; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, and Judith Blegen; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Julia Migenes, Astrid Varnay, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Aida," with Rita Orlandi-Malaspina, Bianca Berini, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, and Luigi Roni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "La Gioconda," with Grace Bumbry, Bruna Baglioni-Constantini, Jocelyne Taillon, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ferdinand Radovan; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30.)

**The Play of St. Nicholas**—A thirteenth-century musical drama performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 4 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 4. For information about tickets, call 678-6944.)

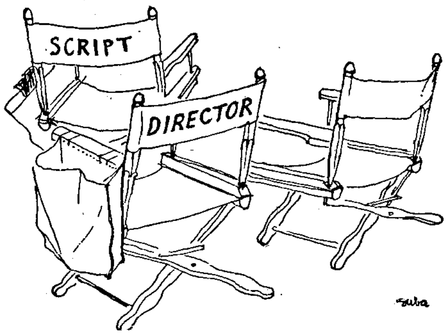
**Juilliard American Opera Center**—Benefit performances of Puccini's "La Rondine." Staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Halasz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, James Levine conducting—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, and Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8 (an all-Dvořák program, with Lynn Harrell, cello); Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 2 (a Beethoven-Zemlinsky-Berlioz program, with André-Michel Schub, piano; Johanna Meier, soprano; and Dale Duesing, baritone); and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (a Mozart-Zemlinsky-Berlioz program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Miss Meier and Mr. Duesing).

**Prague Chamber Orchestra**—Thirty-six musicians who perform without a conductor. With Boris Krajny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)



**Hunter Symphony**—Clayton Westermann conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Endymion Ensemble**—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**New York Chamber Soloists**—The first of two programs devoted to chamber operas, this one Handel's "Acis and Galatea," in concert form, with Charles Bressler and Frank Hoffmeister, tenors; Jean Hakes, soprano; and Raymond Murcell, baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

**Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra**—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 3:30.)

**Y Chamber Symphony**—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Ida Haendel, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

**Manhattan School of Music**—Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8: Daniel Paget directing the Manhattan Orchestra and Chorus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: Cecil Collins conducting the Manhattan Brass Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: Bruce Ferden conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

**Clarion Concerts**—Newell Jenkins directing a concert of baroque music, with Johana Arnold, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Rodney Miller, tenor; Kenneth Bell, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

**Mannes Orchestra**—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (*Mannes College of Music*, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Lukas Foss directing Handel's "Messiah," with Dinah Bryant, soprano; Nadine Asher, contralto; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Matthew Murray, baritone; Irwin Densen, bass; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Mount Holyoke College Choirs**—Catherine R. Melhorn and James I. Armstrong, Jr., directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

**"Missa Solemnis"**—Charlotte Bergen directing a symphony orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's Mass, with Daisy Newman, soprano; Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Theodore Lambrinos, baritone; Joyce Flissler, violin; and the Orpheon Chorale. Preceding the concert, organist Leonard Raver will give a Bach-Beethoven recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**New York Choral Society**—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in A Flat and Vaughan Williams' "Five Tudor Portraits," with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

**Hunter College Choirs and Chamber Orchestra**—Ralph Hunter directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra**—David Randolph directing the first five of seven performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael Burt, bass; and

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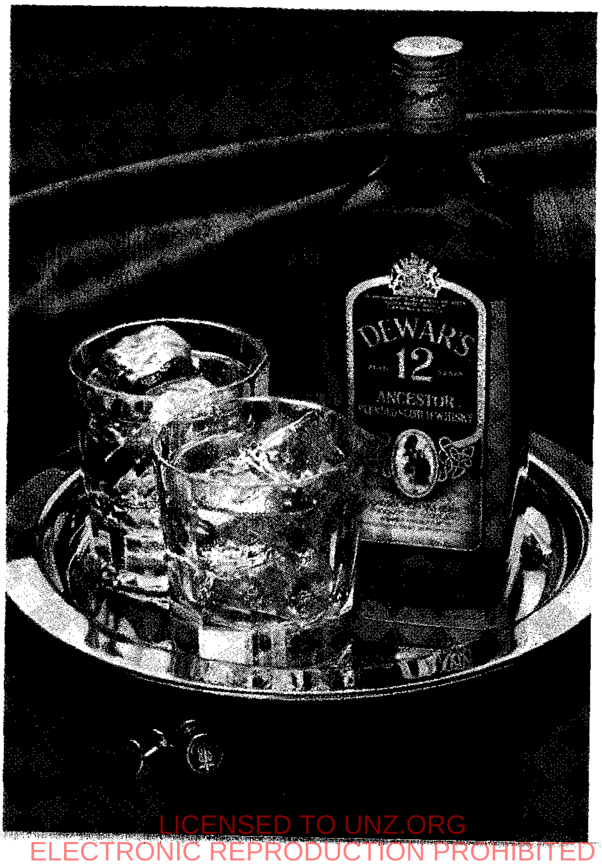

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sundays Dec. 9 and 16, at 2 and 6:30, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Dessoff Choirs**—Michael Hammond directing a performance of Bach's "Magnificat" and Haydn's "Lord Nelson Mass." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

**St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra**—David Randolph directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

**Canticum Novum Singers**—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program entitled "Seven Centuries of Christmas Music." (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**Rudolf Firkusny**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**David Leisner**—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**Harvey Pittel**—Saxophone, with Samuel Lipman, piano; Eric Bartlett, cello; Lionel Party, harpsichord; and members of the Jupiter Symphony, conducted by Jens Nygaard. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**Blanca Uribe**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

**Henryk Szeryng**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

**Oleg Kagan**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

**Diana Halprin**—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

**Waverly Consort**—A program of Renaissance court music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.). . . ¶ The first in a series of three performances of a program of Christmas music from medieval and Renaissance times. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

**Music New to New York**—With Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; and Ruth Dreier, cello. Aaron Copland will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

**Stefani Starin**—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

**Toby Appel**—Viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

**Renata Scotto**—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

**Anthony Newman**—Harpsichord and fortepiano, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Handel program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

**Lorin Hollander**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Yo-yo Ma and Friends**—Cello, with Peter Frankl, piano; Young-Uck Kim, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

**Richard Taruskin and Lionel Party**—Viola da gamba and harpsichord, in a program of Bach sonatas. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

**Music Project**—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

**Erick Friedman and Nadia Reisenberg**—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Mark Kaplan**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

**Jeffrey Solow**—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

**Group for Contemporary Music**—A program of music by John Cage, Gerald Chenoweth, Tod Machover, and Charles Wuorinen. Following the concert, Mr. Cage, Mr. Wuorinen, and John Rockwell will take part in a roundtable discussion. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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**Tyra Gilb**—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

**Sung-Ju Lee**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

**Nina Beilina**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

**Calliope: A Renaissance Band**—A program of instrumental Christmas music, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

**Aurora Natola-Ginastera**—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

**Manuel Lopez Ramos**—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

**League-ISCM**—The second in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this *one performed by Curtis Macomber, violin;* Eric Bartlett, cello; James Gemmell, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

**Composers' Guild for Performance**—A program of music by Chester Biscardi, Maurice Wright, Milton Babbitt, and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Ko Iwasaki, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5. . . . ¶ The same artists at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Dec. 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Chamber Music**—A program of music by Johann Sebastian Bach and C. P. E. Bach, with Benita Valente, soprano; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

**Beaux Arts Trio**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

**Aeolian Chamber Players**—Two programs of music for strings, winds, and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

**Jaime Laredo**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

## MISCELLANY

**The Black Watch**—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of Scotland's Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 1:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec 15, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

**College Football**—The Garden State Bowl: California vs. Temple. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1.)

**Professional Football**—SUNDAY, DEC. 9: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 4, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 15: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

**Hockey**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 8, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Daily except Tuesdays, at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

**Squash Racquets**—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Dec. 10, through Monday, Dec. 31.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry Readings**—Cleopatra Mathis and Stanley Moss reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Flower Show**—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16, noon to 6.

**Auctions**—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia, including original set and costume designs, books, and photographs. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: Medieval, Renaissance, and later European works of art, including furniture, pewter, and tapestries. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau posters. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 2: Netsuke, Inro, and lacquer ware. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 8. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2: Tribal art. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: Art Nouveau and Art Deco glass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:30: Jewelry.

**Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living**—A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 12, from 8 to 9, with more than a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| | | | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Koko, a Talking Gorilla." (No performances on Monday, Dec. 10.)

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 6: "Remember My Name."
From Dec. 7: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 6: "Rich Kids" and "Small Change."
Dec. 7-13: "Time After Time" and "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 6: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 7: "Time After Time."

**Bay Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From Dec. 14: "1941."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 6: "Ballet Gayané."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 6: "Time After Time."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Divine Nymph."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"10."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Head Over Heels."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Don Giovanni."

**Manhattan I**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Each Other."

**Manhattan 2**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Life of Brian."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Apocalypse Now."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Starting Over."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Where's Poppa?"

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Between Miracles."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Natural Enemies."

**Gemini I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 13: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 14: "The Jerk."

**Gemini 2**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 13: "Animal House."
From Dec. 14: "1941."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Magician of Lublin."

**Loews New York I**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Runner Stumbles."

**Loews New York 2**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From Dec. 14: "Chapter Two."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
". . . And Justice for All."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 6: "The Onion Field."
Dec. 7-13: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Dec. 6: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
From Dec. 7: To be announced.

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
This house is experimenting with a revival program through Dec. 20. Call theatre for further information.

**Loews Orpheum I**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 6: "Black Magic" and "Friday the 13th."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Loews Orpheum 2 (Ciné)**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"10."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh."

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Time After Time." From Dec. 14: "1941."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 6: "Jaguar Lives" and "Seven." Dec. 7-13: "Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths." From Dec. 14: "The Jerk."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Breaking Away."

**Quad Cinema**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 6: "The Onion Field." From Dec. 7: "Time After Time."
Theatre 4: "Luna."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"King of Hearts."

**57th St. Playhouse**, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"French Postcards."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Europeans."

**Cinema 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Consequence."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 6: "Quadrophenia."
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

**Cinema Studio I**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

**Cinema Studio 2**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Luna."

**Loews 83rd Quad**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Time After Time."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Breaking Away."
Theatre 4: "Fiddler on the Roof."

**New Yorker I**, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

**New Yorker 2**, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Harold and Maude."

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 6: "The Onion Field" and "Old Boyfriends."
Dec. 7-13: "Time After Time" and "Murder by Decree."
From Dec. 14: "Rocky II" and "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"10." (†)

**Embassy I**, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sleeping Beauty."

**Embassy**, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "When a Stranger Calls."
Theatre 3: "Alien."
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 6: "The Divine Nymph." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Fiddler on the Roof." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza**, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 6: "Fiddler on the Roof." (†)
From Dec. 7: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)

**Loews State I**, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Dec. 6: "Starting Over." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

**Loews State 2**, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Dec. 6: ". . . And Justice for All." (†)
From Dec. 7: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

**National**, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh." (†)

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Dec. 6: "Black Magic" and "Friday the 13th."
Dec. 7-13: "Killer Fish."
From Dec. 14: "1941." (†)

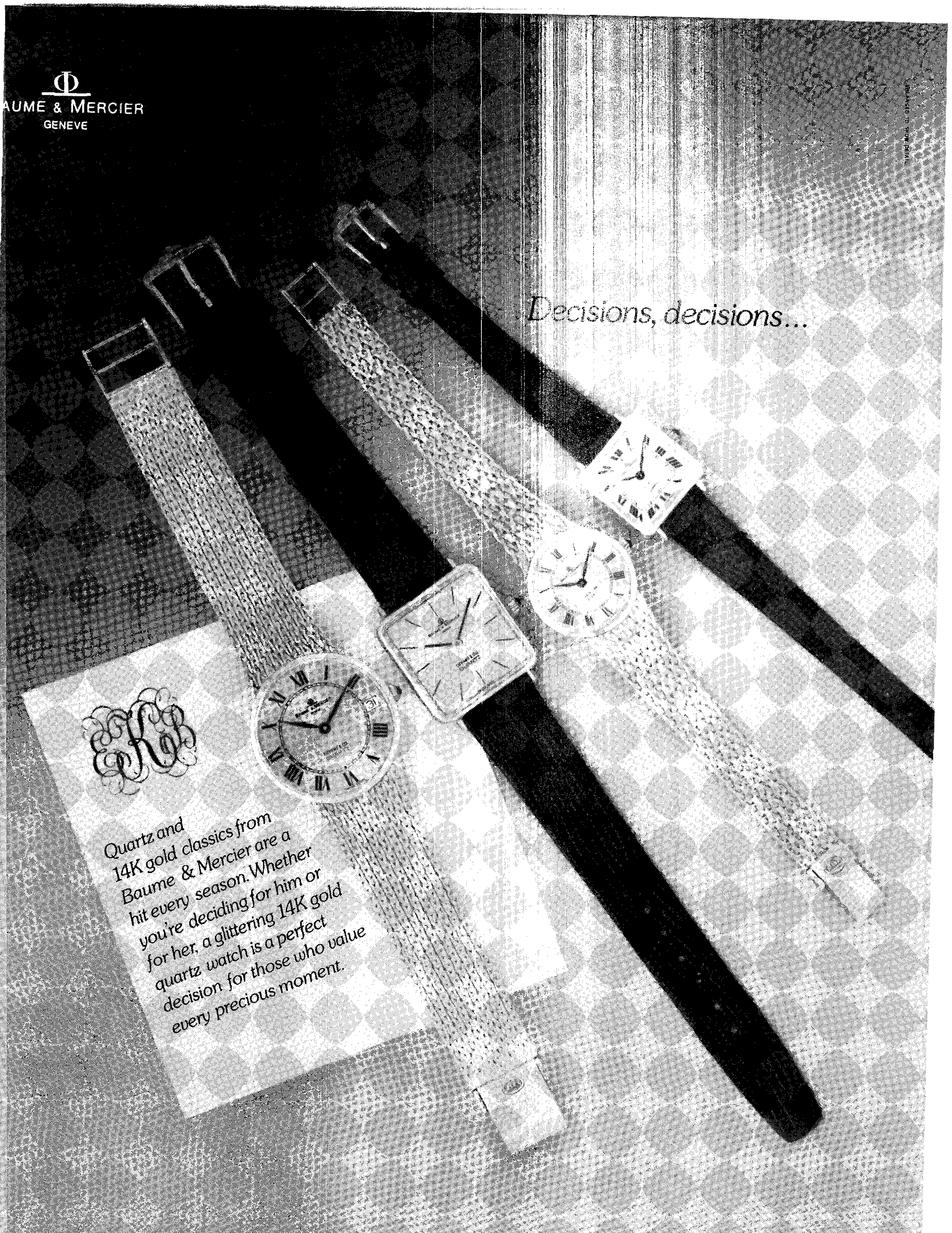
**R.K.O. Cinerama I**, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Apocalypse Now." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2**, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Dec. 6: "Jaguar Lives" (†) and "Seven." (†)
Dec. 7-13: "Shape of Things to Come" and "Up from the Depths."
From Dec. 14: "The Jerk." (†)

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Halloween."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 5: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.
Dec. 6: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour.
Dec. 7: "Love and Anarchy" (1973) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), *both films in Italian*, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.
Dec. 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Dec. 9: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in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French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.
Dec. 10: "Story of Sin" (1976), in Polish, directed by Walerian Borowczyk; and "Tristana." (†)
Dec. 11: "The Drunken Angel" (†) and "Red Beard." (†)
Dec. 12: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, and Brooke Adams; and "These Are the Damned." (†)
Dec. 13: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "Mondo Cane" (1963), an Italian documentary, made by Gualtiero Jacopetti, with an English narration.
Dec. 14: "Mean Streets" (†) and "The Wanderers." (†)
Dec. 15: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "On the Waterfront." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 5: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom.
Dec. 6: "Daisy Miller" (1974), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Cybill Shepherd; and "Carrie" (1952), directed by William Wyler, with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert.
Dec. 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Dec. 8: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté; and "Stavisky" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer.
Dec. 9: "Words and Music" (†) and "Girl Crazy." (†)
Dec. 10: "Duet for Cannibals" (†); and "Nathalie Granger" (1972), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Lucia Bosè, Jeanne Moreau, and Gérard Depardieu.
Dec. 11: "Obsession" (†); and "Play Misty for Me" (1971), directed by Clint Eastwood, with Eastwood and Jessica Walter.
Dec. 12: "The Memory of Justice" (1976), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary, directed by Marcel Ophuls.
Dec. 13: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" (†) and "Intruder in the Dust." (†)
Dec. 14: "An Unmarried Woman" (1978), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, and Lisa Lucas; and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
Dec. 15: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "General della Rovere" (1959), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Vittorio De Sica.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 6: "A Delicate Balance" (1973), directed by Tony Richardson, with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; and "The Homecoming" (1973), directed by Peter Hall, with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers.
Dec. 7-8: "Wizards" (1977) and "Fritz the Cat" (1972), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Dec. 9-10: "Tristana" (†); and "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel.
Dec. 11: "Morgan!" (†); and "Georgy Girl" (1966), directed by Silvio Narizzano, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling.
Dec. 12-13: "Three Sisters" (1974), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Alan Bates, Joan Plowright, and other members of the National Theatre Company of England; and "In Celebration" (1975), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Alan Bates.
Dec. 14-15: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 5: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "Odd Man Out" (1946), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason.
Dec. 6-8: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.
Dec. 9-10: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "Quartet" (1949), four short films taken from Somerset Maugham stories.
Dec. 11-12: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (†) and "A Hard Day's Night." (†)
Dec. 13-15: "Lawrence of Arabia." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 5: "Escape to Burma" (1955), directed by Allan Dwan, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, and David Farrar; and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
Dec. 6: "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; and "The Student Prince" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer.
Dec. 7-8: "Aces High" (1976), directed by Jack Gold, with Malcolm MacDowell, Christopher Plummer, and John Gielgud; and "Le Cinema de Papa" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Berri.
Dec. 9: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Providence." (†)
Dec. 10: "Wild River" (1960), directed by Elia Kazan, with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife." (†)
Dec. 11: "Fingers" (1978), directed by James Toback, with Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown, and Michael V. Gazzo; and "Blue Collar" (1978), directed by Paul Schrader, with Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff De Young.
Dec. 12: "Images" (†) and "The Long Goodbye." (†)
Dec. 13: "Passion" (1919), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; and "So This Is Paris" (1926), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Monte Blue, Lilyan Tashman, and Patsy Ruth Miller.
Dec. 14-15: "My Name Is Rocco Papaleo" (1971), directed by Ettore Scola, with Marcello Mastroianni and Lauren Hutton; and "Todo Modo" (1976), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Marcello Mastroianni and Mariangela Melato.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 5: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge; and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.
Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, and Gladys George.
Dec. 7-8: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940) and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), both with Sidney Toler as the detective.
Dec. 9-10: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine

Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Topaze." (†)

From Dec. 11: Theatre temporarily closed.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art**, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Little Godard" (1978), in German, directed by Hellmuth Costard, with Costard and Jean-Luc Godard; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "Bye Bye Bavaria" (1978), in German, directed by Herbert Achternbusch; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 8:30: "David" (1979), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Bye Bye Bavaria." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), a silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at noon: "A Matter of Life and Death" (1946; "Stairway to Heaven"), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven, Kim Hunter, Marius Goring, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Top Secret—The History of German Resistance Against Hitler" (1979), a documentary, directed by Jochen Bauer, commentary written by Karl-Heinz Janssen; English narration. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1979), in German, directed by Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at noon: "A Matter of Life and Death." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "David." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Joan Blondell and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at noon: A program of short films made in France and Germany between 1923 and 1928. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: Two films by Ernie Gehr: "Eureka" (1974), a silent film, and "Still" (1971). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: A program of short films made in France and Germany between 1923 and 1928. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Blonde Crazy." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: "Army of Lovers; or, Revolt of the Perverts" (1979), directed by Rosa von Praunheim (who will be present); recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30 and Dec. 14 at 2:30: Two programs of short films from the 12th Annecy International Animated Film Festival. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: A program of eleven cartoons, done between 1921 and 1930, by Disney, Lantz, Messmer, Sullivan, Iwerks, Terry, and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at noon: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" (1959), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Sean Connery, Albert Sharpe, Jimmy O'Dea, and Janet Munro. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Hitler's Madman" (1943), directed by Douglas Sirk, with John Carradine. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5: "The Tarnished Angels" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk (who will be present), with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, Jack Carson, and Troy Donahue. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A film installation by William Childress. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (7:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

**Goethe House**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—The final programs in a series of films made by German directors when they worked in Hollywood. Dec. 8 at 1 and 4:30: "Hangover Square" (1945), directed by John Brahm, with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Rhonda Fleming. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6 and 8:30: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6 and 8:30: "The Search" (1948), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Montgomery Clift.

**Film Forum**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Five films shown under the title "Found Footage Filmmaking: A Program of Unusual and Provocative Films," directed by Mariani, Conner, and Lawder. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

**Harold Clurman**, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2370)—A series of Shakespeare's plays on film: Dec. 9 at 7:30 and 10 and Dec. 10 at 6: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8:30 and Dec. 11 at 6 and 8:30: "Taming of the Shrew" (1967), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother** (1975)—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he shows poor judgment, and he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea—Holmes' bringing in his insanely jealous younger brother, Sigerson, to help on a case involving Queen Victoria's state secrets—has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. There's no mystery, and since you can't have a parody of a mystery without a mystery, there's no comic suspense. And Wilder, keeping his eye on his responsibilities as a director, loses his performing rhythm. A vaudeville number is disconcertingly like the specialty number in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein" (which Wilder co-wrote and starred in) and calls attention to the general similarity between the two films. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, Leo McKern, and Roy Kinnear. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 7-13.)

**. . . And Justice for All**—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 7.)

**Animal House** (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably comic flashes about the American college system but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Gemini 2; through Dec. 13.)

**Annie Hall** (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5, 7-11, and 14.)

**Apocalypse Now**—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

**Ballet Gayané**—Performed by the ballet company of Riga, Latvia, U.S.S.R. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 6.)

**Bananas** (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 11-13 and 15.)

**Between Miracles**—Adventures (in Italian) of a sexual simpleton named Benedetto (Nino Manfredi), who was thrown into confusion as a child by the ministrations of the true Church, and whose subsequent life is seen as tiresome flashback parables about innocence and worldliness. The pervasive flavor is caramel. The film was directed and largely written by Signor Manfredi, an accomplished comic actor who limits himself here to variations on a wistful smile. With Lionel Stander. (12/3/79) (Cinema I.)

**The Black Stallion**—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

**Breaking Away**—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

**La Cage aux Folles**—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Chapter Two**—Based on the Neil Simon play, with James Caan, Marsha Mason, Valerie Harper, and Joe Bologna; directed by Robert Moore. (Loews New York 2; starting Dec. 14.)

**The Consequence**—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Cinema 3.)

**The Divine Nymph**—With Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp; directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Forum, through Dec. 6.)

**Don Giovanni**—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera; and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

**The Drunken Angel** (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written (by Kurosawa, in collaboration) with a liquid sense of shape. Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

**Duet for Cannibals** (1969)—Written and directed by Susan Sontag, who made this hermetic, guess-what's-real movie in Sweden. It's about two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules or discover if there is anything at stake. Adriana Asti acts mysterious and neurotic, and the other performers (Gösta Ekman, Lars Ekborg, and Agneta Ekmanner) seem to be stranded on the screen, trying to fill in the slack of the dry, expository dialogue and looking for clues to what's wanted of them. There's a good bit—a psychotic old man eating in a restaurant and making everybody nervous. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

**Each Other**—Directed by, and with, Michal Bat-Adam. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan 1.)

**The Europeans**—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5-10 and 13-14.)

**Fiddler on the Roof** (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the *shtetl* dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As Tevye's daughters marry

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, his story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness: it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling *brio* and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock, the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was originally three hours long and was run in two parts, with an intermission; then it was trimmed, and trimmed again, for the current reissue. Altogether, it has lost thirty-two minutes. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews New York 2; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Forum; starting Dec. 7.)

**The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh**—A sloppy, unfunny comedy with Stockard Channing as an astrologer, and a few basketball stars (Julius Erving, Meadowlark Lemon, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) hamming it up as a team of losers which starts to win because all the players' sign is Pisces. (11/19/79) (86th St. East, and National.)

**French Postcards**—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (Little Carnegie.)

**The Front** (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 6, 8, 11-12, and 14-15.)

**Girl Crazy** (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical with the score by George and Ira Gershwin stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; it's more freely adapted than the first, an R.K.O. film that starred Wheeler and Woolsey. This time it's M-G-M, and the cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)

**A Hard Day's Night** (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Regency; Dec. 11-12.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby, from Colin Higgins' script. (New Yorker 2.)

**Head Over Heels**—Based on a novel by Ann Beattie, about a young man (John Heard) obsessionally in love with another man's wife (Mary Beth Hurt). The young man seems too robust, the young woman too brittle and waifish—"childlike" in precisely the way that makes bad child actors especially alienating to watch. For some of its length, though, beginning with the appearance of Mark Metcalf as Miss Hurt's husband, the movie (directed by Joan Micklin Silver) picks up and almost works. (11/26/79) (Trans-Lux East.)

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**How Funny Can Sex Be?** (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Gramercy; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 13.)

**Images** (1972)—Robert Altman's modern variant of the "Caligari" ploy—the world as seen through a mad person's eyes. A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). Her madness is a matter of tinkling wind chimes, slivers of glass, windows, lenses, mirrors—"images." To be effective, the movie needs to draw us in to identify with her hallucinations, but the cold shine of the surfaces doesn't do it. The imagery itself fails to stir the imagination, though the cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, shot some unusual landscapes, inhumanly clear and visible at a great distance, and there are some ravishing pastoral scenes. It's a hollow puzzle movie despite the seductive editing rhythms and the many inventive moments. From a screenplay by Altman, with improvisations; in this ornamental setting, with so much care given to twirling glassy baubles, the occasional flat improvised lines are like peanut shells stuck in jewelry. Susannah York in real life wrote "In Search of Unicorns," the stupefyingly high-flown story for children, which the heroine narrates in the movie. With Cathryn Harrison. Made in Ireland. (Thalia; Dec. 12.)

**Indiscretion of an American Wife** (1954)—The clashing temperaments of the producer, David Selznick; the director, Vittorio De Sica; and the stars, Jennifer Jones (at the time Mrs. Selznick) and Montgomery Clift, resulted in a very odd (and commercially unsuccessful) love drama, which was shot between many a midnight and dawn at Rome's railway station. De Sica had wanted to film a small-scale Cesare Zavattini story about a love affair that doesn't work out, but agreed to set it in the then new thirty-five-million-dollar colossal railway station to satisfy Selznick's desire for grandeur. The film is remarkable chiefly for the way De Sica used Clift: something weak-willed—almost oozingly soft—came through in his performance, and it is impossible to tell how much of this was intended by the actor or the director. It is unlike Clift's work in any other movie. With Richard Beymer and Gino Cervi. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

**Interiors** (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5-12, and 14.)

**Intruder in the Dust** (1949)—Lucas Beauchamp, the "stubborn and insufferable" hero of William Faulkner's novel, is a black man who enrages the white people in his corner of Mississippi by his refusal to play nigger for them. The director, Clarence Brown, shot this movie in Faulkner's home town—Oxford, Mississippi—with the inhabitants in bit parts and in the crowd scenes. "All in all, I think it is a good movie," Faulkner said at the première, and it *is* a good movie—straightforward, tense, and assured. But it came at the end of a cycle of virtuous melodramas about Negroes ("Home of the Brave," "Lost Boundaries," et al.), and the advertising campaign ("The Picture That Dares to Tell the Truth . . . Tearing Asunder the Veils of Hate and Persecution") didn't help to differentiate it from the others. In the film, as in the novel, inflexible Lucas (Juano Hernández), who refuses to accept condescension or patronage, is conceived as a focus of white ambivalence. The other major character, Chick (Claude Jarman, Jr.), a white boy who has made the stupid mistake of offering Lucas money as payment for hospitality, is so humiliated by Lucas's stony refusal that he writhes in impotent fury at himself and at Lucas. When Lucas is arrested for killing a white man, Chick, still suffering over the debt he has been unable to discharge, finds his opportunity to get back his pride—to restore the balance of his relationship with Lucas. At the very end, a false note is struck by Chick's uncle (David Brian): "It will be all right, as long as some of us are willing to fight—even one of us." And by the ultimate cliché: "Lucas wasn't in trouble; *we* were in trouble." It's the movie that gets in trouble. But Juano Hernández's Lucas has the intensity and humor to transcend these Northern liberal platitudes. We can see that, as Faulkner put it, Lucas is "now tyrant over the whole country's white conscience." Two character actors perform with great skill: Porter Hall as the murdered man's father and Elizabeth Patterson as the little old lady who believes in doing what's right. The screenplay is by Ben Maddow (with some revisions by Faulkner); cinematography by Robert Surtees. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

**Jaguar Lives**—With Christopher Lee, Donald Pleasence, Barbara Bach, Capucine, and Joe Lewis; directed by Ernest Pintoff. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Dec. 6.)

**The Jerk**—With Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters, directed by Carl Reiner. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 14.)

**King of Hearts** (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Festival.)

**Koko, a Talking Gorilla**—A documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Dec. 10.)

**Lawrence of Arabia** (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Regency; Dec. 13-15.)

**Life of Brian**—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Manhattan 2.)

**THE LONG GOODBYE** (1973)—In his novel, set in 1953, Raymond Chandler situated his incorruptible knight Philip Marlowe in Los Angeles, the city famed as the place where you go to sell out. And Chandler wrote to his agent that what he cared about in this book was "how any man who tried to be honest looks in the end either sentimental or plain foolish." Chandler's sentimental foolishness is the taking-off place for Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental, and trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares*. Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" parodied the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," this picture is just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Altman tells a detective story all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. Vilmos Zsigmond is responsible for the offhand visual pyrotechnics (the imagery has great vitality); John Williams' score is a witty series of variations on the title song; the script is credited to Leigh Brackett, but when you hear the Altman-style improvisatory dialogue you know you can't take that too literally. (Thalia; Dec. 12.)

**LOVE AND DEATH** (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5, 7, 10-13, and 15.)

**LUNA**—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN**—A clumsy film, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and starring Alan Arkin as the magician, womanizer, and charlatan who comes almost to believe his own lie—that he will be able to fly, in a Warsaw theatre, on opening night. (11/26/79) (Beekman.)

**THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN**—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

**MEAN STREETS** (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 14.)

**MORGAN!** (1966; called "Morgan—A Suitable Case for Treatment" in England)—Morgan (David Warner) is a slightly crazy left-wing artist who is losing his beautiful, well-heeled wife (Vanessa Redgrave). In his fantasy life, he is King Kong. So when he's frustrated and upset he wears a gorilla suit; it's symbolic, of course. Morgan is the misfit as hero, and he's a childlike romantic rebel, anarchist, outsider, non-conformist. Directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's adaptation of his own TV play, this satirical tragicomedy often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. Its grotesque and discordant elements seemed to touch a nerve for American college students in the late sixties: Morgan was mad in a pop way—it was madness as the ultimate irresponsibility for the rebel, the only sanity for those who see what the "responsible" people supposedly did to the world. The picture came out just when these attitudes were becoming popular—when the counterculture was taking shape. With Robert Stephens and Irene Handl. Music by Johnny Dankworth. (Cinema Village; Dec. 11.)

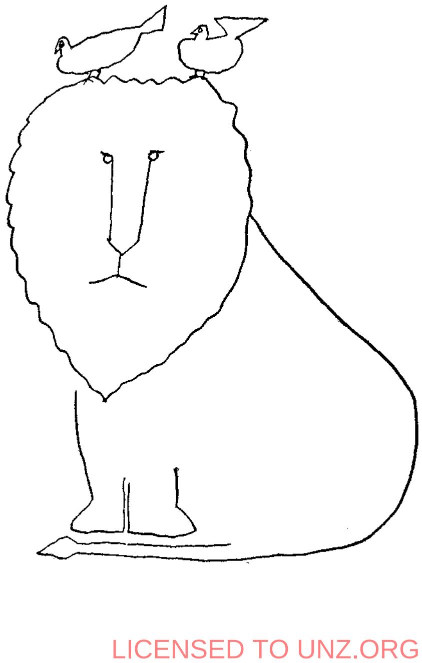
**MURDER BY DECREE**—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily, reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Olympia; Dec. 7-13.)

**NATURAL ENEMIES**—A hollow effort to understand the lives that lead to tabloid headlines like "Father Kills Children, Wife, Self." Directed by Jeff Kanew, the movie stars Louise Fletcher and Hal Holbrook, neither of whom are at their best. It somehow misses any authentic note, familiar or unfamiliar, derived from the real-life despair of couples. The result is an hour and forty minutes of monotone enigma. (11/19/79) (Cinema II.)

**1941**—With Dan Aykroyd, Ned Beatty, John Belushi, Lorraine Gary, Murray Hamilton, Christopher Lee, Tim Matheson, Toshiro Mifune, and Warren Oates; directed by Steven Spielberg. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Dec. 14.)

**NOSFERATU, THE VAMPYRE**—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Quad Cinema.)

**OBSESSION** (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)



**OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR** (1969)—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Regency; Dec. 11-12.)

**OLD BOYFRIENDS**—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader, this is a rather distraught and very small-calibre film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (Olympia; through Dec. 6.)

**ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH** (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. The Siberian labor camp is the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan—obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

**THE ONION FIELD**—Joseph Wambaugh's very strong version of his own book, the true story of a sixties Los Angeles cop-killing, with painfully evocative performances by John Savage as the officer who survived a horrifying night in the onion field, and James Woods as the small-time hood who executed Savage's partner. The film's argument is that the law has become, itself, an obstacle to justice, and although this is not wholly proved, a good case is made. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Dec. 6.)

**ON THE WATERFRONT** (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as having a beer with Eva Marie Saint in a bar and a dialogue with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened in the dock situation that the film was based on has been falsified: the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss, and Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, Nehemiah Persoff, Clifton James, and Michael V. Gazzo. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

**ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL**—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect

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acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**Play It Again, Sam** (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5-10 and 13-15.)

**Providence** (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (Thalia; Dec. 9.)

**Red Beard** (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 11.)

**Remember My Name**—With Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Art; through Dec. 6.)

**Revenge of the Pink Panther** (1978)—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Olympia; starting Dec. 14.)

**Rich Kids**—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

**Robert et Robert**—With Charles Denner, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jacques Villeret, and Régine; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

**Rocky II**—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Olympia; starting Dec. 14.)

**The Rose**—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

**The Runner Stumbles**—A simultaneously unconvincing and offensive movie (directed by Stanley Kramer), mostly in flashback, about a priest (Dick Van Dyke) accused of murdering a perky nun (Kathleen Quinlan), with whom he was in love. We know he didn't do it, and we soon guess who did. The film's notions of Church, courtroom, and love—as well as of erotic tension or religious crisis—are somehow appalling, inaccurate, and obtuse. (11/19/79) (Loews New York 1.)

**Seven**—With William Smith and Barbara Leigh, directed by Andy Sidaris. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 6.)

**Sleeper** (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 5, 7, 9, 11-13, and 15.)

**Small Change** (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 6.)

**Starting Over**—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through Dec. 6.)

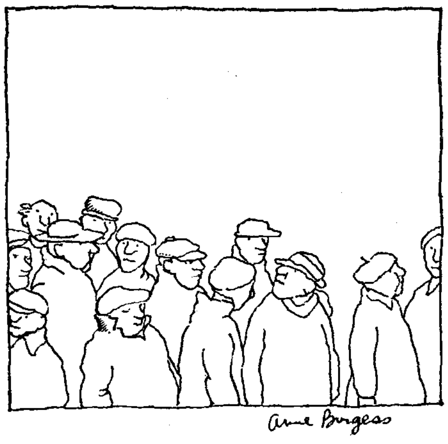
**Star Trek—The Motion Picture**—Based on the television series, with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, and the entire original cast. Produced by Gene Roddenberry, who created the TV series. Directed by Robert Wise. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, Loews State 1, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 7.)

**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Dec. 6, 8-10, and 13-15.)

**10**—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

**These Are the Damned** (1965)—Joseph Losey's film, with Viveca Lindfors as a sculptor called Freya. Her sculptures are by Elisabeth Frink, and they are the real stars of the picture. They have the repose and classical sense of conflict that Losey struggles for with an effort that strains muscles. The plot is relentlessly serious and concerned with the big themes. Shirley Anne Field and Macdonald Carey end the picture about to die of radiation sickness. Losey always casts very well: the film includes a most interesting performance by Alexander Knox. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

**Till Marriage Do Us Part**—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 7-13. . . . ¶ Art; starting Dec. 7.)



**Time After Time**—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Dec. 7-13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 7.)

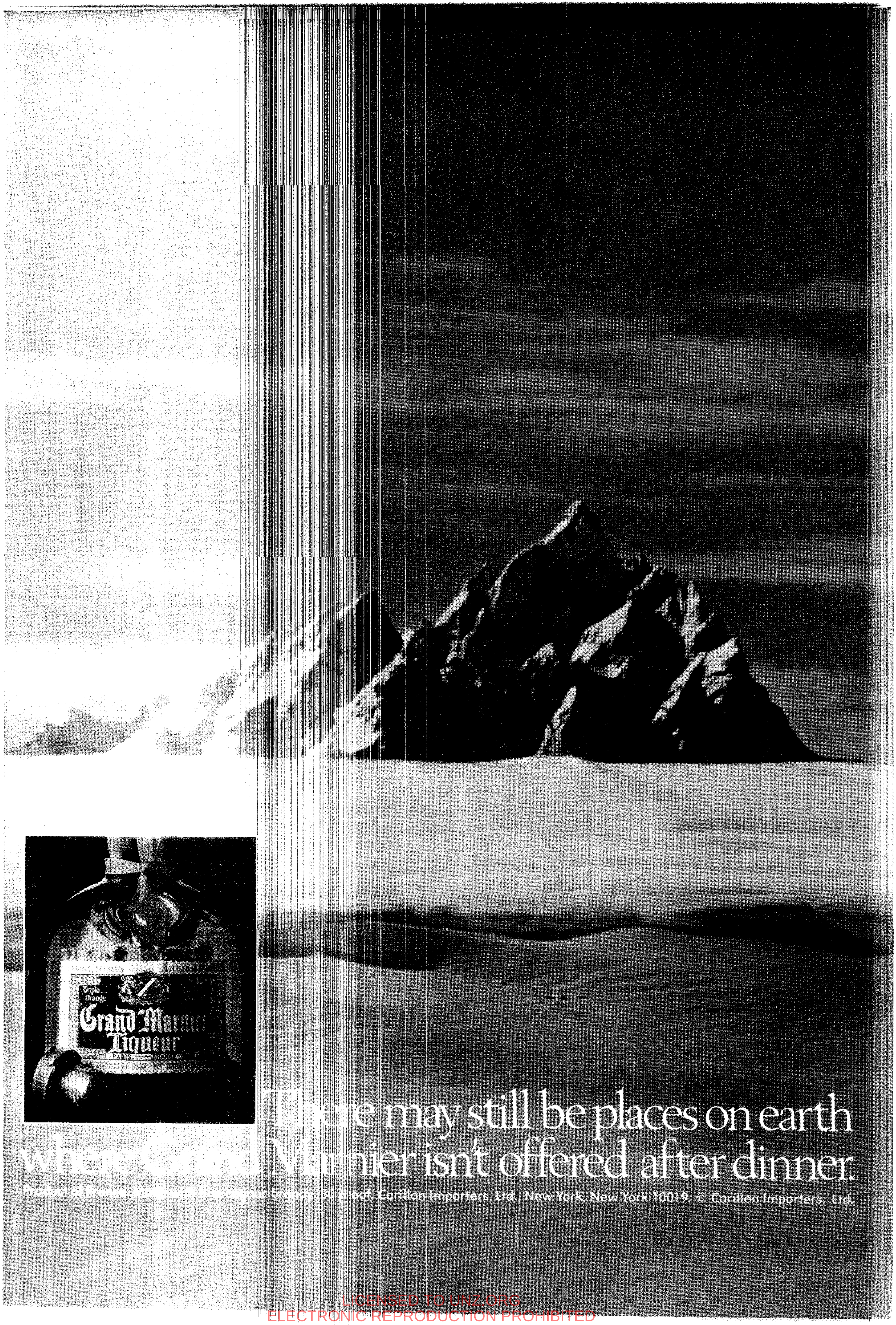
**Topaze** (1933)—John Barrymore is completely charming as the shabby, unworldly science teacher who is bounced from his academic environment and lands in the business world of delightful depravity; handed his first Martini, he gulps the olive with the liquid. The film was made in the period—which wasn't really so long ago—when teachers were considered virtuous recluses and the academic world was called the ivory tower. At the time, the attitudes in this gentle comedy were thought very modern and sly and cynical. Produced by David O. Selznick, it's an elegantly designed picture; it was directed by Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast in his leisurely, "Continental" style. With Myrna Loy as the sophisticated woman who is attracted by the teacher's innocence. Adapted from Marcel Pagnol's play by Benn W. Levy and (though uncredited) Ben Hecht. There have been several other screen versions; Louis Jouvet, Fernandel, and Peter Sellers have all played the teacher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-10.)

**Tristana** (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a Spanish grandee who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and, in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty. In Spanish. (Cinema Village; Dec. 9-10. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

**The Wanderers**—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (7/23/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 14.)

**Where's Poppa?** (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (D. W. Griffith.)

**Words and Music** (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, which he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson (whose "Thou Swell," with the Blackburn Twins, is a bright spot in her career). Norman Taurog directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)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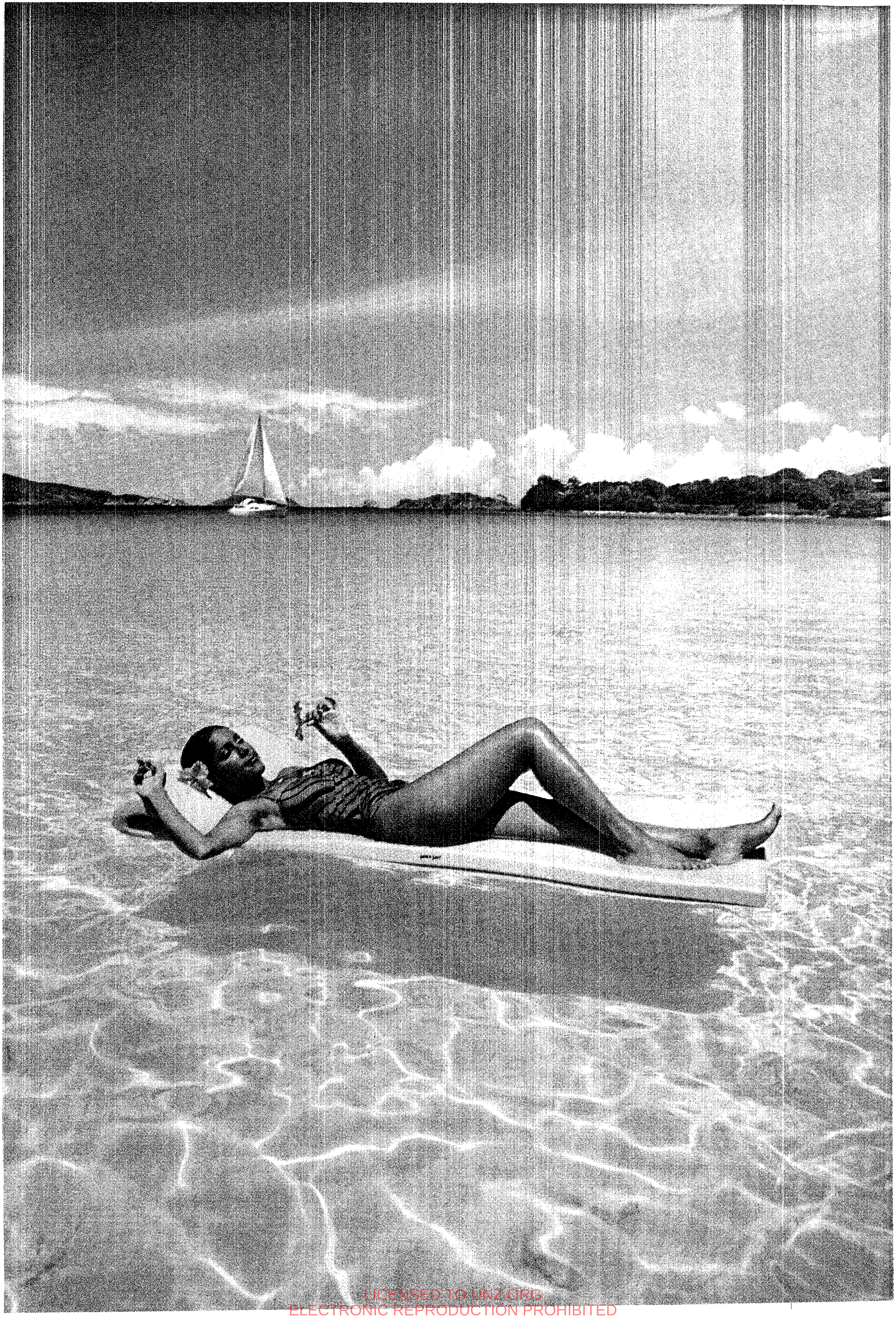

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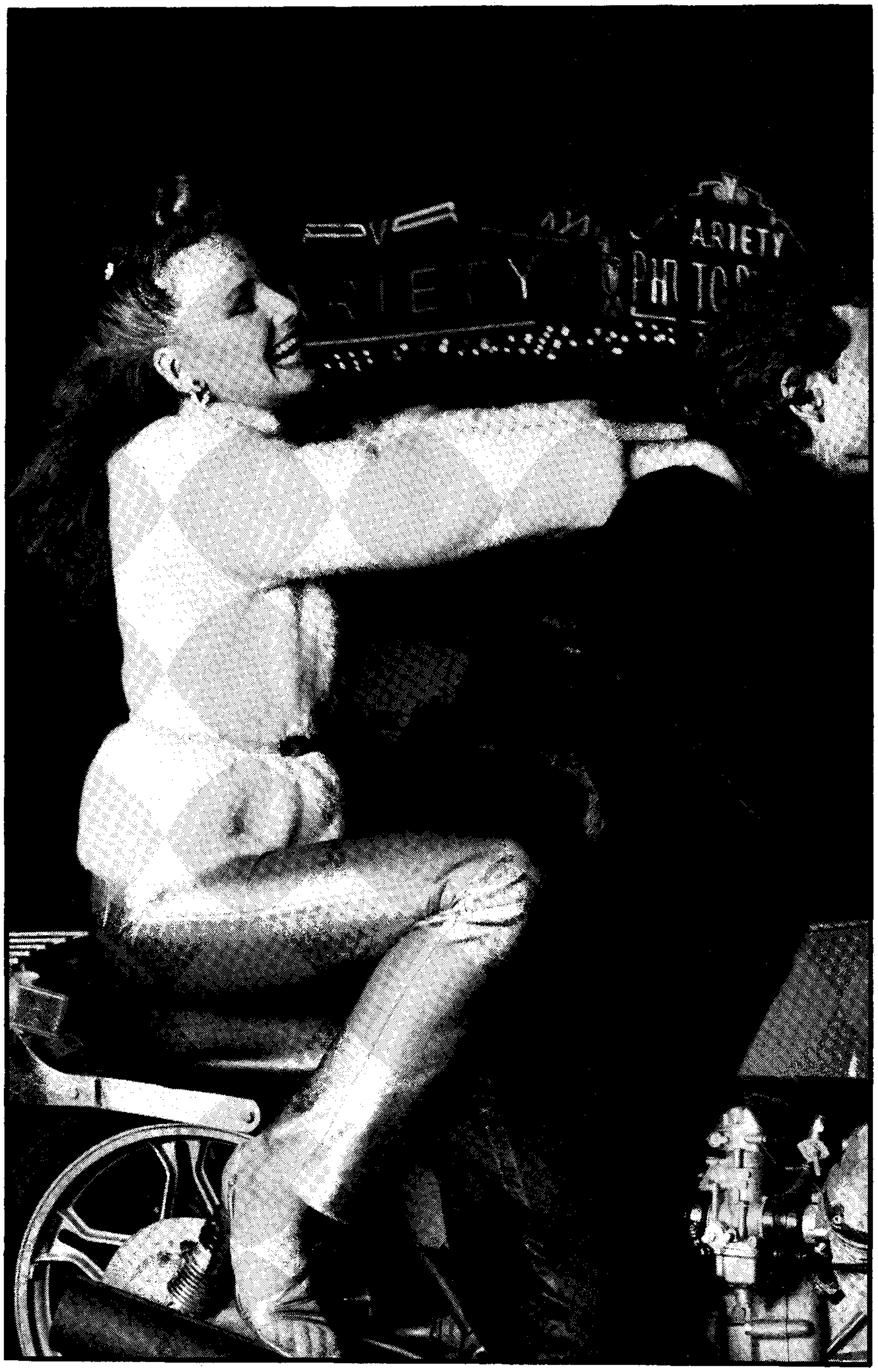

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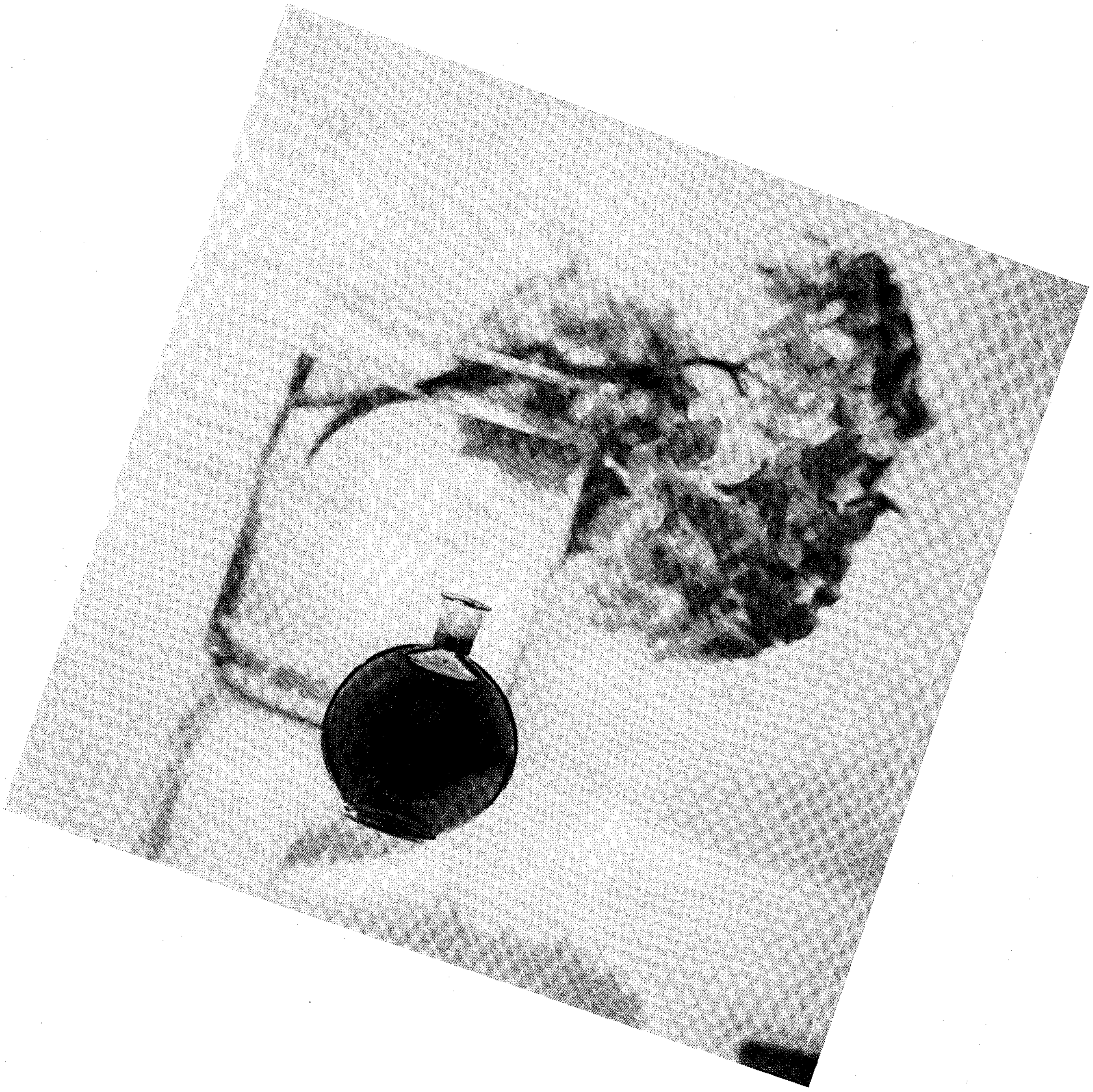

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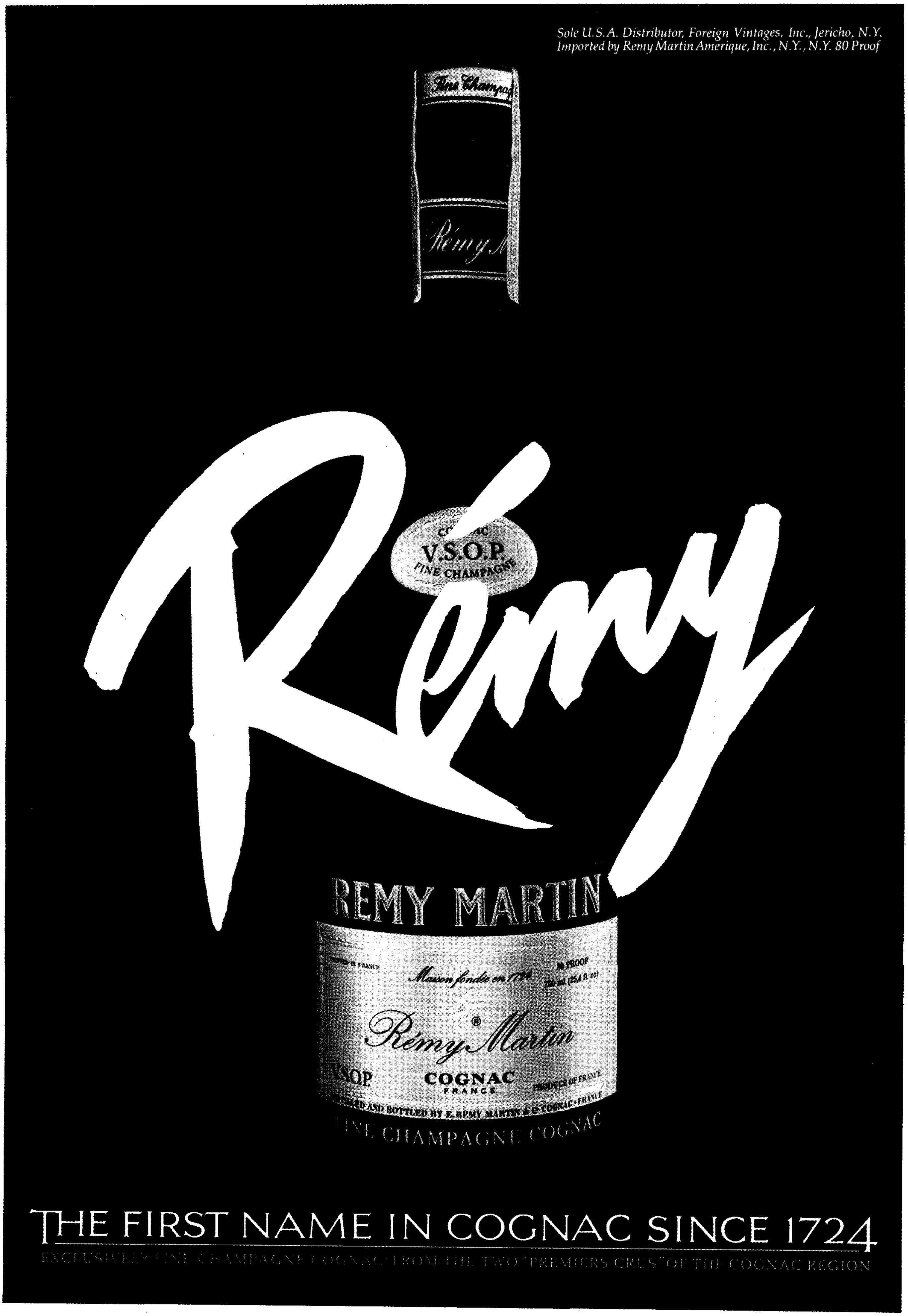
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHEN we got on the Broadway I.R.T. at Times Square the other day, we heard a woman's voice addressing the captive audience of assembled passengers. This is hardly an infrequent experience. Our subways, like our city as a whole, seem to be filled with solitary speakers. They are evidently people who have a great deal to say but no one in particular to say it to, and so they address the rest of us or harangue thin air. Some are drunk, some are not in their right mind, some are promoting a cult of one kind or another, and some are probably just lonely. By and large, other New Yorkers give all of them a wide berth. For example, a week or so ago on the I.R.T. a dishevelled man carrying a large jar of tomato paste shouted that he was from Cuba and that eighty per cent of Americans were hypocrites. He went on to make further incoherent, abusive remarks, and most of the people in his half of the subway car crowded down into the other half. For a while, it seemed that he might commit some act of violence—perhaps douse someone with the tomato paste in his jar, which he seemed to be threatening to unscrew. Fortunately, his stop came shortly, and he got off without further incident. Riders on the I.R.T. have learned to expect scenes like this, and have developed a whole set of defensive techniques, ranging from absolute impassivity to active flight, for dealing with them. However, the voice we heard at the Times Square station was neither loud nor angry, and seemed to hold no menace. It was strong and calm, and turned out to belong to a young black woman in a trim gray coat. At first, the passengers shifted nervously in their seats, glancing at her surreptitiously out of the corners of their eyes and obviously preparing themselves to be accosted in one way or another. But the young woman made no importunate move. She did not even seek to catch the eye of any passenger. Instead, she stared at the floor and delivered what seemed to be a brief sermon. The train paused in the station, as though to give her a chance to finish. She informed us that God would not permit any man, woman, or child to perish outside His love, and invited us to forget our selfish interests for a while and give some thought to the state of our souls. And that was all. She offered no literature, extolled no guru, mentioned no organization. Her message had been delivered for itself alone. When she finished, there was a palpable easing of tension in the car—a momentary thawing of hardened layers of suspicion—and even a timid murmur of appreciation.

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## *Site*

STANDING on the corner of Twelfth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, in Manhattan's way-west Thirties, you seem almost equidistant from Manhattan and New Jersey. The tall towers of midtown, the garment district, and even the nearest subway station are almost as far away as the frame houses of Weehawken, over on the other bank of the Hudson. And right at your feet wild asters are blooming in the cracks between the concrete blocks of the pavement. A very big building is going up here very soon. New York's long-awaited Exposition and Convention Center, designed by I. M. Pei, which is to be constructed by the New York State Urban Development Corporation and is to enclose one million eight hundred thousand square feet of space, will occupy the land bounded by Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues and Thirty-fourth and Thirty-ninth Streets. Pei is to show his plans to the U.D.C. and then to the press later this month. The demolition of existing structures is to take place next spring. Ground is to be broken early next summer. Target completion date: summer, 1984.

Judith Shahn

More than a hundred years ago, the fields and woods of what are now the Thirties west of Eleventh Avenue—and what people then would have called the part of the old Rapelje farm, in the village of Bloomingdale, that was between Clapboard Valley and Reed Valley up by the Great Kill—were cut up, levelled, filled, and formed into a vast railroad freight yard, which over the next decades created an equally large adjacent district of foundries, breweries, gashouses, piano factories, coalyards, express companies, slaughterhouses, fat-rendering houses, and boneyards. The Irish, German, English, and black families who worked in the area and lived in the tenements on Thirty-ninth Street between Tenth and Eleventh called that block Hell's Kitchen. Everyone who lived in the rest of the city called anything near the freight yards Hell's Kitchen. The yard is still there, with even a few Conrail boxcars in it, and with rows of freight sidings and sheds so tumbledown they look as though something big with an itch in its back had been rubbing against them. But yesterday's Hell's Kitchen is almost as invisible as tomorrow's Convention Center, and conjuring up either one needs the same effort that is required to find Nero Wolfe's old brownstone on Thirty-fifth Street. (In some of his books, Rex Stout put it between Ninth and Tenth; in others, between Tenth and Eleventh.) And so right now is a meantime in the way-west Thirties, and there is a pleasure with its own taste in exploring a place that is the halfway point between what has been and what is coming, a place where men have been and to which they are returning, a place that is living in the quiet moment between one breath and the next.

The Convention Center site currently has one permanent resident—Cosmo Borelli, a forty-year-old New York hobo and alumnus of Evander Childs High School, who has fixed up a shack for himself and some cats under a rising, curving railroad viaduct. Borelli gets his water from a fire hydrant and day-old bread from a bakery on Forty-fourth Street. He takes work as often as he has to, and says, "You don't need money to make a living. Work's no good if you can't remember you're alive while you're working. Every day, in the morning and the evening, I see people driving past me looking grim—they're coming from or heading toward the Lincoln Tunnel. Most of them look sort of silly."

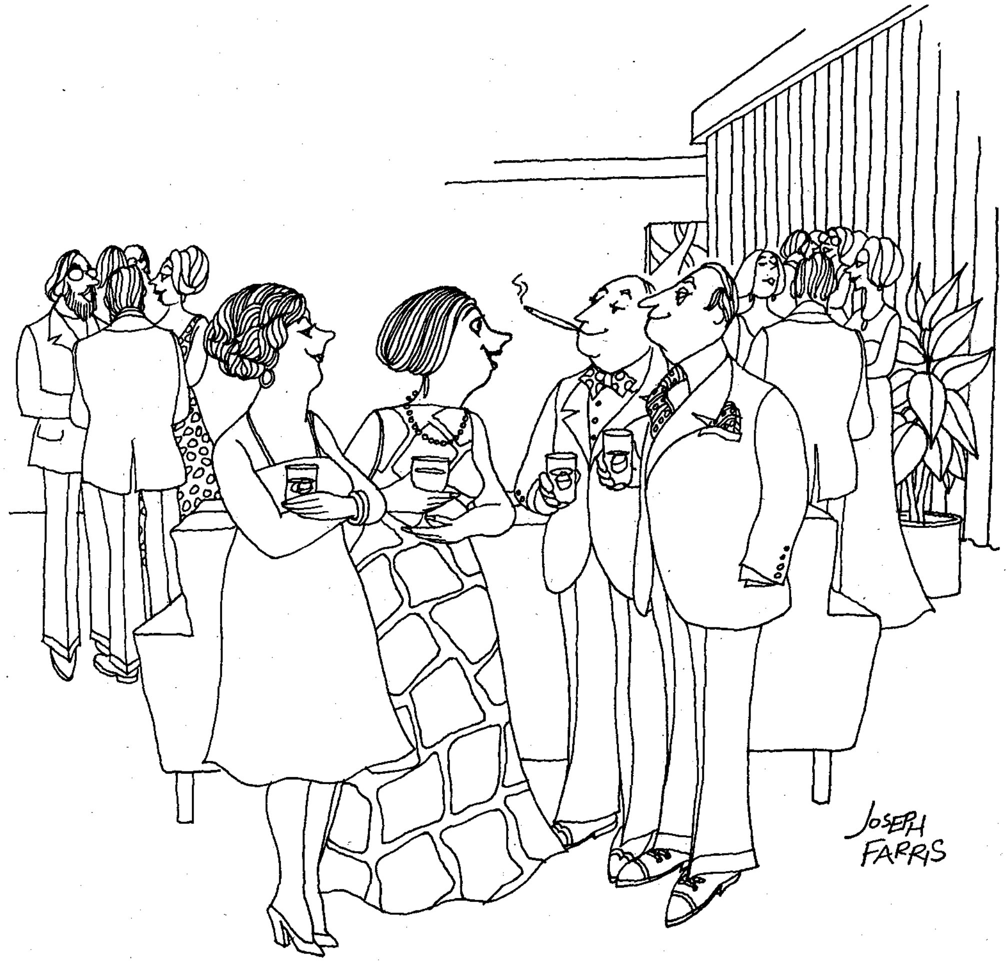
Several Eleventh Avenue businesses are still in operation on part of the Convention Center site, though they will have to vacate in a few months. General Camera, which rents precision film equipment to commercial and feature filmmakers (three feature films now being shot in the city—"Times Square," a new Woody Allen picture, and a Warner Brothers movie written by and starring Paul Simon—are using its cameras and lights), will probably stay in the area, for the same reason that most other New York film-equipment houses operate west of Ninth Avenue: it's easier for trucks to load there. G. C.'s Scott Fleischer is happy to demonstrate his most beautiful camera: a lightweight Panaflex that runs completely silently; shoots film and videotape simultaneously through a single lens, so you don't have to wait till the film's developed to see what you've got; and displays digitally the number of feet of film you've shot and the number of frames per second you're shooting.

Phil Steinhardt, of the Wally Hanger Corporation, which sells racks, hangers, polyethylene bags, and display fixtures to stores and showrooms, says he may have to move to Jersey or the Island, though that would mean layoffs for his employees—he has thirty, most of whom live in Clinton, in the way-west Forties, and now walk to work. "There are different ways to correct or lift a neighborhood," he says. "Let's build for New York residents, not for visitors. If we don't, there won't be anybody left for the visitors to come visit."

John Scott, of the New York office of Mountain Valley Water—spring water bottled in the Ouachita Mountains, twelve miles outside Hot Springs, Arkansas—is also sorry to be leaving the area. Mountain Valley bought its Hell's Kitchen warehouse forty years ago, and Scott has made friends with people who were born in the area years before that. A good friend of his, an eighty-six-year-old trucking executive with thirteen great-grandchildren, remembers learning how to swim in the Hudson off Forty-first Street—"all alone, by myself." Amplifying, he says, "I was crazy. But you could live around here then, despite the reputation of the area. There were some rough people here and some good people here. You knew everybody, and at one in the morning your mother or your sister could walk down the street and you would never worry."

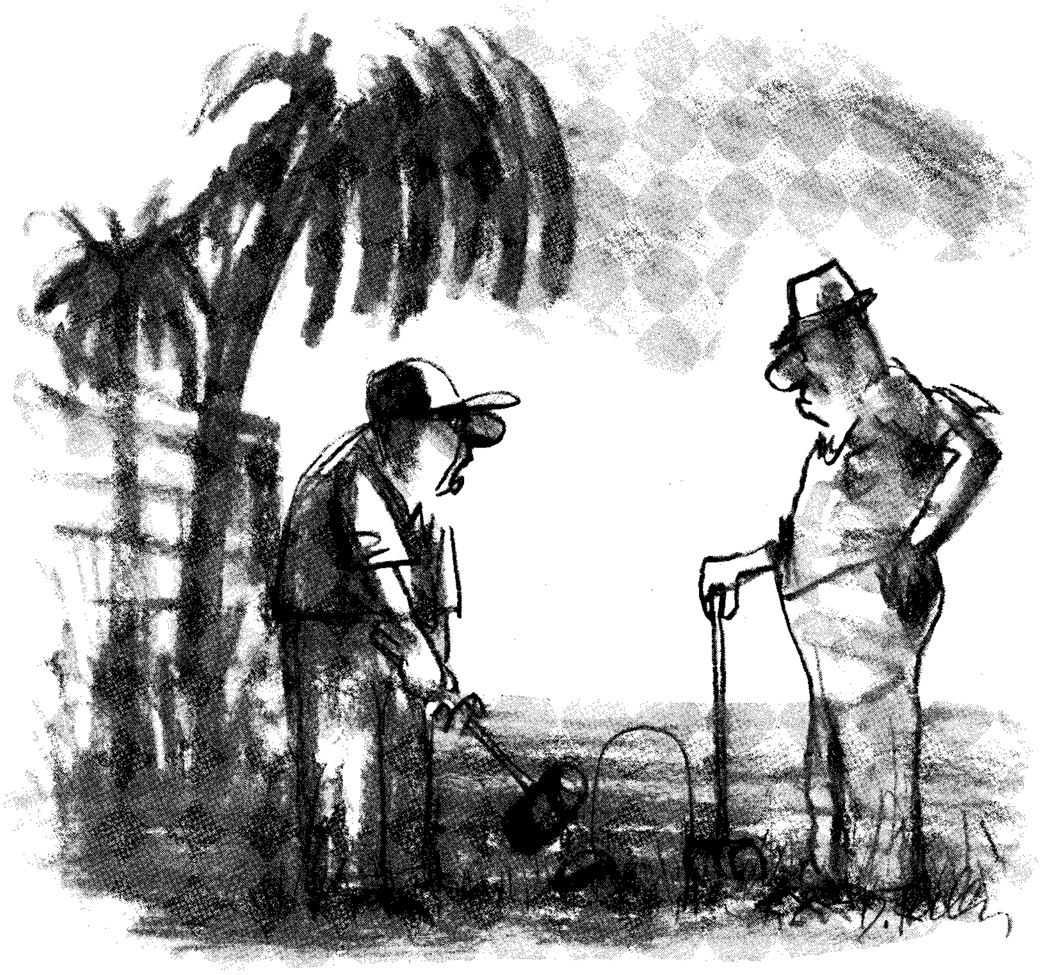
One nearby business that won't be torn down, the Columbus Livery Stable, on Thirty-eighth between Tenth and Eleventh, belongs to the old trucking exec's era; at the turn of the century, it was the horseshoeing shop for the Burns Brothers' coal-and-oil business. It now stables forty Central Park carriage horses and accommodates their carriages, too. Randy Brill, a young owner-driver, keeps Harpo, his "mostly Morgan" horse, there, and sometimes when he's not working he will saddle the horse and trot up to Central Park. If a policeman should stop him, he is prepared to point out that there's no law on the city books forbidding a man to ride his own horse through the streets.

Around the corner, at the Bicentennial Horse & Carriage Stable, on the east side of Eleventh—the side that won't get torn down—live thirteen more Central Park carriage horses. The carriages here—broughams and Victorias—have shiny brass lamps and shiny



*"Dear, the Whitbogs listen to the same beautiful-music station that we do!"*

patent-leather fenders. Cornelius Patrick Byrne, one of the co-owners, likes talking carriages. A good carriage wheel—so Amish wheelwrights have told him—is made of three kinds of wood: the hub is ash, the spokes are oak, and the felloe (that's the rim) has to be hickory, a wood that can keep its grain and strength when it is bent.



*"I want a constitutional amendment to balance federal budgets sponsored by someone other than Jerry Brown."*

• •

## *Flying*

SEVERAL of the twenty-two-and-a-half-dollar orchestra seats at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre have been occupied recently by Broadway irregulars who have not yet grown up, who tend to eat a lot of Milk Duds during the intermissions, and who seem convinced that Peter Pan and the Darling children actually do fly around up there on the stage. This conviction is solidly founded. On the one hand, the wires are visible. On the other hand, Sandy Duncan, who portrays the boy from Neverland, doesn't just dangle there in midair; she *flies*. Show-business people understand that if you want to fly you get in touch with Foy. The firm of Foy Inventerprises has its headquarters in Las Vegas, Nevada, and if Peter Foy doesn't answer the phone, it's because he's off somewhere flying someone. Peter Foy is the dean of theatrical flying. He flew Jean Arthur in the 1950 nonmusical Broadway production of "Peter Pan," he flew Mary Martin in the 1954 musical, and he has flown a thousand or so lesser Peter Pans since then. Lately, he has been busy introducing his devices into Europe, so his son Garry accepted the challenge of helping Sandy Duncan to revive Mary Martin's role. Garry Foy is a friendly, self-confident technician who has curly brown hair and resembles old photographs of his father, a self-confident technician whose hair has turned gray since he first taught Jean Arthur how to levitate gracefully. At that time, Peter Foy was twenty-four years old. Garry is now only twenty-three. He likes to stress this point—that he made it to Broadway a year ahead of schedule—but in every other way he defers to his mentor, whom he calls "my living textbook on flying."

Foy *père* is a master of the simple pendulum flying system and is the inventor of the interrelated-pendulum and track-on-track systems, which are in use at the Lunt-Fontanne. During a recent matinée, we stood backstage and watched Garry Foy operate these devices with the assistance of Julian Williams, who is also in his twenties and also comes from Las Vegas. Foy and Williams had arrived at the theatre about twenty minutes before curtain time and had checked to see that the flight riggings were in place. They had to make certain, for instance, that the flying wire for Sandy Duncan's first excursion—from a backstage spot labelled "Window Never-Never" to a point on center stage—was attached to a metal hook on the window unit. Now, with Sandy Duncan ready to be launched on this flight, in Act I, Scene 1, Foy stood on a ladder in the stage-right wing grasping a pull rope and listening to the music for his cue. At a certain precise moment, he jumped from the ladder and Sandy Duncan flew through the window, to great applause. As the performance proceeded, Foy made a noble effort to explain to us how a rope threaded through a pulley forty feet overhead can both lift and propel a one-hundred-pound actress who wears a concealed nylon harness and hangs from a one-sixteenth-inch steel cable. It turns out, however, that the technique of theatrical flying can be explained no more straightforwardly than the technique of musical composition.

"We keep inventing stuff," Foy said while, onstage, Peter Pan told the Darling children that all you need in order to fly are lovely thoughts and fairy dust. "Peter Pan flies differently from Mary Poppins. We have to adapt to the way different people fly. During a performance, you don't always know what's going to happen—you have to be one jump ahead at all times. That's why Julian's assistance is so important. We use the track-on-track a lot. One of us regulates the lift and the other operates the travel, which gives us good control. With our other system—the interrelated pendulum—we have to make all our decisions ahead of time, because once Sandy has passed the center point of the stage, there's nothing we can do to correct her flight. If we didn't plan well, she could hit the wall, and we wouldn't want that. This job is like a tennis game—you're always anticipating but don't really know what's going to happen next."

During each performance, Foy manipulates or supervises twenty separate flights. There is one forty-minute stretch, from near the beginning of Act II, Scene 1, to the beginning of Act III, when all the actors are earthbound. Julian Williams often uses this break to go to his apartment, nearby, for a brief rest, and Garry Foy often steps next door to Beefsteak Charlie's and asks the bartender, Joe, to pour him a Perrier-on-the-rocks. The most difficult task that awaits them upon their return is Sandy Duncan's curtain-call flight. First, she must travel the length of the stage on the track-on-track, and then, on a pendulum, she must soar over the orchestra seats. This climax never fails to impress the patrons.

"It was my dad who conceived the idea of audience flights, and I'm the first person to try one on Broadway," Foy said as he isolated the ropes that he would be pulling during this maneuver. "I did my first audience flight a few years ago in San Francisco. The client was Sylvester, of Sylvester and the Hot Band, a big transvestite act, at a place called Winterland. This Broadway audience flight is a lot of work for me, because there are no gears and, even though Sandy knows how to use her body so that it feels light, I have to lift her entire weight. Coming at the end of the show, when you're already pretty tired, it's a strain. I wouldn't mind if they decided to schedule the curtain calls somewhere earlier in the performance. Now, if you'll excuse me, and if you wouldn't mind stepping over there . . ."

Having directed us to an out-of-the-way corner, he assumed firm control of the ropes. Performers were moving in and out of the wings for curtain calls. Then, when the entire cast except for Sandy Duncan had assembled, she flew across the stage to join them. As she did this, she made the noise that she frequently emits as she flies: "Oooh!"—like a child on a swing. Foy made a different noise: a visceral grunting sound. Now Foy, who had a solid grip on a thick rope, crouched and leaped as Sandy Duncan bowed deeply, spread her arms, and took off again, on the pendulum. His rope rose quickly as its living counterweight sailed over the heads of the members of the audience. His feet left the ground. The star of the show was dramatically airborne, and so, for a few moments, was her navigator.

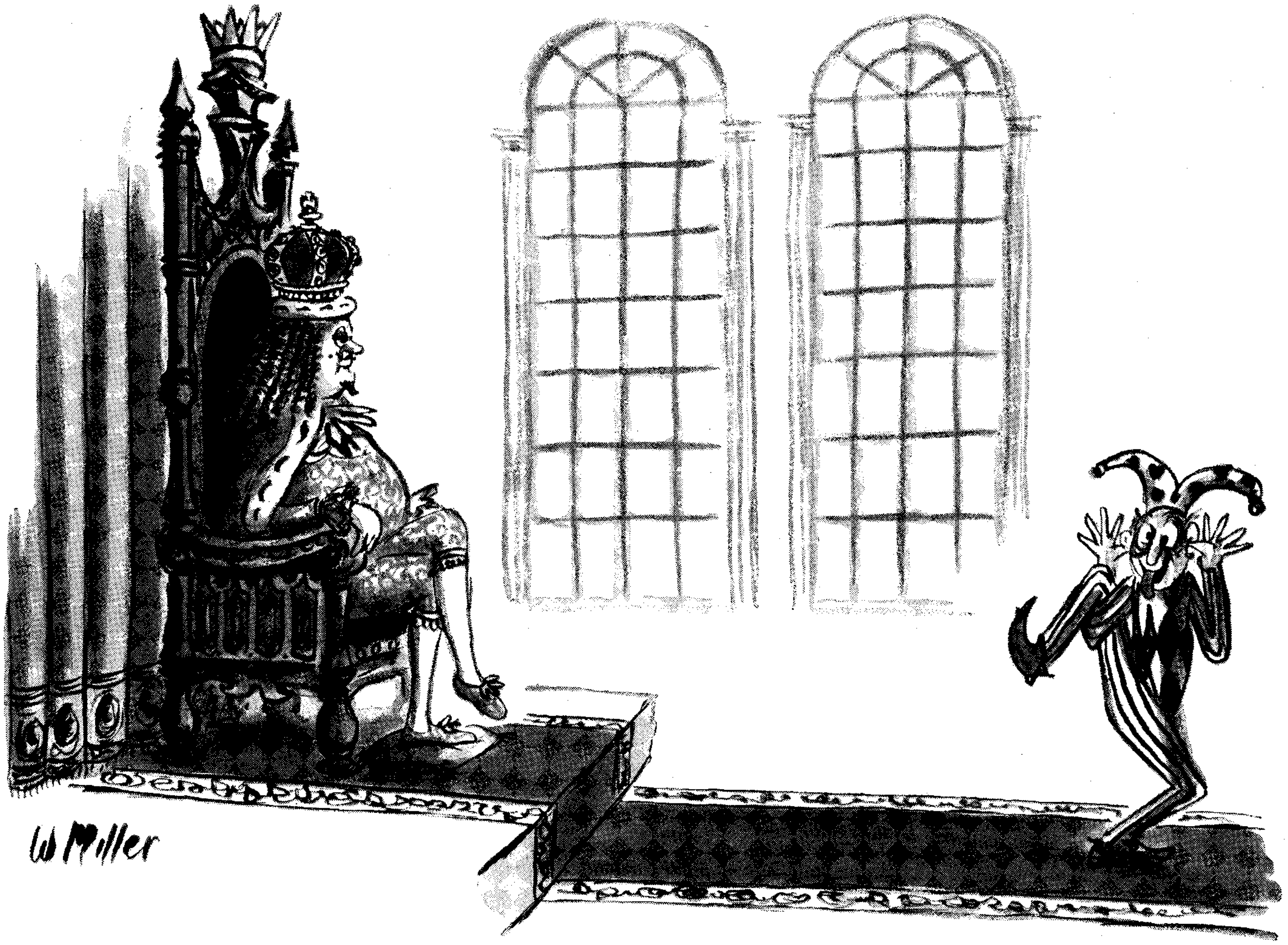
## *The Unexpected*

IF it's a Saturday or Sunday morning, and not too cold, and not actually either raining or snowing, a sign lights up inside Elliot Willensky's head and says to him, in the traditional giant green letters of such signs, "WALK." Willensky is the borough historian of Brooklyn and one of the members of the New York City Landsmarks Preservation Commission, but he is best known for being the co-author (with Norval White) of the "A.I.A. Guide to New York City" (the initials stand for American Institute of Architects), which is a six-hundred-page book that transfigures what it describes by simultaneously beaming two different lights—the lamp of learning and the hot July sun of enjoyment—on thousands of things in New York: buildings, monuments, shops, restaurants, parks, curiosities, neighborhoods. And Willensky, who is also a Cooper Union- and Yale-trained architect, a former Parks Department Deputy Administrator for Development, and the former director of a seventy-two-acre city hardwood forest on Staten Island, is just the sort of man you would hope that the author, or co-author, of such a book would turn out to be: a super-curious Friar Tuck, accommodating, gimbaljawed, with a laugh that can shrink an iceberg.

Willensky's walks take him to any neighborhood in or near the city which can be explored afoot. In the past few months, he has padded through Douglaston, Bayside, Woodhaven, Forest Hills, Maspeth, Ridgewood, Fort Greene, and Jersey City's Little Italy. He is a Frimbo of the feet, questing, meandering, prowling, poking about, searching, savoring, looking, listening, and understanding. He travels light: a Hagstrom street map squashed into a jacket pocket, an 8 x 20 monocular slung round the neck, a pedometer clipped to the belt. He lives off the land, which is to say that he stops for lunch at any place that looks decent. He enjoys company, and often walks with a friend—someone like Dr. Margaret Latimer, a city planner and the director of Brooklyn Rediscovery, which is a borough cultural project functioning under the auspices of the Brooklyn Educational and Cultural Alliance and dedicated to demonstrating that Brooklyn history need not depend on treasures no longer available to Brooklynites, such as the Dodgers and the *Eagle* and the great resort hotels of Coney Island.

d. ehrenberg

Why does Willensky walk? Not to bring his book up to date, although he does carry a pen to note the discovery of what he calls any "Guide"-able building he's never seen before. He walks because of a truth he learned some years ago about the nature of reality. At that time, he was a young divorced father looking around for something to do with his kids on weekends. The apartment he lived in was tiny, so trips seemed to be the answer. "Whenever we would go somewhere—to a museum, a park, an ice-cream parlor, the circus—it never failed that something unbelievable and totally unexpected would happen," he says. "Sometimes it happened at the place we were going to, but often either on the way there or coming home. It could be a conversation with a passerby, a sunset, a parade, a car with an old Pontiac Indian on the hood, or watching someone use a piece of equipment we'd never seen before—that didn't matter. It got so the somewhere was just the excuse for the go. All you have to do is go outside and get into the stream. It has nothing to do with insight, or Machiavellian scheming, or organizational skills, and much to do with wanting to look and to be. It also has to do with New York, which has so many levels of intricate unexpectedness. This quality is not something that the people who shaped the city intended. They built for profit, convenience, ease, speed, but since they all had different ideas about such things, they created a texture with the same enormous richness and unexpectedness I found in the High Rock Park forest—that's the forest on Staten Island I ran for five years. It's the same thing I like about Chinese food, which is a great stew, a mixture of every taste in the kitchen. It delights me that whenever I go back to the same Chinese restaurant and order the same dish it's subtly different, reminding me of the role of the maker. People sometimes tell me that the 'A.I.A. Guide' is incomplete. Thank God! The 'Guide' is full of facts, but its greatest value is that if you use it to pursue facts, instead of redigesting what we've predigested you will find things between the facts, and those things will be more interesting and have more value, because they are your own impressions. There's a very



*"Very good. You're hired."*

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delicate balance between that which is given and that which responds to what is given, but it's a balance that gives a lift to everyday life."

When Willensky told us all this, at the opening of a new city park a month ago, it seemed to us to flesh out in a helpful way the celebrated cryptic explanation of why people want to climb a mountain—"because it's there." And we were eager for more. We proposed a test: a walk with Willensky along the banks of the Gowanus Canal, in Brooklyn—a spot that even the "A.I.A. Guide" calls "shabby, dull, and monotonous." Would the writ of the unexpected run in such a place? Willensky accepted the challenge. He called it Stalking the Wild Gowanus.

In the interests of truth, we make the following report.

We spent four hours in Gowanus with Willensky and Dr. Latimer on a Saturday, the pedometer clicked off four and nine-tenths miles, we all enjoyed ourselves, and we lunched on Big Macs at a McDonald's. Gowanus was originally a dip of marshy meadowland in south Brooklyn through which ran a roughly north-south creek, and this was canalized in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Brooklyn waterfront was developed for shipping. To the west, north, and east, up slopes, are beautiful, recently restored residential neighborhoods: Carroll Gardens, Cobble Hill, Boerum Hill, and Park Slope. Gowanus itself today has a few industrial plants, a few blocks of housing, and nothing much else. Nevertheless, in addition to a "Guide"-able 1885 red brick Gothic church (St. Thomas Aquinas, at Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street), which Willensky liked because it has kept both its modesty and its dignity undiminished, we saw these things and events:

On Carroll Street. A hundred-and-sixty-foot-long, twenty-six-foot-wide red-white-and-green oil barge that looked just like an English canal barge and was carrying a hundred and sixty-eight thousand gallons of oil to the Bayside Fuel Oil Depot Corporation glided up to the Carroll Street Bridge, gave three hoots, stopped, and waited until two city bridge-tenders, who had just finished closing the Third Street Bridge, three blocks to the south, rambled up in a truck and opened the bridge—sidewise! It's a retractile bridge, one of two such bridges still operating in the city; it was built in 1889; and it sits on a little train that rolls to one side on old Brooklyn trolley-car tracks.

On Douglass Street. An orange-crowned warbler, a rare but regular fall migrant, heading south from Quebec to the Carolinas, poked and bobbed along the ground in a scrubby, weedy lot fifteen feet from the canal.

On Smith Street. Three men spray-painted an enormous square machine sitting on the pavement. The man in charge explained, "It's a can warmer. When you put carbonated soft drinks into cans, you cool the cans, so you can inject more $CO_2$ into the drink. But if you put cool cans in cardboard boxes, the cans sweat and the boxes fall apart. This machine can warm fifteen hundred cans a minute to seventy or seventy-five degrees. We brought it in from Detroit for Coca-Cola. Pepsi just started selling canned soda in Colombia, and it's catching on like crazy. Coke can't wait for new equipment, so we're reconditioning a whole assembly line. When it's ready, it'll be loaded onto a 747 and flown direct to Bogotá."

And we could go on.

# THE EVANS FARM

Howard Evans had the farm next to ours. He was old when I was very young—a short, round man with a bemused look. He had white hair and tan skin, and his hands were gnarled, as were the hands of the other farmers. Creases from smiles surrounded his eyes—pale-gray eyes with fierce, bushy brows. He liked small children like me.

His wife, it seems to me, was at least two feet taller than he was, straight and thin and rail-like, with dark hair from the beauty parlor and wrinkles around her chin. Her hands were freckled by the sun. She was a strong woman, and very proper. She wore plaid flannel shirts and brown oxfords and wool trousers, which seemed odd to me because my mother (who was the only other adult female I knew) always wore skirts. She talked more than Howard, but she was also fond of children, though inwardly so. I never learned her first name; to our family she was always Mrs. Evans and I think that everyone on all the farms called her Mrs. Evans. Her husband might have had another name for her, but I doubt it.

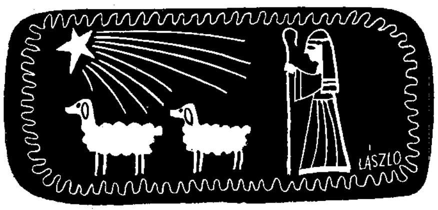
The Evanses had one daughter. She resembled Howard in shape and stature, but a permanent wave from the beauty parlor matched her mother's. Her name was Marjorie, and I remember that her head was very round and she spoke deliberately and softly. Her face was quite pretty when she was young, as she was in my earliest recollections—when I was five, she might have been eighteen. There was a sweetness about her, and a slowness that was strange.

The farm was small and on a beautiful hill. At most, Howard Evans milked thirty head. His barn was gray, and his milkhouse was gray and small, for when the other farmers changed to large milkhouses and refrigerator tanks for bulk storage he was too old to invest the amount of money they cost. He farmed as he always had. Every night and every morning, he would haul his milk cans in the bed of the pickup truck to the milk plant in the village and load them, full and heavy with warm milk, onto a conveyor belt. The men inside the plant would empty the cans into a vat, and the cans would come out the belt on the other end rinsed clean. Howard would load them back onto the truck and take them home. This is what all the farmers did until the coming of bulk refrigeration, and for identification each farmer had his own number painted in red on the lids of his cans. Before my father invested in refrigeration tanks, our number was 48; Howard's was 47. I know this because on a rare morning in my six-year-old life I rode with my father to the milk plant and watched from the window of our blue Ford pickup as our cans were loaded on the conveyor belt full and returned to us empty. My information on the inner workings of the milk plant is sketchy, because I didn't leave the truck.

We could see the Evans farm buildings from the big window in our kitchen, and we still can, although perhaps we see less of them because the maple tree that grows near the window has gotten wider. They stand on the crest of the hill, on the other side of our meadow, which may be frosty with snow or yellow with dandelions. Besides the square gray barn and weathered milkhouse, there are small outbuildings, like a red chicken house with white trim, and another building painted the same way whose purpose I never divined. My memory of the land is hazy, and the buildings and gardens mesh, but I know that their upkeep was meticulous. I think hollyhocks bloomed by the porch, but I may have our own hollyhocks in mind. I know that a linden tree grew in one corner of the lawn, but when I try to place the maples I cannot. Perhaps they lined the gravel driveway, which swept from Middle Road, between the house and barn, past the probable hollyhocks and the linden, and out to Middle Road again.

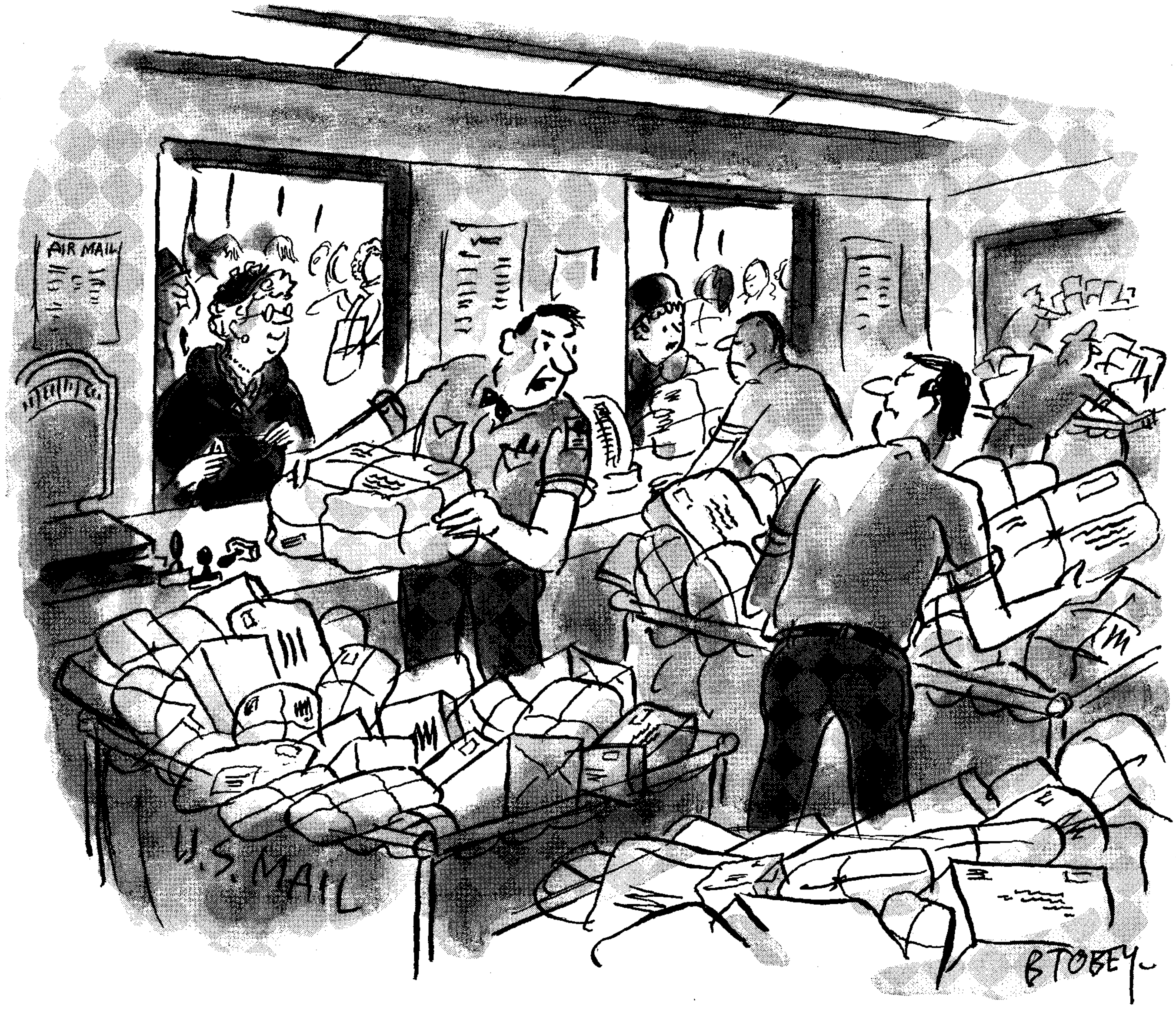
The house, however, I recall well, for I travelled through it often at Mrs. Evans' heels, which is also the reason I remember her oxfords. The kitchen was large, with a speckled linoleum floor and pink cupboards and a metal kitchen stool with steps. I would climb the steps and sit on the red metal seat of the stool and contemplate the speckles, pondering the best way to procure a treat from the cupboards of that kitchen. I would complain of a feeling of emptiness or mention a peculiar taste in my mouth—and, with a knowing glance at Marjorie and a smile that was made by a flick of her wrinkles, Mrs. Evans would bring out a cookie or a piece of bread and butter laced with jam. The treats did not go unpaid for, however—I entertained the Evanses with renditions on the piano. At the age of six, I played "From a Wigwam" quite well. That piano is worth mentioning, because it was a good upright of dark veneer and it stood in a beautiful, sunny room on the south side of the house. Mrs. Evans played hymns on it, and Marjorie tried to play hymns on it, and occasionally my mother played anything you wanted on it, by ear. You entered this sunny room by way of two wooden doors with clear-glass panes. They had twin knobs of crystal.

To get to the glass doors, you passed through the room that Mrs. Evans called "the parlor." It was an important room, kept warm in winter by an ornate potbellied stove that burned coal and glowed orange through its isinglass windows. A galvanized coal scoop always stood on the hearth near the stove. The floors of the room were wide hardwood boards darkly varnished, and the wallpaper pattern was one that reminded you of fine antiques, of the vanishing of things that are old and good.



I COULD walk across the meadow to get to the Evans farm, and in the summers when I was four and five I would go there by myself, usually with my mother watching from the kitchen window to make sure I didn't venture onto Middle Road. One spring, we started a custom of delivering a basket of wild flowers to the Evanses' doorstep on the first of May. I would gather hepaticas and violets, and we would put them in a basket labelled "Happy May Day." I was instructed to slip across the meadow with my basket hidden behind me, pretending to be out for a short stroll among the dandelions. Then I was supposed to sneak stealthily up the drive, put the basket on the porch, knock on the screen door, and run back to my own kitchen without being detected. I made certain that the plan never quite worked. One year, I got as far as the end of the drive before Mrs. Evans called me back for cookies. In subsequent years, I made certain that she was nearer the doorway before I made my "retreat."

Marjorie had a boyfriend whose name was Earl. He drove over to see her every day in a pickup truck, and Mrs. Evans said they were "courtin'." One day, Earl stopped coming to see Marjorie, and we heard that he had married someone else. I remember Marjorie coming to see my mother and



*"This lady says she would like to have Christmas the whole year round!"*

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crying in the living room, saying, "I just guess I'll *never* get married." She didn't, and as the years went by her head grew rounder and her ways grew slower; she began to wear oxfords, and she added a hairnet to her permanent wave. She always smiled when we came to visit, and her voice was very soft.

When my father bought the bulk-refrigeration tank for his milk, the other farmers did the same, and the milk plant with the conveyor belt for the numbered cans had to close. Howard Evans sold his farm in 1966. I was thirteen, and my father was building a new barn with a glass pipeline for the milk. I was probably too interested in boys by then to notice the selling of the farm, because I don't remember the auction or any sadness at the Evanses' going. That beautiful house with the fine stove and the glass knobs and the hollyhocks was sold for thirteen thousand dollars. My father considered buying it and didn't, because glass pipelines are expensive. He regretted that choice in later years. Howard sold off his eighty acres of land in small lots. A justice of the peace bought the buildings and the land on which they stood, and his wife carpeted the varnished floors and sold the stove and the piano and the two glass doors. Each year at Christmas, they light up the house and yard with flashing candles and an electric Santa Claus, and it looks not unlike Sidelko's bar-and-grill in town.

With the money from the farm, the Evanses bought a two-story house in town, right across from the Methodist church. They painted it a warm yellow and planted flowers all around. Mrs. Evans stayed as straight and thin as a rail, and Howard took a job as caretaker of a small historical monument in Steuben, nearby. We always visited them at Christmas, and there were always cookies. When I went away to school, they sent me Christmas cards every year, signed "Howard, Mrs. Evans, and Marjorie."

They lived in the yellow two-story house for years, and the two women live there still. Mrs. Evans and Marjorie look as if they might be the same age—two soft old women living together, who still would smile and recognize me if I came to their door. Howard died quietly in his sleep last January. He was eighty-two years old and had been sick for a long time.

It is only recently that I have begun to think about the farms and the living and the dying of the men and women on them. I can't believe that I ever forgot the Evanses or their significance in my life, but I did, for years and years. When I go home again, I will sit at our kitchen window and look past our maple at the meadow and the Evans farm. From our distance, the dark-gray barn and house appear unchanged, representing to me things that are old, and good, and precious.

—Heidi Landecker

# A LITTLE FARTHER UP THE ROAD, A LITTLE FARTHER DOWN THE DIAL

WE did most of our travelling at night. It was messy that way—the AM band so jumbled after dark, and Corporal Claude refusing FM stations entrance to the van. Even after so many had gone Country and stereo. If his daddy couldn't get it in his hay truck, Claude said, he didn't want it in the Winnebago. Travelling coast to coast, he didn't notice state lines so much as circles of radiated power. He hated for one signal to leapfrog across another, for Pittsburgh to overtake him in Richmond, for Wheeling to sell him baby chicks in Chicago.

Between appearances (Claude said gigs are for frogs), I drove and composed grab lines while Claude sat in back with his wife, Kitty, regluing mother-of-pearl to the neck of his guitar. Here's a grab line: "Wanderin' my way 'cross from Waycross to Abilene." He'd take something like that, hang changes on it between C, F, and G, and I'd fill in what he called the verbiage—his way of saying anyone could be his driver.

We were way down; the act had gone seedy. Our last single, "The Pearl Fell off the Martin Spelling Loser on the Floor," was getting no air. We didn't even discuss Claude's name anymore. It was too late to change it. He thought if there could be Private Faron Young in Korea there could be Corporal Claude Worline after Vietnam. He saw it as a little promotion for Country in general.

Claude was testy in those days, always making lists of things for me to think about—his Tennessee mountain home, semis, prom night at Jellico High, radar, broken families, and the like. Kitty tried to keep the peace. She'd interrupt whenever we passed a big city's antenna farm, and we'd all raise a glass.

There was a girl I picked up, on the road outside Nashville one day, who didn't know if she was going to Taos or San Francisco. Claude wouldn't have minded a local rider in the cab with me, but I carried her out of range of WSM—tantamount to a breach of Mann with him—and he made me put her out before we reached Memphis. I tried turning the incident to our account: "If you're violatin' woman, you could be violatin' Mann."

"No no no," he squawked. I was out of line. But Claude felt bad about raising his voice. He sat up front with me while we crossed the Mississippi, where "W" turns to "K" in the call letters. "You know," he said, "it's not the colored homogenizing this country, it's the Holiday Inns."

"Yes?" I said. "Go on." He wouldn't.

*Magician*

BOOKING him into his home town of Jellico for three nights was Claude's idea. He wanted to record the live performances for the retrospective "Worline: Roots." At his old high school they came on ugly. He was doing the one about his graduation night and the boy who fell off the town water tank after painting his class numerals. Claude was singing:

*and the numbers on the tower*
*were the numbers on his stone*

when a student called, "Clean it up, Worline. This isn't 1950." The song was ruined.

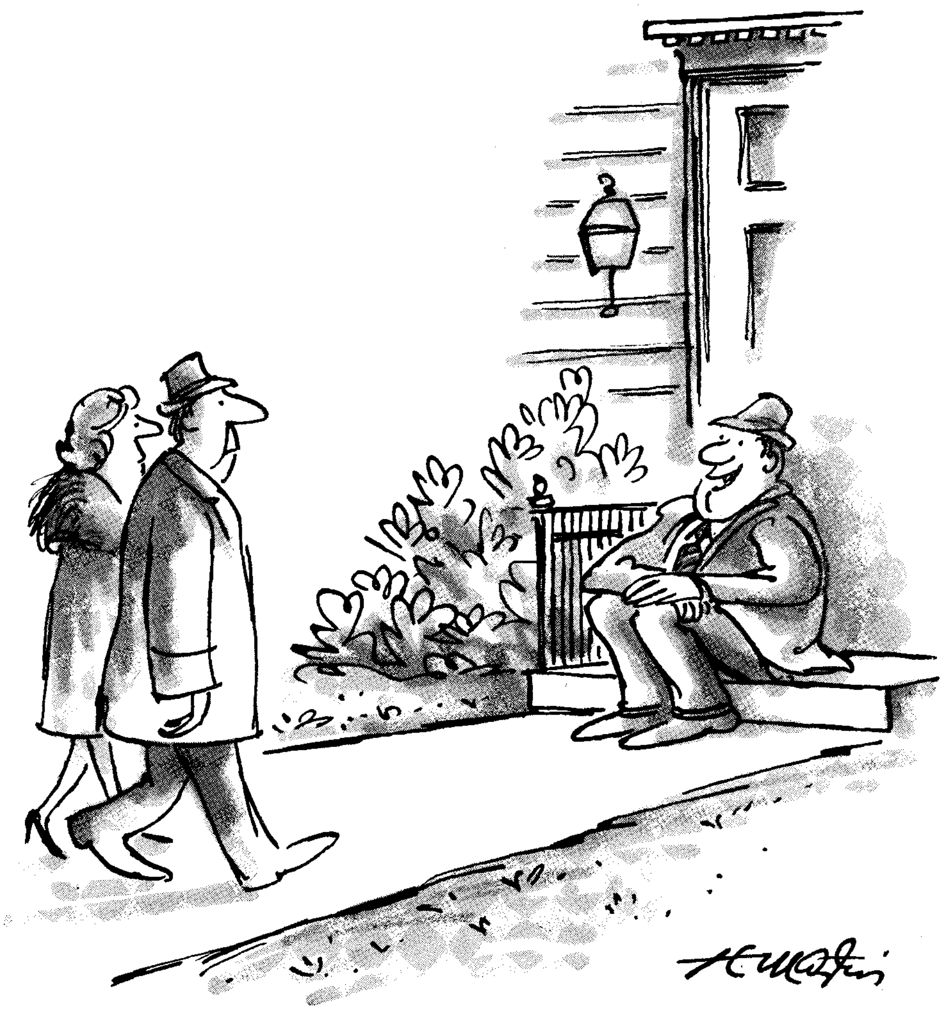
Next evening, in a benefit before Moose, Elks, and Lions, he opened with "They Won't Have to Ride Any School Bus up There," a sacred number about misused schoolchildren. There was no applause in the lodge hall, which made the song useless for a live album. Right onstage, Claude called them animals. There was no third night. There were some picket lines he wouldn't cross.

Routed in his back yard, he went soft and teary, and said do with him what we would. Kitty and I set to work on new material. Inspired by some children in Memphis, I'd written:

Let 'em out for recess, march 'em
  through the hall,
There's no time for lessons, they
  just call the roll.
It doesn't matter if they pass or
  they fail,
They don't play school, they play
  jail.

Right off we had a problem. Claude said how could he sing what caught in his craw on the way to his throat. He wanted the three R's in there somewhere. When I explained how schools these days were really performing more of a custodial function, he spat and told me be careful how I talked around him.

My turn to yell. "You've sung in San Quentin. You've done time of your own. The AMs in the pickups are already tuned in." There was a brief silence after "They Don't Play School" was issued, while the industry took



*"Evening, folks! I'm Harrison T. Peabody, from just down the block, and my analyst says I should make some new friends."*

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stock. Claude said there wouldn't be a pedal steel in Nashville who'd cut with him. Two months later the song was on top, we'd hired another driver, and I was riding in back with Claude and Kitty.

Country Ghetto exploded all over the dial. "So let them chase," I told Claude, "but don't let them pass on the left." Kitty watched our rear. "Listen," she said late one night. She was following a station up and down, anticipating the drift, and we never missed a word of "Sad-Eyed Social Worker." I knew we'd have to move again and that Claude would kick and struggle.

He still thought there were things you had to spell in Country—like d-i-v-o-r-c-e when it's mentioned around children. Kitty was in favor of something I'd written about a city child on the take from his mother's purse:

Is this play money, Mommy?
She told him no, it's real,
Take it to the Chain Food
And you won't have to steal.

Claude said he wasn't deceived by our plan to bring him out for food stamps.

We were drifting. A song about a subway suicide was climbing toward the top, and here was Claude reminding us how unsentimental he was about city rolling stock. I offered a rehash of our first hit:

Now the only bars he knows are
the ones without a rail,
He don't play house, he plays jail.

Claude and Kitty recorded it. There were ho-hums from d.j.s and further loss of chart momentum. The trades said the Father of Country Ghetto was denying his own movement.

In pique Kitty took the studs I'd put in her Christmas stocking and wrote "KING OF THE GHETTO NATION" across the yoke of Claude's favorite shirt—just to remind him who he was. He complained it had got too heavy to wear and left it in a laundry in Tucumcari. It hangs today over the sandals at his birthplace.

The threat of a second obscurity seemed to make a thinker of Claude. "Sonny," he told me, one night after a long-distance quarrel with his booking agent, "a liberal's just someone who believes it's all rigged from day one. You've got to help feed a man who's been programmed to starve." A hostile reporter had heard him say he'd never be outlibbed again. Claude had denied it, but now he said write what I would. I started with a broken family:

You can't see your daddy, son,
He wasn't born to roam,
But the Man won't let him
go to work
And Welfare won't let him
come home.

"Daddy's Invisible" turned it around for us. There was a succession of hits and a new diversity to his audience. I'm certain the new faces pleased Claude, who remarked he could no longer read the messages on the go-to-hell T-shirts for the synthetic glare of leisure suits. At the Terre Haute concert the football coach, Royal Forest, was photographed braiding my hair.

Claude had it all—timbre, the way his voice slid from the G chord down to F, and words (they came so easily in those days). Then it was coliseums and wonder domes: dizzy stuff for those of us who thought we owned his head. Neither Kitty nor I realized how far he was moving.

The late-night reading, the depth of the eyes should have told us something. Hunting inner-city grab lines, I'd paid no attention to the rattle of stone on Formica—Claude throwing the I Ching in the Winnebago's lavatory. But I knew it was a country boy's surrender to fate when I saw him blowing on the stones and talking to them before the toss that sent us South again. Let a Beatle hire a guru; Claude was going to be his own holy man.

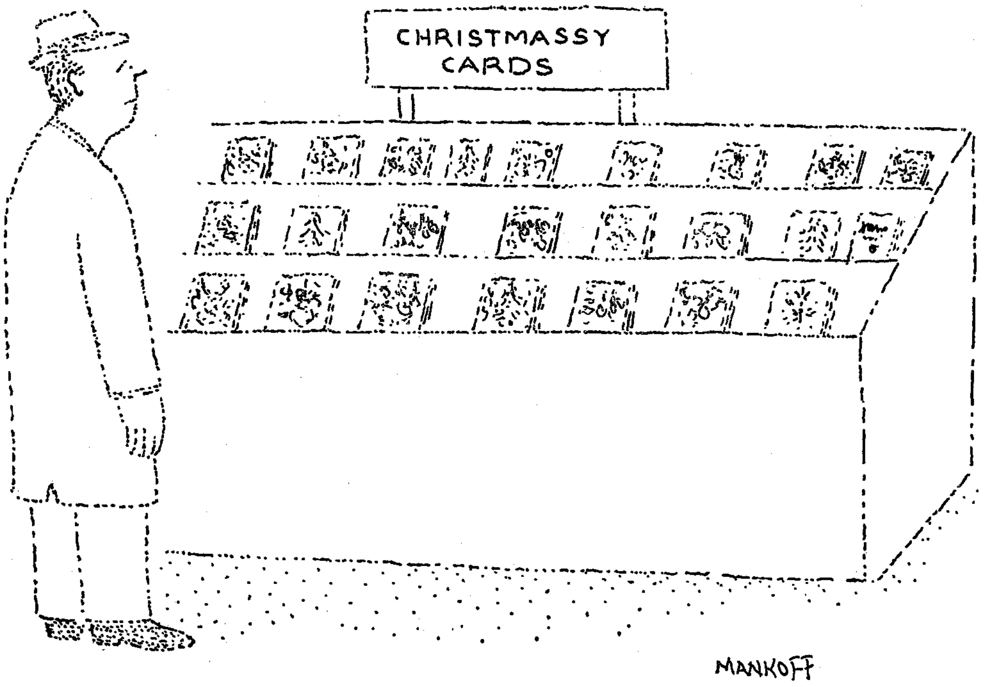
He acted betrayed when he came back to the van one night in Jacksonville and found a party of band members and roadies in progress. Beer had been spilled on the new leather-bound Gibran. Revellers slunk away. I thought the recently pierced ear might have flared up again, but something else was gnawing him.

The next morning I tried a new line: "I'll run the numbers till a number's my name."

"No," Claude said.

"Window's always open where it hasn't got a pane?"

"No." And patiently, quietly, he ex-



plained this dream he'd had—a kind of C. & W. opera in which the Supreme Spirit is revealed as airwaves. "What we're looking at here is a perfect circle of radiated power," he confided to me.

There were several more months of gestation before he began his allegory, "Heaven's Radio"—that tale of sin and redemption in which an American gypsy represents a messiah figure and the messiah is really a cloud of radio and television signals hanging over the continental United States, Hawaii, and Alaska.

"It succeeds on a whole lot of levels," Claude said. And indeed it did. The five-disc album of fifty cantos—one for each state in the Union—forever changed Nashville's notion of the purview of Country music. But the two years of composition and recording, the months of squabbling over mixing rights left Claude depleted.

With the album out at last and a movie version of the opera in release, interviewers began to probe his philosophy. "Being down here on earth's kinda like coming outa the chutes," he'd say. "If you get bucked off, you got to go back for another ride." I'd nudge him and he'd begin again. "Maybe it's more like going to P.S. 147. If you fail Miss Jackson's third, you got to take it over from Mrs. Millard."

In the last months, Claude burned with a hard flame and reporters following the tour sensed the end. They asked me for the color of his pills. I told them the only times I'd ever heard Claude mention the effects of drugs or alcohol were in a PX beer garden and travelling through West Virginia, when he said, "I hate this three-point-two stuff."

We toured the nation with "Heaven's Radio," three tractor-trailers carrying the gear and instruments of our band, which had become something more like an orchestra. Technicians swarmed around us. I feared they might send an idea man into eclipse, but Claude always kept me out front. "Those fellas couldn't tell karma from an overdub," he reassured me.

His last show was in San Jose—an open-air performance of the California Canto. One of the violins had been hotdogging it with his wa-wa pedal, but the libretto held the crowd. Claude was finishing the passage in which Pietro, the gypsy, is stoned by shopkeepers of a huge mall where crowds of lowriders, even shoppers, have been listening to his voice and guitar.

We were using the New Electronics. Backdrops were projected onto a huge square of sky over the stage, without benefit of screen. Live images of Claude and the cast were magnified and superimposed on this ethereal scenery. It amounted to a free performance for all of San Jose north of the mall.

In the opera, Pietro seems mortally wounded. Squad cars arrive, but he disappears before he's brought to book. Sound fills the night as his voice is heard over all lowrider radios and police channels (in the movie he appears simultaneously on banks of TV sets in the appliance stores), asking the people to listen for him another day on another mall.

San Jose police and the population weren't prepared. Confused by the new medium, they came on foot and by car—some to see Claude in the flesh, some to join battle—and found action in the parking lot. A lowrider demonstrating hydraulic pushups had been accused of throwing a rock at Claude. His car was overturned.

"We've got a riot situation here, Sonny," Claude said. "If I get out of this one, I'm going home to Jellico." Kitty heard "Jericho" as Claude's aside to me hit the microphones. The projectionist turned his camera on my prompting card. Claude was beamed down, the word "FOOTWEAR" beamed up. The people gradually came to their senses.

There was the usual box of sandals on the stage. As Claude stepped into pair after pair (replicas of his own, with corn-pad recess), an assistant passed them into the audience. But, distracted by cardiac incident, Claude had lost his place in the score. I watched his hand go to his chest. While he lay warm on the stage a reporter from one of the tabloids tried for a blood sample. I broke the ghoul's needle.

Kitty and I are on the road again. Her voice carries the act; still, she gives me full credit for lyrics. In that first year of mourning, when she came to me so many times for advice, I told her space was certainly the future home of Country. Hoping she'd try a lothario—flying and unidentified—I pretended he'd arrived during a reverie one evening while we waited for a convoy to pass on I-40:

Just another phantom blip
On the radar screen of love.

But Kitty's feet were firm on the planet. She doubted you could press A-11 in an intergalactic beer hall and get music. No, she felt Bakke and the recent tax referenda showed a return to the verities, to the hard work and self-pity on which the industry was founded. No one could follow a drift on the Country dial like Kitty. All she wanted was a short phrase now and then, something memorable over the clink of coffee spoons.

—John Rolfe Gardiner

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Nation's fastest growing office supply company is looking for a few ambiguous, aggressive people to head-up sales organization. Will train.—*Adv. in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

We have just the person.

# TAMAR

BEFORE the War, in London, I was trying to arrange a system whereby the Jews of Germany and Austria could sell their paintings and other works of art without depressing demand. It was very serious business, for our primary aim was to require that twenty-five per cent of each sale go into an escape fund to provide transport for those who could not make it on their own. We thought that we could exact this price if we managed to keep market values steady. But all of Europe was on edge about the political situation, and no one was in the mood to buy anything. And then, after *Kristallnacht*, every Jew in Germany came forward wanting to sell precious objects.

At the time of our greatest hope, my job was to set up fronts for selling what we expected would be a flood of art coming in from Middle Europe. If it had appeared that English collectors were opening their storerooms to take advantage of a favorable market, the excitement might well have pushed values upward. So we tried to get the coöperation of those prominent collectors who had the foresight to see what was about to happen on the Continent and were in sympathy with our cause. Excepting a very few, these were Jews. The others simply were not interested, and, anyway, we did not want to divulge the plan in too many places.

Soon I found myself deeply involved in the high society of Jews in London and in their great houses throughout the countryside. My conviction was then, as it is now, that it is not possible for Jews to be in "society" but that their efforts to be so are (except when immoderate or in bad taste) courageous, for the mechanisms of high social status are encouragements of vulnerability, safe only for those who are so secure that they can afford to lose themselves in pursuits superficial and deep and not fear that their fundamental positions will drop out from under them as a result of their inattention. My attitude toward the Jewish peers and the Jewish upper class in general was mixed, and had complex roots. I admired their bravery while occasionally chafing at their blindness. I knew that, in spite of their learning and culture, they were isolated in such a way as to make me—a young man of thirty-two—far better a judge of certain things than were they. I had been in the ghetto in Warsaw not a month before, and the people there had confided to me that they felt the end was near. They said, "Tell them, in England, that in Poland they are killing Jews." I had been in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Prague. I had passed through Jewish villages from Riga to Bucharest, where I had seen a temple about to fall. How misty and beautiful it was, that autumn. I cannot describe the quiet. It was as if the nineteenth century—indeed, all the past—were in hiding and feared to give itself away. The whole world of the Jews in Central Europe looked outward with the saddest eyes. What could *I* do? I tried my best. I was working for the Jewish Agency, and had just come from two years in Palestine, in the desert, and thought that my responsibility was to save the Jews of Europe. Like all young men, I was full of speeches that I could not deliver. Somehow, I imagined that the art scheme would be everything. I have since forgiven myself.

Visions of the Jews in the forests, in green pine valleys as sharp as chevrons, in villages marked by silent white ribbons of wood smoke, never left me as I undertook to master the intricacies of the London social season. I cannot remember when I have enjoyed myself more. Sometimes I became as lost and trusting as my hosts, and, even when I did not, the contrast between the

*"Now, suddenly, I'm glad I stuck it all the way through dental school."*

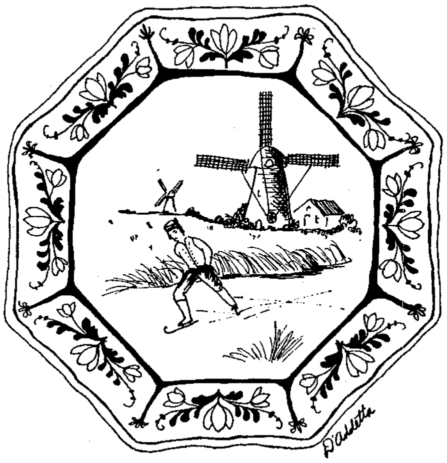
Eastern European *Heimat* and the drawing rooms of modern London was incalculably enlivening. I was suspended between two dreamworlds.

Just before Christmas, that time in all capitals when the city flares most brightly, I was oppressed with invitations. I had a blue pad upon which I listed my engagements, and one terrible, lovely week it had sixteen entries. I met so many dukes, duchesses, M.P.s, industrialists, and academics that my eyes began to cross. But we had begun to succeed in hammering out a network for art sales, and I was confident and happy.

Then a magical power in the Jewish Agency must have decided that these several score dinners had made me into a diplomat, for I received an invitation to a dinner party on the twenty-first at the house of the most eminent Jew in all the British Empire. Only that summer, I had scrubbed pots, guarded at night, and lived in a tent, in a collective settlement in the Negev. Now I ballooned with pride. The entire seventeenth century could not have produced enough frills to clothe the heavy monster of my pomposity. Sure that all my troubles were over forever, I spent every bit of my money on the most beautiful three-piece suit in London. When the tailor—who was himself a knight—heard where I was going, he set his men to work, and they finished it in three days. London became, for me, the set of a joyous light opera.

ON the night of the twentieth, just twenty-four hours before what I assumed would be my apotheosis (it was said that the Prime Minister would be there, and I imagined myself declaring to him a leaden diplomatic précis along the lines of the Magna Carta or the Treaty of Vienna), I had yet another engagement, this one at the house of a Jewish art dealer whom I had recently regarded as a big fish. I was so overconfident that I left my hotel without his address, thinking that I would manage to find it anyway, since I knew its approximate location in Chelsea.

I was due at six-thirty. For an hour and a half I rushed through Chelsea in this direction and that, trying to find the house. Everyone, it seemed, was having a dinner party, and all the buildings looked alike. When, finally, I arrived at the right square, I stood in a little park and stared at the house. It was five stories tall and it was lit like a theatre. Through the sparkling windows came firelight, candlelight, and glimpses of enormous chandeliers—while the snow fell as if in time to sad and troubling music. Red and dishevelled from running about, I stood in my splendid suit, frightened to go in. In that square, the coal smoke was coiling about like a great menagerie of airborne snakes, and occasionally it caught me and choked me in its unbearable fumes. But I remember it with fondness, because it was the smell of Europe in the winter; and, though it was devilish and foul, it seemed to say that, underneath everything, another world was at work, that the last century was alive in its clumsiness and warmth, signalling that all was well and that great contexts remained unbroken.



I was afraid to go in, because I was so late and because I knew what a fool I had been in judging these people according to the hierarchy in which they believed, and thus underrating them in comparison to the plutocrats of the next night. But I took hold of myself and rang their bell. I heard conversation stop. A servant came to the door. Each of his steps shot through the wood like an X ray. I was taken upstairs to a magnificent room in which were five tables of well-dressed people completely motionless and silent, like a group of deer surprised by a hunter. Every eye was upon me. Though frightened of fainting, I remained upright and seemingly composed. My host stood to greet me. Then he took me about like a roast, and introduced me to each and every guest, all of whom had a particular smile that can be described only as simultaneously benevolent, sadistic, and amused. I don't know why, but I broke into German, though my German was not the best. They must have been thinking, Who is this strange red-faced German who does

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## WITH THE GIFT OF AN ALABASTER TORTOISE

One afternoon, we stole
Away, we two, around
The whole wall of Arezzo,
A town of golden shadow.
Behind one wall, we found
One lizard, who was whole.

You led me to that place
Where I had never gone.
No, where I'd had no song
Nor prayer of anything.
You stood, still on the stone.
You touched my face.

I gazed at the green shoulder
And the golden long tail,
Magnificent, and quick.
I stood low in the thick
Pines of Arezzo, still
As Dante, and no older.

What the air sang me then
Was simple, and enough:
No, I would never find
How far God's terrible wind
Could whirl me out of love,
Across, or up, or down.

That lizard, green and gone,
Still lives his life among
Those crevices ago.
Would I have caught him? No.
I listened to the song
You sang, still on the stone.

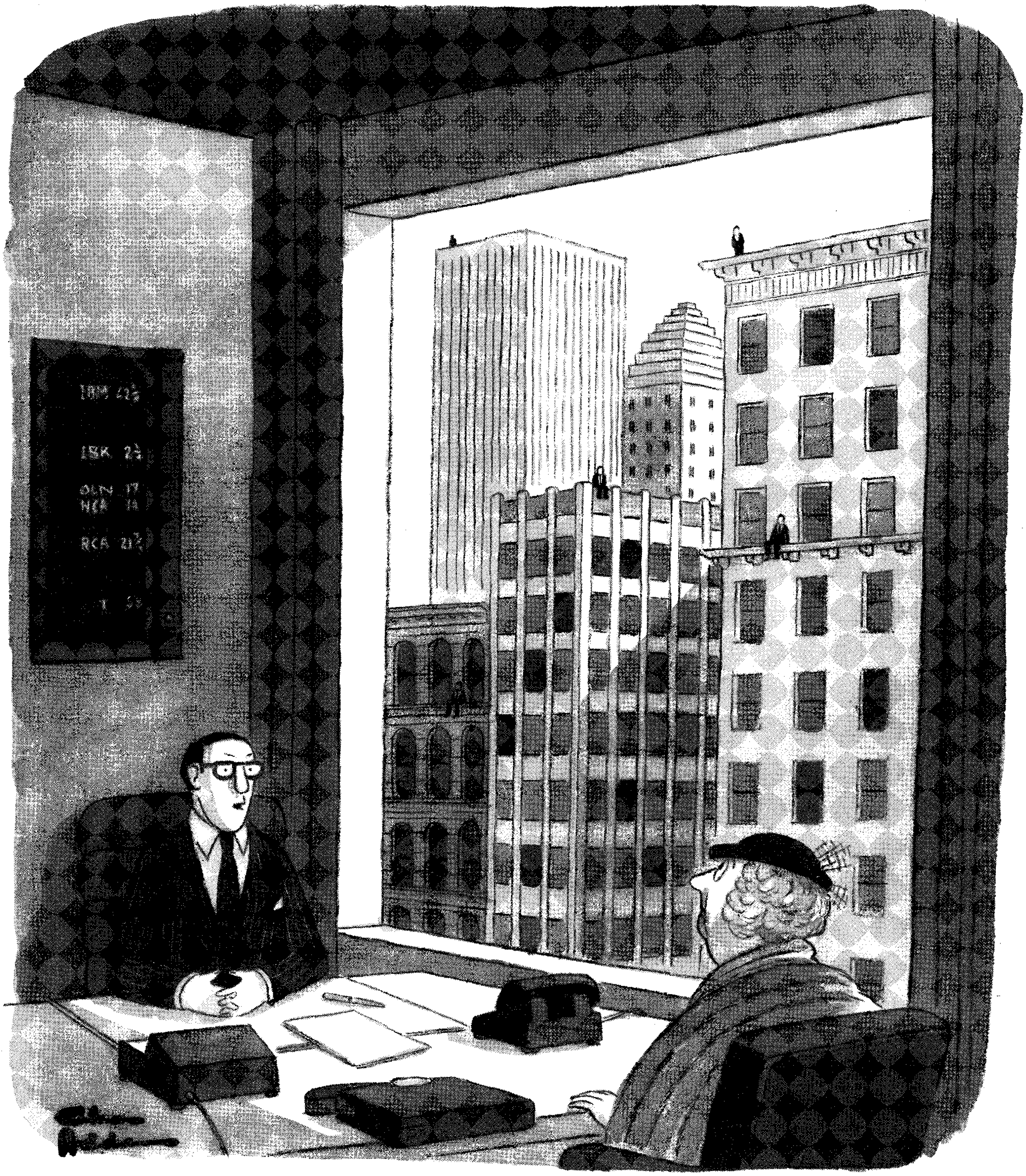
I let time pass, and went
Alone up a long hill,
Volterra, the tawny city
Trembling above Tuscany,
Where the air hovered still,
Like a dumb lament.

Behind your back, I found
A stone some girl had molded
And polished into this
Small alabaster tortoise;
I carried it, and folded
Your voice, and made no sound.

The living lizard stays
Far off in Arezzo,
While now this little stone
Waits for your hand alone
To warm its Casentino
And lift its face.

You will raise it above
That Casentino where
The air sings beyond song.
It will shine among
Your glittering hands in the air.
And then it will move.

—JAMES WRIGHT



*"There's no cause for panic, Mrs. Munson, but, frankly, there are certain indicators that cannot be ignored."*

• •

not speak his own language well? Or perhaps they thought that I was confused as to my whereabouts. I suppose I was.

Then Herr Dennis, as I called him, took me by the arm and explained that, since they had readjusted the seating in my absence, I (who, the next day, would be waltzing with the Prime Minister) would have to sit at the children's table. It was a very great blow, especially since the poor children were bunched up all by themselves in a little ell of the room that led to the kitchen. I was in no position to protest; in fact, I was, by that time, quite numb.

As he led me, in a daze, toward the children's table, I imagined myself sitting with five or ten infants in bibs, staring down at them as if from a high tower, eating sullenly like a god exiled from Olympus. But when we rounded the corner of the ell, I discovered that the children were adolescents; and their charm arose to envelop me. First, there were four red-headed girl cousins, all in white. They were from thirteen to sixteen; they had between them several hundred million freckles; and they were so disturbed by my sudden arrival that they spent the next half hour swallowing, darting their eyes about, clearing their throats, and adjusting fallen locks of hair. They spoke as seriously as very old theologians, but ever so much more delicately; they pieced together their sentences with great care, the way new skaters skate, and when they finished they breathed in relief, not unlike students of a difficult Oriental language, who must recite in class. At the end of these ordeals, they looked at each other with the split-second glances common to people who are very familiar. Then, there was a boy with dark woolly hair and the peculiarly adolescent animal-lost-out-on-the-heath expression common to young men whose abilities greatly exceed their experience. At my appearance, he lowered his horns, knowing that he was going to spend the rest of the evening bashing himself against a castle wall. I admired his courage; I liked him; I remembered. Next to him was a fat boy who wanted to be an opera singer. He was only fourteen, and when he saw that the threat presented by the woolly-haired boy was neutralized, he went wild with excitement, blooming at the four cousins with a gregariousness of which he had probably never been aware.

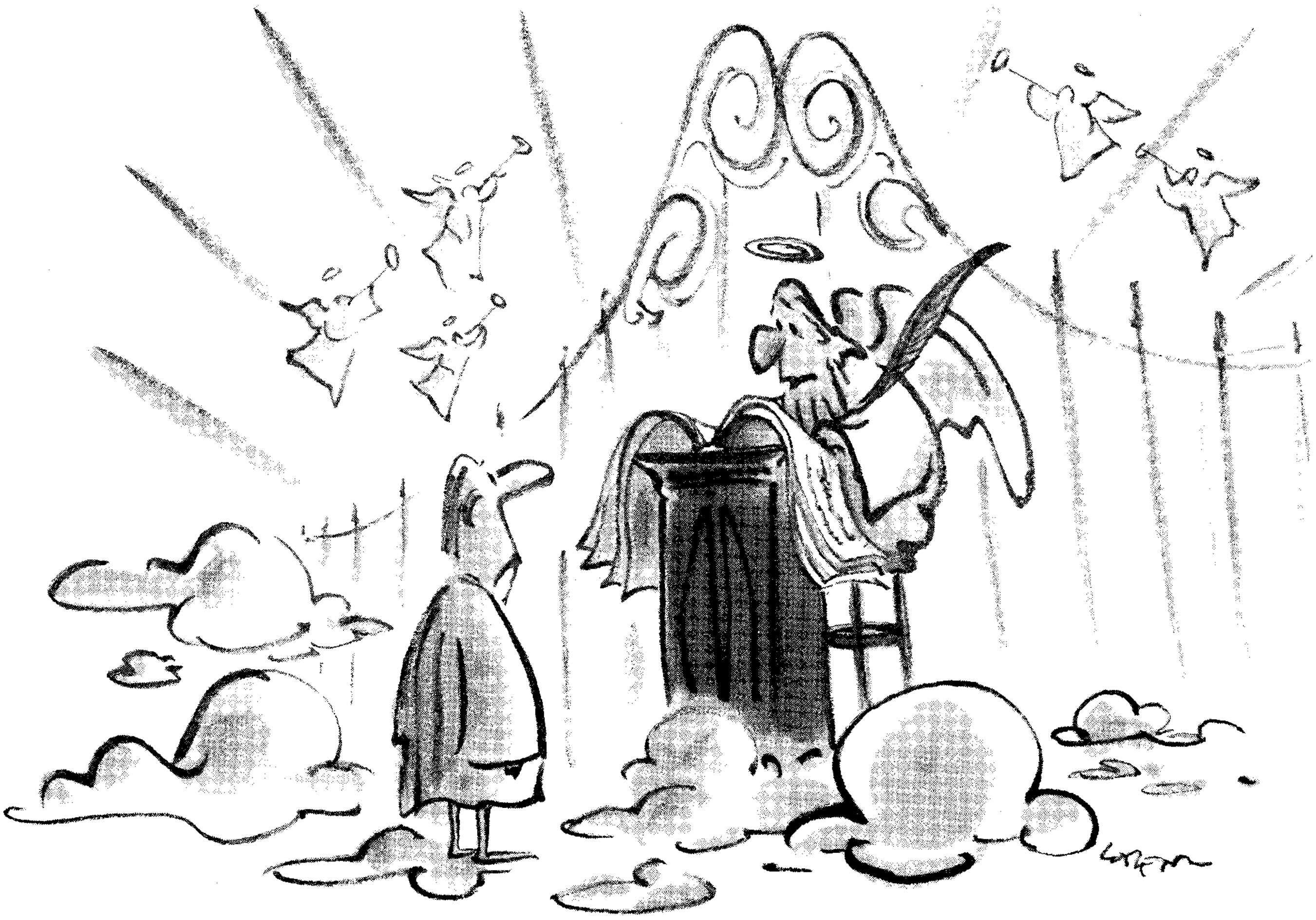
JOHN CORCORAN

I liked these children. They seemed somewhat effete, and sheltered, but I knew that this was because I was used to the adolescents of our collective, who were much older than their years, and that these young people were the products of an ultra-refined system of schooling. I knew that if protected during this vulnerability they might emerge with unmatched strength. I had been through the same system, and had seen my schoolmates undergo miraculous transformations. I knew as well that they were destined for a long and terrible war, but, then again, so were we all. Yes, I liked these children, and I enjoyed the fact that I had left those years behind.

I have not described everyone at that table. One remains. She was the daughter of my host, the eldest, the tallest, the most beautiful. Her name was Tamar, and as I had turned the corner she had seemed to rise in the air to meet me, while the others were lost in the dark. Tamar and I had faced one another in a moment of silence that I will not ever forget. Sometimes, on a windy day, cross-currented waves in the shallows near a beach will spread about, trapped in a caldron of bars and brakes, until two run together face to face and then fall back in shocked tranquillity. So it was with Tamar. It was as if I had run right into her. I was breathless, and I believe that she was, too.

I immediately took command of myself, and did not look at her. In fact, I studied every face before I studied hers—black eyes; black hair; her mouth and eyes showing her youth and strength in the way they were set, in the way they moved, not ever having been tried or defeated or abused. She wore a rich white silk blouse that was wonderfully open at the top, and a string of matched pearls. For a moment, I was convinced that she was in her twenties, but when she smiled I saw a touching thin silver wire across her upper teeth, and I knew that she was probably no more than seventeen. She *was* seventeen, soon to be eighteen, soon to take off the wire, soon (in fact) to become a nurse with the Eighth Army in Egypt. But at that time she was just on the verge of becoming a woman, and she virtually glowed with the fact.

As soon as I saw the wire, I felt as if I could talk with her in a way that could be managed, and I did. Unlike the four red-headed cousins, she was fearless and direct. She laughed out loud without the slightest self-



*"You're straight with us, but I'm afraid you've never won the confidence of the liberals."*

• •

consciousness, and I felt as if in our conversation we were not speaking but dancing. Perhaps it was because she was so clear of voice, so alert, and so straightforward. She was old enough to parry, and she did, extraordinarily well.

"Tamar is going to Brussels next year," volunteered one of the red-haired girls, in the manner of a handmaiden at court, "to study at the Royal Laboratory for Underzek and Verpen."

"No, *no*, no," said Tamar. "What you're thinking of, Hannah, is called the Koninklijk Laboratorium voor Onderzoek van Voorwerpen van Kunst en Wetenschap, and it's in The Hague." She glided over the minefield of Dutch words without hesitation and in a perfect accent.

"Does Tamar speak Dutch?" I asked, looking right at her.

"Yes," she answered, "Tamar speaks Dutch, because she learnt it at her Dutch grandmother's knee—Daddy's mother. But," she continued, shaking a finger gently at Hannah, though really speaking to me, "I'm going to Brussels, to study restoration at the Institut Central des Beaux-Arts, or, if Fascism flies out the window in Italy between now and next year, to the Istituto Nazionale per il Restauro, in Rome."

When she realized that her recitation of the names of these formidable institutes, each in its own language, might have seemed ostentatious, she blushed.

Emboldened nearly to giddiness, the fat boy interjected, "We went to Rome. We ate shiski ba there, and the streets are made of water."

"That's *Venice, stupid*," said one of the red-haired girls. "And what is shiski ba?"

"Shiski ba," answered the fat boy, guilelessly, "is roasted meat on a stick. The Turks sell it in the park."

"Bob," I offered, by way of instruction. A silence followed, during which the poor boy looked at me blankly.

"Richard," he said, sending the four cousins (who knew him well) into a fit of hysteria. Tamar tried not to laugh, because she knew that he hung on her every gesture and word.

To change the subject, I challenged Tamar. "Do you really think," I said, "that you will be able to study on the Continent?"

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled in a way that belied her age. "I'll do the best I can," she answered. "Even if there is a war, it will have an end. I'll still be young, and I'll start again."

My eyes opened at this. I don't know exactly why; perhaps it was that I imagined her in the future and became entranced with the possibility that I might encounter her then—in some faraway place where affection could run unrestrained. But I wanted to steer things away from art, war, and love.

So, while constantly fending off the quixotic charges of the woolly-haired boy (without ever really looking at him), I told a long story about Palestine. Because they were children, more or less, I told them anything I wanted to tell them. Until long after the adults had left for the living room, I spoke of impossible battles between Jews and Bedouins, of feats of endurance which made me reel merely in imagining them, of horses that flew, and golden shafts of light, pillars of fire, miracles here and there, the wonders of spoken Hebrew, and the lions that guarded the banks and post offices of Jerusalem—in short, anything which seemed as if it might be believed.

Tamar alternated between belief and disbelief with the satisfying rhythm of a blade turning back and forth over a whetstone. She was weaving soft acceptance and sparkling disdain together in a tapestry which I feared she would throw right over my head. She did this in a most delicate cross-examination, the object of which was to draw out more of the tale for the sake of the children, to satisfy her own curiosity, to mock me gently, and to continue—by entrapment and release—the feeling we had that, though we were still, we were dancing.

“Why,” she asked, “did you not get water from the Bedouins that you captured, if you had already gone without it for ten days?”

“Ah!” I said, holding up my finger in the same way she had done with Hannah. “I was only able to capture them because they themselves had run out of water, and were thirstier than I was. And I did not capture them with a gun but by giving a graphic dissertation on European fountains; they were especially taken with my description of the Diana fountain in Bushy Park, and I believe that they would have followed me anywhere after I told them what goes on in the Place de la Concorde.”

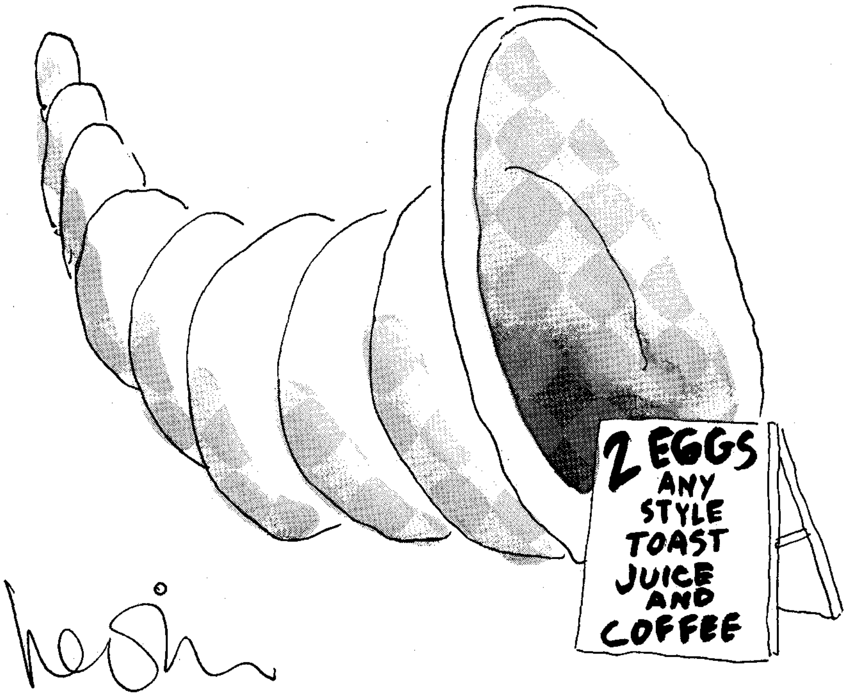
“What is it like to be a British Jew in Palestine?” asked Hannah, earnestly, and with such *Weltschmerz* that it was as if an alpine storm cloud had rolled over the table.

“What is it like? It’s like being an Italian Negro in Ethiopia, or”—I looked at Tamar—“like living in a continuous production of ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ ” I had meant the allusion to “Romeo and Juliet” to be purely illustrative, but with a life of its own it turned Tamar as red as a throbbing coal, and I, a generation apart, nearly followed suit. I was caught in my own springe, enchanted—yet never really in danger, for not only did her father come to fetch me back into the world of adults but I had run those rapids before, and knew the still and deep water at their end.

I recall exactly how the children were sitting when I left them, poised to explode in gossip as soon as I had disappeared—it is likely that in my absence I was cut to ribbons by the woolly-haired boy, and perhaps deservedly so. As Tamar’s father and I climbed a broad staircase to the library, where we would discuss business, I remembered the opera singer with whom I had once fallen in love. Her voice was like liquid or a jewel. I have not since heard such a beautiful voice. But she was, oddly enough, almost unknown. I went to Covent Garden to find out in what productions she would sing. Her name was Erika, and when I inquired of the old man at the ticket office I found that he, too, was in love with her.

“I’m too old,” he said, “and you’re too young.” I knew that this was true, and I must have looked pained, because he grabbed me through the ticket window and said, “Don’t you see, it’s much better that way!”

“I see nothing,” I said. “If that’s better, then I’m sorry to be alive.”



“Wait,” he said, and laughed. “You’ll see. It’s sweeter, much sweeter.”

I went to the opera that season two dozen times just to see and hear Erika of the liquid voice. I wanted, despite the fact that I was fifteen, to marry her immediately, to run away to Brazil or Argentina, to take her with me to the South Seas, etc., etc., etc. It had been unspeakable torture to watch her on a brilliantly lighted stage, singing in a way that fired up all my emotions.

But by the time I met Tamar, I knew that a lighted stage is often best left untouched, and I knew, further, that all connections are temporary, and, therefore, can be enjoyed in their fullness even after the most insubstantial touch—if only one knows how. I was, that night, in a dream within a dream. I was young again in a room of bright colors and laughter; and all the time the dark image of a smoky continent called me away and threatened to tear me apart. I did not know then that there is no contradiction in such contradictions; they are made for one another; without them, we would have nothing to lose and nothing to love.

Tamar was the most lovely girl—and had it not been for that delicate and slim bit of silver wire, I might not have known her as well as I did. Her father agreed to the scheme, but then the scheme collapsed, and the world collapsed soon after. Six years of war. Most of the Jews did not survive. Most of the paintings did. In six years of war, there was probably not a day when I did not think of the time when I had had to sit at the children’s table, in a world of vulnerable beauty. Perhaps things are most beautiful when they are not quite real; when you look upon a scene as an outsider, and come to possess it in its entirety and forever; when you live the present with the lucidity and feeling of memory; when, for want of connection, the world deepens and becomes art.

—Mark Helprin

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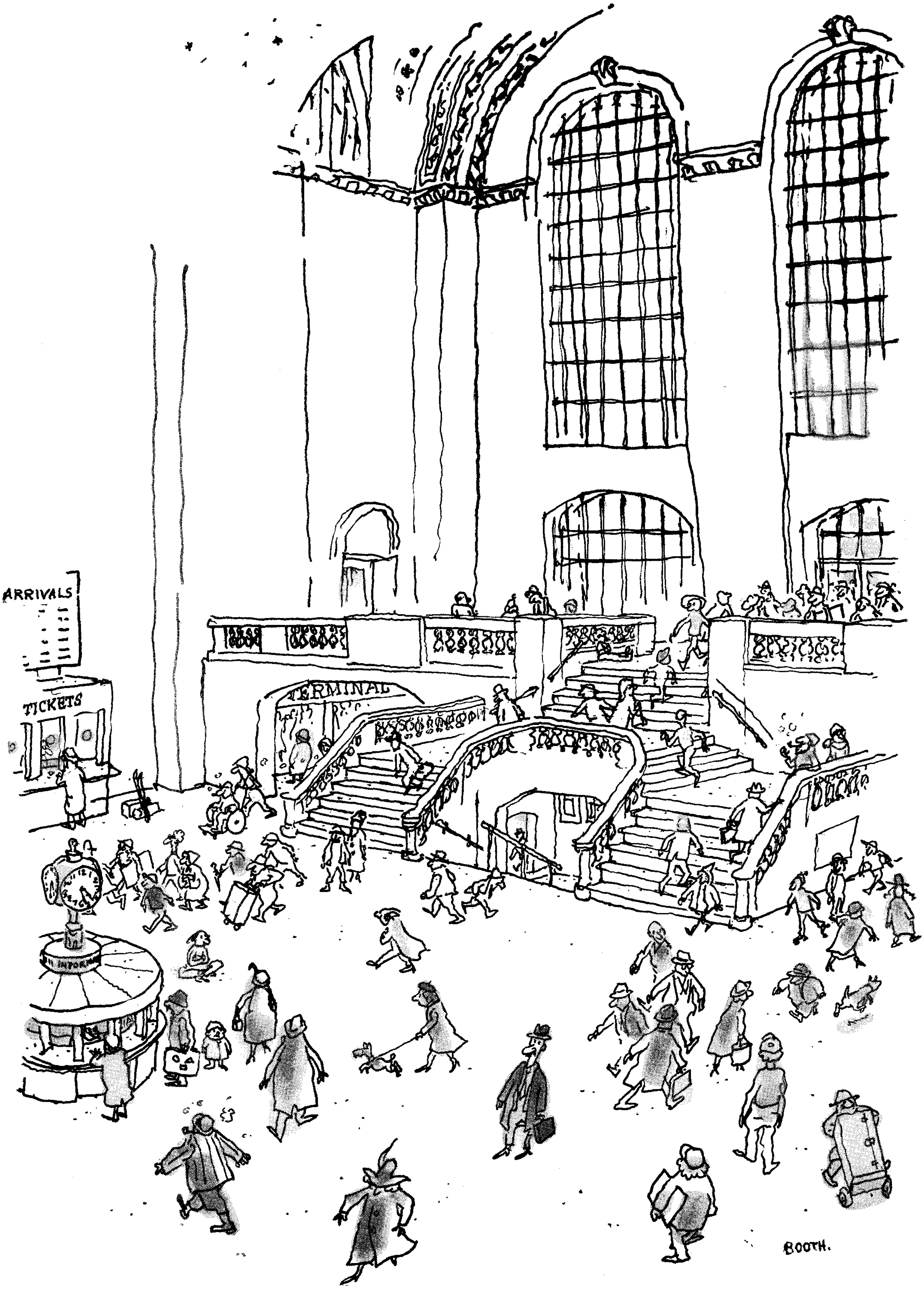
## CLEAR DAYS ON THE LEGISLATIVE SCENE

[*From the 1978 annual report of the Amica Mutual Insurance Company, of Providence, R.I.*]

Another product of many of our states’ legislative chambers has been the requirement that automobile and homeowners insurance policies be made easier to read. In some states a policy is considered easy to read if it meets the demands of a rather involved arithmetical equation: $206.835 - (X + Y)$; where $X =$ average sentence length $\times 1.015$ and $Y =$ average word length $\times 84.6$.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*"Attention, please, Mr. Lyle Ferguson. As a result of equipment failure at the Cos Cob power station, your train will not be running at all tonight."*

# PROFILES

## MASTER OF THE TRADE—II

ONE of the most vivid accounts of the making of the American atomic bomb appears in "Manhattan Project," a book by the journalist Stephane Groueff, which appeared in 1967. Toward the middle of it, there is a remarkable passage:

> Richard Feynman's voice could be heard from the far end of the corridor: "No, no, you're crazy!" His colleagues in the Los Alamos Theoretical Division looked up from their computers and exchanged knowing smiles. "There they go again!" one said. "The Battleship and the Mosquito Boat!"
>
> The "Battleship" was the division's leader, Hans Bethe, a tall, heavy-set German who was recognized as a sort of genius in theoretical physics. At the moment he was having one of his frequent discussions with Dick Feynman, the "Mosquito Boat," who, from the moment he started talking physics, became completely oblivious of where he was and to whom he was talking. The imperturbable and meticulous Bethe solved problems by facing them squarely, analyzing them quietly and then plowing straight through them. He pushed obstacles aside like a battleship moving through the water.
>
> Feynman, on the other hand, would interrupt him impatiently at nearly every sentence, either to shout his admiration or to express his disagreement by irreverent remarks like "No, you're crazy!" or "That's nuts!" At each interruption Bethe would stop, then quietly and patiently explain why he was right. Feynman would calm down for a few minutes, only to jump in wildly again with "That's impossible, you're mad!" and again Bethe could calmly prove that it was not so.

*Hans Albrecht Bethe*

These exchanges began in 1943, when Bethe was thirty-seven years old. Feynman, who had received his Ph.D. from Princeton the year before, was twenty-five. The average age of the technical personnel at Los Alamos was twenty-seven, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the entire project, was thirty-nine. "For me, Feynman sort of materialized from Princeton," Bethe told me during a series of talks I recently had with him about his life and work. "I hadn't known about him, but Oppenheimer had. He was very lively from the beginning, but he didn't start insulting me until about two months after he came. The Mosquito Boat was delightful. I realized very quickly that he was something phenomenal. The first thing he did, since we had to integrate differential equations, and at that time had only hand computers, was to find an efficient method of integrating third-order differential equations numerically. It was very, very impressive. Then, within a month, we cooked up the formula for calculating the efficiency of a nuclear weapon. It is named the Bethe-Feynman formula, and it is still used. I thought Feynman perhaps the most ingenious man in the whole division, so we worked a great deal together. Very soon, I made him a group leader." In 1945, the younger man became an associate professor of theoretical physics at Cornell, where Bethe, a refugee from Nazi Germany, had been on the faculty since 1935. There Feynman did seminal work on the quantum mechanics of electrons and photons, for which he shared the Nobel Prize in Physics with Sin-itiro Tomonaga and Julian Schwinger in 1965—two years before Bethe himself received it, for his work on the production of energy in stars. Feynman is now the Richard Chace Tolman Professor of Theoretical Physics at the California Institute of Technology.

Bethe had become an American citizen in March of 1941. Like many of the refugee scientists, he was concerned about what he saw as the inevitable American participation in a war against Germany. "After the fall of France, I was desperate to do something—to make some contribution to the war effort," he recalled. Not yet a citizen when France fell, Bethe was unable to get military clearance to work on classified projects, so he made up a project of his own. "I was still thinking in terms of the First World War—an old-fashioned war—so I chose the subject of the penetration of armor by projectiles," he said. "I went to the Encyclopædia Britannica and read the articles about armor penetration and armor manufacture. The theory of penetration given there seemed to be ad hoc—purely phenomenological. There was no logic to it at all. I have a friend, George Winter, who is a structural engineer. He recommended certain books to me, from which I learned elasticity theory and the theory of plastic deformation, and I became something of an expert in these matters. Partly with his help, I produced a theory of armor penetration—or, really, nonpenetration, because I was more interested in shielding than in penetration. I assumed that the Allied navies, for example, would be subject to German torpedoes, and I wanted to know what properties of the material used in the construction of ships the shielding depends on. It turned out that the shielding depends primarily on the yield stress of the material, and that the yield stress is much better in special steels, like tungsten, than it is in soft steel. My theory tied in with what the armor manufacturers had realized empirically, but it gave them the reason that their findings were correct, and it told them where to look next."

Having produced his theory, Bethe was at a loss as to what to do with it. In the winter of 1941, I. I. Rabi, who was in the Physics Department at Columbia, and whom Bethe had known since they were both students in Europe, sent him to the Army's Aberdeen

Proving Ground, in Maryland, where he was shown some actual projectile damage in armor plate, but where no one was much interested in a general theory. However, the physicist Frederick Seitz, who was at that time a consultant at the Frankford Arsenal, in Philadelphia (he later became president of the National Academy of Science, and recently retired as president of Rockefeller University), had heard of Bethe's work, and after he had read the manuscript the arsenal had it published as a classified document. That meant that Bethe could no longer read it himself. Shortly after the war, Bethe encountered the paper again, and was pleased to see that it had gone through many reworkings, especially by the British and the Canadians, and also by people at other ballistics centers to which it had been sent; so the effort was not in vain. The episode is one illustration of the enormous range of problems in theoretical physics and engineering that Bethe has worked on successfully—a range that is beyond the reach of most contemporary physicists.

I asked him if he could somehow account for this facility.

"I have always been interested in solving problems in no matter what field, as long as I could apply mathematics to them," he replied. "For instance, when I was about fourteen I became interested in economics, and so I invented a way to calculate the effective yield of a bond to maturity. There are tables for this, but I wanted to find—and did find—a nice, simple formula for doing it. My interest in many diverse problems and my ability to solve them are both a strength and a weakness in me. Many theoretical physicists choose one particular field and keep on trying to solve the problems related to that field, at whatever cost. Einstein is an example. After discovering general relativity, he wanted to unify the theories of gravitation and of electromagnetism. He failed in nearly forty years of trying, as many lesser physicists have failed who have set themselves one particular task. I admire the persistence of these people, especially since they usually want to solve the most profound problems. I have not tried to do this. I have usually picked problems that opportunity offered—problems that looked to me as if they required just my kind of ability and experience. I have at times worked consistently in one broad field, but while such work has given me great pleasure, it has usually been less successful."

The next wartime project that Bethe took on was in collaboration with the Hungarian-born physicist Edward Teller, whom he had first met when they were students in Munich in the late nineteen-twenties. They had renewed their acquaintance when both went to England for a brief period after leaving Germany, and they became very close friends after they emigrated to the United States, in the nineteen-thirties—Bethe going to Cornell, and Teller to George Washington University, in Washington, D.C. "We made several excursions from Washington," Bethe recalled. "Into the Blue Ridge Mountains, to the seashore, and to other nice places. Wherever we went, we talked practically all the time—about physics, especially nuclear physics, and about politics. European politics—the Munich agreement, and the like. Still, it was not clear to me at that time how much Teller hated the Russians. That became clear only later—in the middle of the war." As a child in Budapest, Teller had witnessed the Communist revolution of Béla Kun and had heard about the atrocities committed, and soldiers had been billeted in the Tellers' apartment. These frightening childhood memories, it seems, have never left him. "Teller can be charming, and in those early days what I mostly knew was his charming side," Bethe told me. "I did know that he sometimes became moody when some problem was on his mind. He would shut up completely for an hour or so and think about it, no matter how many people or what people were around him. Well, I was quite happy to put up with it then. He also liked to go walking in the mountains. We took an extensive trip through the Western mountains in 1937. Teller always used to say, 'This is almost as beautiful as the High Tatra'—mountains that he climbed in his youth."

In the summer of 1940, Bethe was teaching at Stanford University and

*"Don't tell me. Let me guess. I know! It's Tuesday, and you've got peace and quiet coming out of your ears again."*

cutting remark about it, which later turned out to be simply incorrect. Then, one evening in Seattle, Oppenheimer gave what Bethe remembers as a "beautifully eloquent speech" about the disaster that had overtaken the world—the fall of France—and how essential it was now to rescue Western civilization. His speech was a great surprise to many people who had known him for some time. "He had had sympathies to the far left—mostly, I believe, on humanitarian grounds," Bethe explained. "The Hitler-Stalin pact had confused most people with Communist sympathies into staying completely aloof from the war against Germany until the Nazis invaded Russia, in 1941. But Oppenheimer was so deeply impressed by the fall of France that this displaced everything else in his mind."

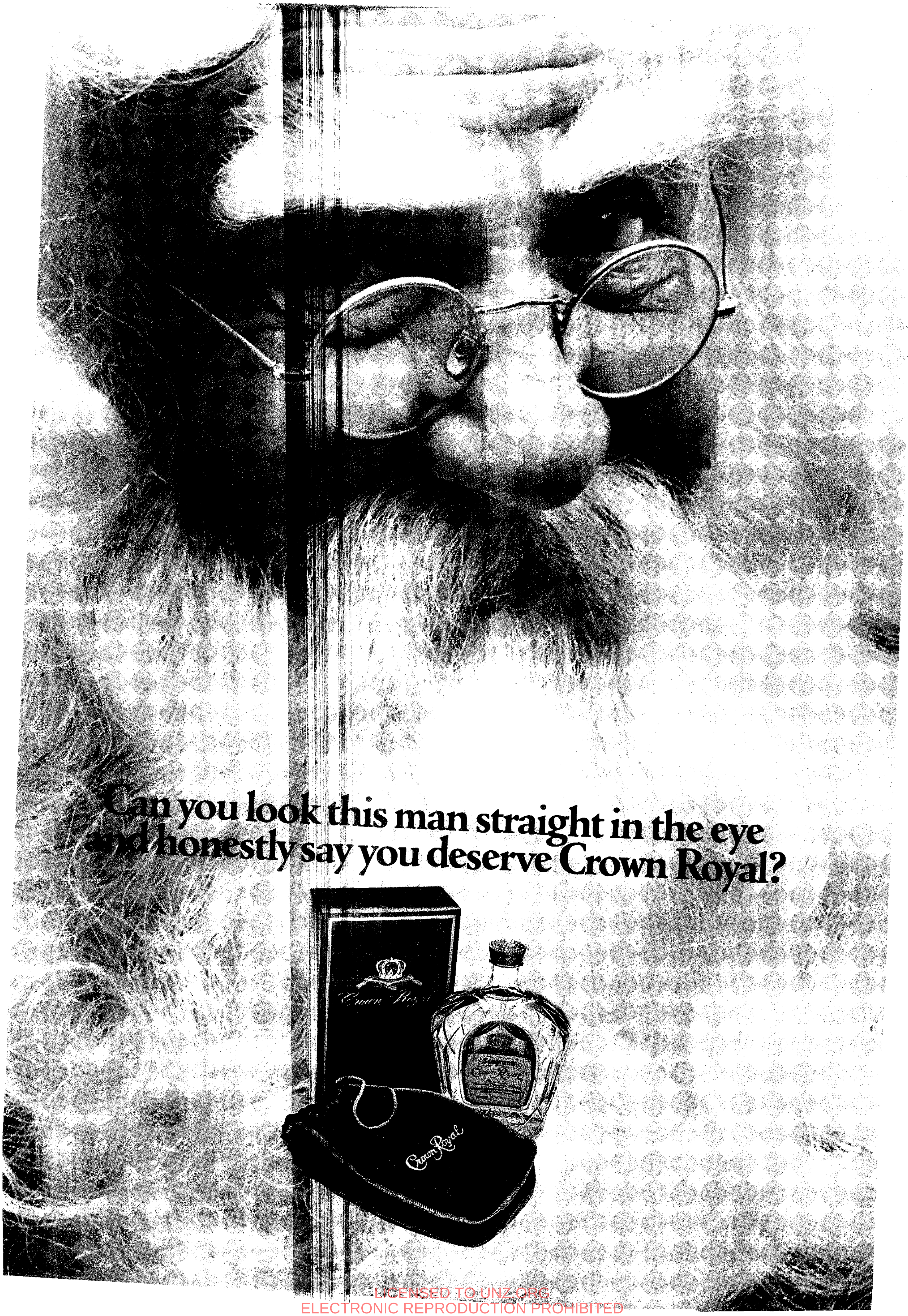
BY 1940, a few physicists in the United States had begun to build an atomic bomb—or, at least, to see if one could be built—but with minimal support from the government. In January of 1939, the Danish physicist Niels Bohr had arrived in the United States with the news that nuclear fission had been discovered the month before by Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann, in Germany. There were theoretical physicists who might well have predicted fission some years before its discovery. Indeed, as early as 1934 the physicist Enrico Fermi and his group in Rome were doing experiments that would have certainly revealed fission if anyone had thought to look for it. In one experiment, they were bombarding a thorium target with neutrons in order to study its interactions with the neutrons. They expected to produce nuclei comparable in mass to those of thorium. They had put a metal foil in front of the target. Unknown to them, the neutrons produced fission of the thorium, but the foil stopped the fission products from reaching their detector. Emilio Segrè, a Nobel Prize-winning nuclear physicist, who is now professor emeritus at Berkeley, was with Fermi then. He remarked recently, "The foil never fell down." If it had, fission might have been discovered in 1934. The person most likely to have predicted fission was Bohr himself. In 1936, he had invented a successful

*"Believe me, if there are any compliments I'll pass them on to you."*

• •

Teller was on vacation in the California mountains, and the two of them got together and decided to visit Theodor von Kármán, a celebrated Hungarian-born aeronautical engineer and physicist, who was a close friend of Teller's, and who was then on the faculty of the California Institute of Technology. The idea was to ask him to give them some war-related research to do. Von Kármán suggested that they study certain aspects of the theory of shock waves. A shock wave is produced when, for example, a projectile moves through a gas, such as air, at a speed greater than the speed of sound in that gas. When this happens, a thin wave is established in front of the projectile, and as this wave travels into the gas it causes abrupt changes in the gas, such as changes in its temperature and pressure: it "shocks" the gas. Bethe and Teller studied the problem of how the equilibrium of the gas is reëstablished behind the shock wave. "We produced a formal theory of that, and it was published by the Aberdeen Proving Ground," Bethe said. "It was much more useful than my paper on armor penetration, because later it became the basis for the use of shock waves to investigate the properties of gases. One of the people who did a lot of work on this was Arthur Kantrowitz, a student of Teller's, who became the founder and director of the Avco Everett Research Laboratory, in Everett, Massachusetts, near Boston. He became interested in shock waves in 1941, and, with Teller's guidance, did his thesis on the subject. Later, his interest in shock waves led him to play an important part in solving the problem of the reëntry of missiles into the atmosphere. In a way, all this took off from my joint paper with Teller, which showed how the gas behind a shock wave would gradually come into equilibrium."

That summer, at a meeting of the American Physical Society in Seattle, Bethe had his first prolonged encounter with Oppenheimer, who was then professor of theoretical physics both at the California Institute of Technology and at the University of California at Berkeley. They had met before, at a scientific conference in Germany in 1929, but the meeting had not been a felicitous one. Bethe had presented a paper, and Oppenheimer had made a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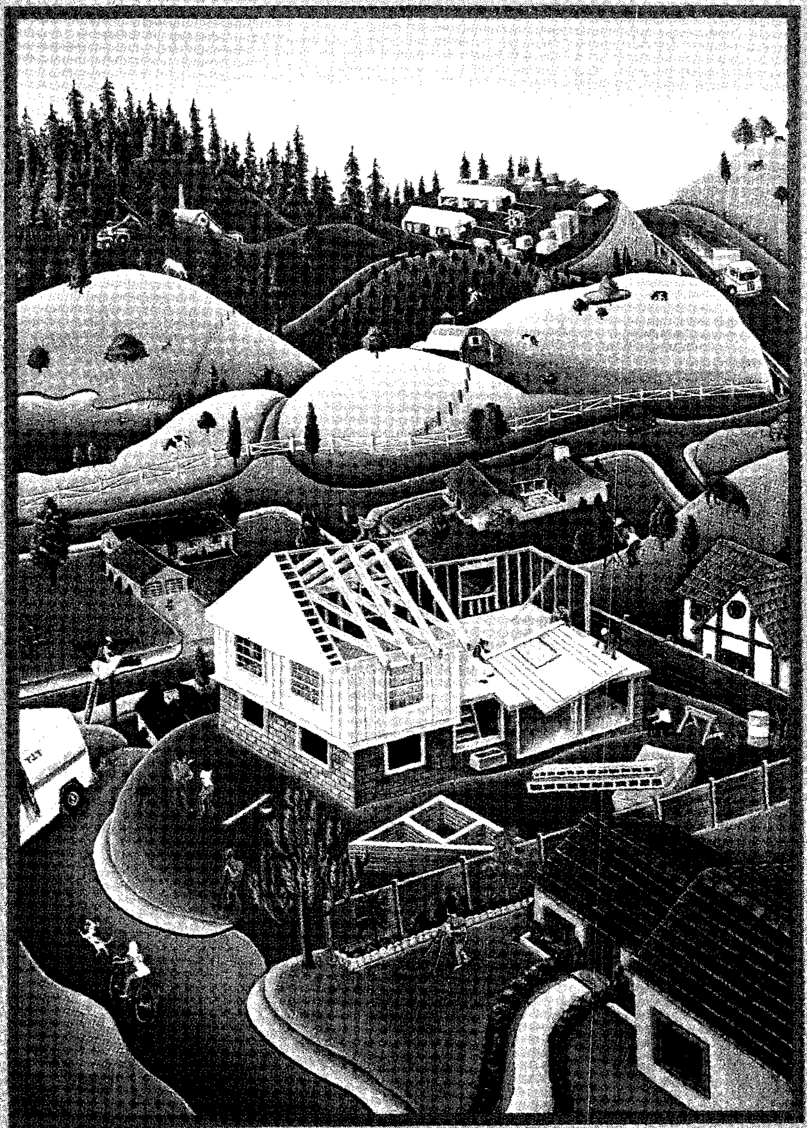

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model of the atomic nucleus which was known as the liquid-drop model. In its simplest version, the nucleus is pictured as a spherical droplet composed of neutrons and protons. The nuclear force that acts among these particles tends to keep the droplet together, while the electric force that acts among the protons tends to push the droplet apart. In elements such as fermium and californium, which are even heavier than uranium and plutonium, there is a strong tendency for this droplet to break up spontaneously—to fission—into two relatively light nuclei. In such elements as uranium and plutonium, this "spontaneous" fission occurs, but only as a very slow process. However, it can be made to occur rapidly if the nucleus is bombarded by a projectile, such as a neutron. That is, the tendency for these nuclei to assume an elongated shape and split apart is enhanced by "shaking" them—irradiating them with neutrons. (Fission can also be caused by the irradiation of other particles, such as gamma-ray-energetic light quanta.) Fissionable materials respond differently to neutrons of different energies. U-238, the abundant isotope of uranium, fissions only when it is irradiated by "fast" neutrons—those having an energy of a million electron volts or so—while the rare isotope U-235 responds to "slow," or "thermal," neutrons, which have energies of a few hundredths of an electron volt. This fact, which is crucial in the design of nuclear reactors, has to do with the intricacies of the nuclear force that holds a nucleus together.

Bohr made extensive use of the liquid-drop model to explain nuclear reactions. This work was well understood by Bethe, who at about the same time was writing three monumental review articles on physics—the first on atomic physics, the second on solid-state physics, and the last on nuclear physics. It was also known to Fermi, who was actually doing experiments on neutron reactions, and to other nuclear physicists as well. But no one had posed the right question—whether the model would allow nuclear fission. "None of us stopped to think," Bethe told me. "If we had, we could have very easily calculated the stability of nuclei against deformations, and we would have predicted fission. But none of us did that simple exercise. It was terribly stupid." Hahn himself, after he had done his experiments, was all but unable to believe his results. He had expected that when one of his neutrons irradiated uranium there would be a nuclear reaction but that the final product would be something like radium, which also has a heavy nucleus. Instead, he kept seeing barium, which has a nucleus of about half the mass of a uranium nucleus. The technique that Hahn was using involved adding barium salt to the reaction product. Barium and radium have similar chemical properties and precipitate out of a sulphate solution together. This enabled him to analyze chemically a minute amount of the reaction product. But the more analysis he did, the more it began to appear that the reaction product *was* barium. Fission is a complicated process. There are at least thirty different ways in which a U-235 nucleus, for example, can split when it absorbs a slow neutron. Each of these splittings produces two lighter nuclei and some number of neutrons. The process that Hahn observed had as one of its products a radioactive isotope of xenon. It rapidly decayed into an isotope of cesium, which, in turn, decayed into the barium isotope that Hahn identified. In December of 1938, Hahn wrote to a former collaborator, Lise Meitner, who had just gone to Sweden to escape the Nazis, "Our 'radium' isotope is behaving just like barium." She replied, "Your radium results are really very disconcerting: a process using slow neutrons that yields barium?! . . . At present it seems to me very difficult to accept that there is such a drastic breaking-up [of the uranium nucleus], but we have experienced so many surprises in nuclear physics that one cannot dismiss this by saying simply: 'It's not possible!' " Indeed, soon afterward she and a nephew of hers, the physicist Otto Frisch, who coined the term "fission," used Bohr's liquid-drop

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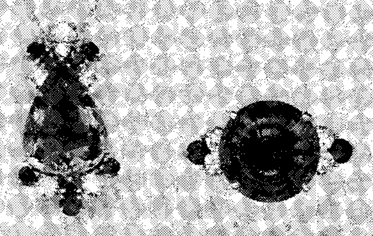

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model to show that such a process could take place, and that a great deal of energy would be released when it did.

All this occurred just before the war. One can only wonder what would have happened if fission had been discovered a few years earlier or a few years later—and, considering how the discovery did get made, this might well have happened. Every aspect of our present attitude toward nuclear fission can be traced to the fact that it was discovered just as the war began and that this country, as things turned out, was the one that was in a position sufficiently isolated from the fighting to develop its applications. From almost the instant that Hahn made his discovery, German nuclear physicists began actively studying how to make a fission bomb—and so did Japanese nuclear physicists, though less intensively. What would it have meant if this work had secretly got started in Germany or Japan a few years earlier?

The work in this country started at a leisurely pace, and in the beginning it was carried out, on the whole, as simply another branch of academic physics. In 1939, the physicists Leo Szilard and Walter Zinn, working at Columbia, showed in an experiment that in the uranium fission stimulated by a neutron several neutrons would be released along with the heavy fission fragments. This meant that in principle a chain reaction was possible—that is, a reaction in which the fission process would be self-sustaining. And in 1939 Bohr and the theoretical physicist J. A. Wheeler, who were both at Princeton, wrote a fundamental paper on nuclear fission using the liquid-drop model, in which they showed that slow neutrons did not cause the most common isotope of uranium—U-238—to fission but did cause the rare light isotope U-235 to fission. Since U-235 occurs only in small amounts in natural uranium, this result made it clear that using uranium fission as an energy source was going to involve high technology—the technology of isotope separation. (Or else it would involve the manufacture of plutonium, an element that does not exist naturally.) This, together with the fact that no one knew whether a successful controlled chain reaction could be made to occur in practice (during the war, the German nuclear physicists were never able to build a reactor that would make such a reaction work), convinced many physicists, among them Rabi and Bethe, that working on a nuclear weapon was es-

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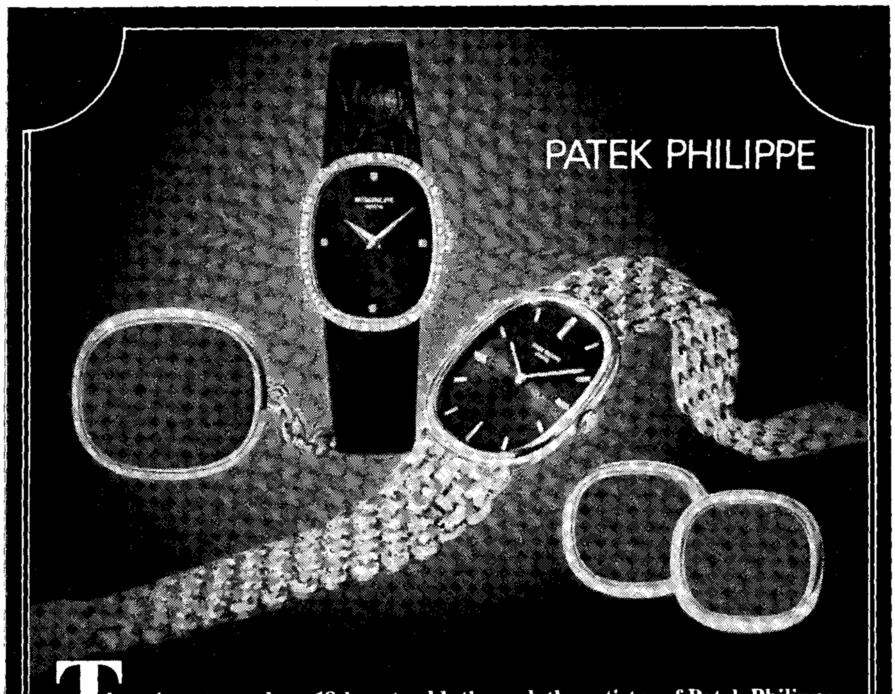

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sentially futile as a way to influence the outcome of the war.

"In 1939, Szilard tried to ban all publication of work having to do with fission as secret," Bethe told me. "He felt that one could use fission to make a bomb. I considered the possibility of an atomic bomb so remote that I completely refused to have anything to do with it until three years later. I knew that some of my friends, like Fermi and Teller and Eugene Wigner, were working on it, but I heard only the vaguest rumors about it. Separating isotopes of such a heavy element was clearly a very difficult thing to do, and I thought we would never succeed in any practical way." Two isotopes differ from each other only in the number of neutrons in the nucleus; the number of protons is the same. The number of protons indirectly determines the chemistry of the atom, since it determines the number of electrons that orbit the nucleus, and it is the forces among the electrons in different atoms which make chemical binding. Two isotopes have essentially the same chemistry, and so they generally cannot be separated chemically. Methods must be used that take advantage of the different weights of the two nuclei. In a heavy nucleus, this difference in weight is only a very small fraction of the weight of the nucleus itself. That is why the separation process is so difficult for, say, the isotopes of uranium. "I was also very doubtful whether people would be able to develop a chain-reacting pile—a reactor," Bethe said. "This opinion was changed only in 1942, when I was invited to join the Manhattan Project and was shown, mainly by Teller, what had actually been done. Teller and Fermi had moved to Chicago, and I went there, to the Met Lab, and saw that Fermi was well on the way to making a chain-reacting pile. He had a setup under one of the stands in Stagg Field—in a squash court—with tremendous stacks of graphite, and had got to the stage where he could actually calculate the rate of neutron multiplication in a uranium pile that had a graphite moderator." The graphite acts as a moderator by slowing the neutrons down after they have been released in the fission. Both ordinary water and heavy water, as well as other materials, are also used for that purpose. "I then became convinced that the atomic-bomb project was real, and that it would probably work."

On December 7, 1941, Bethe received his clearance to work on classi-

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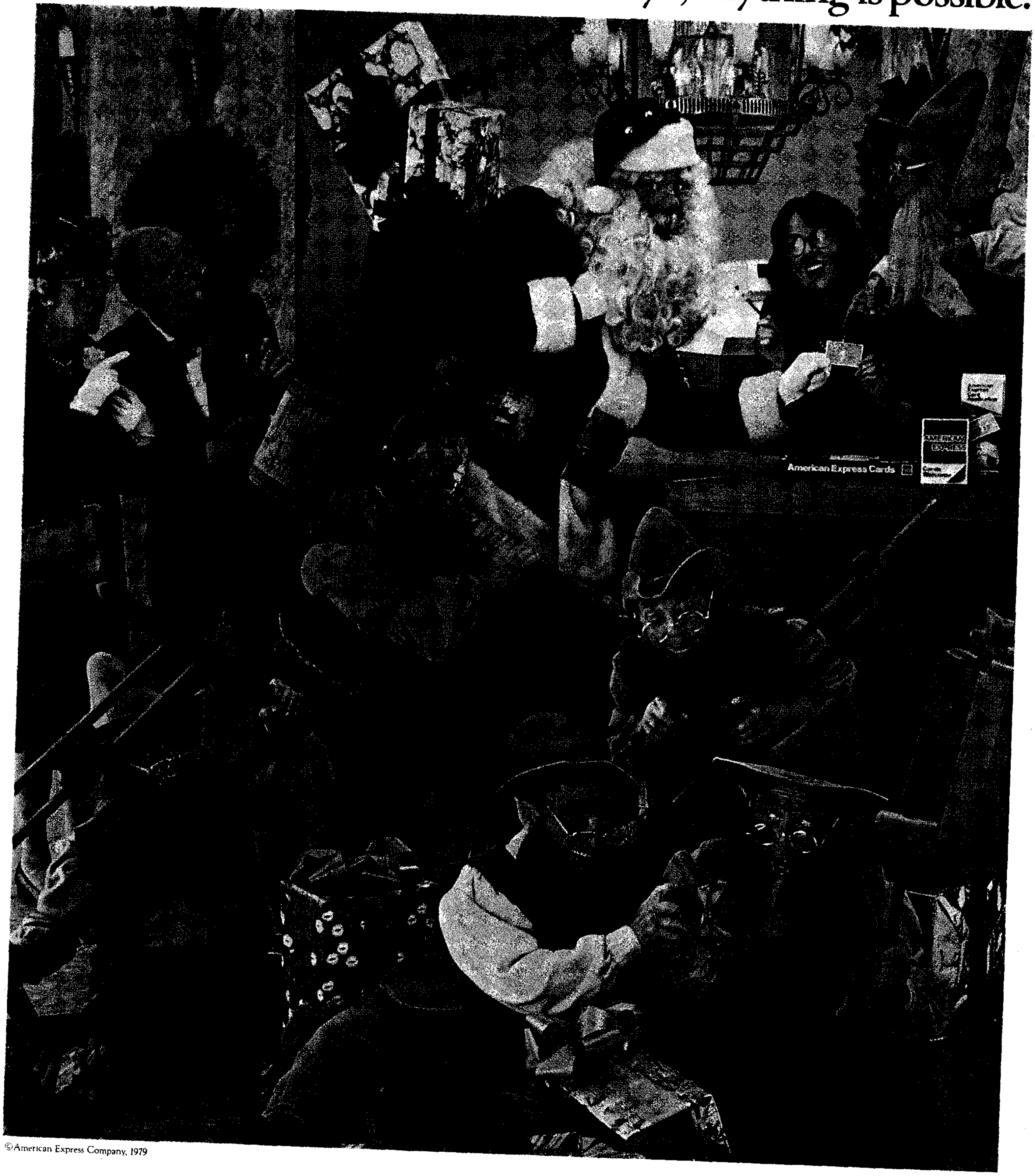
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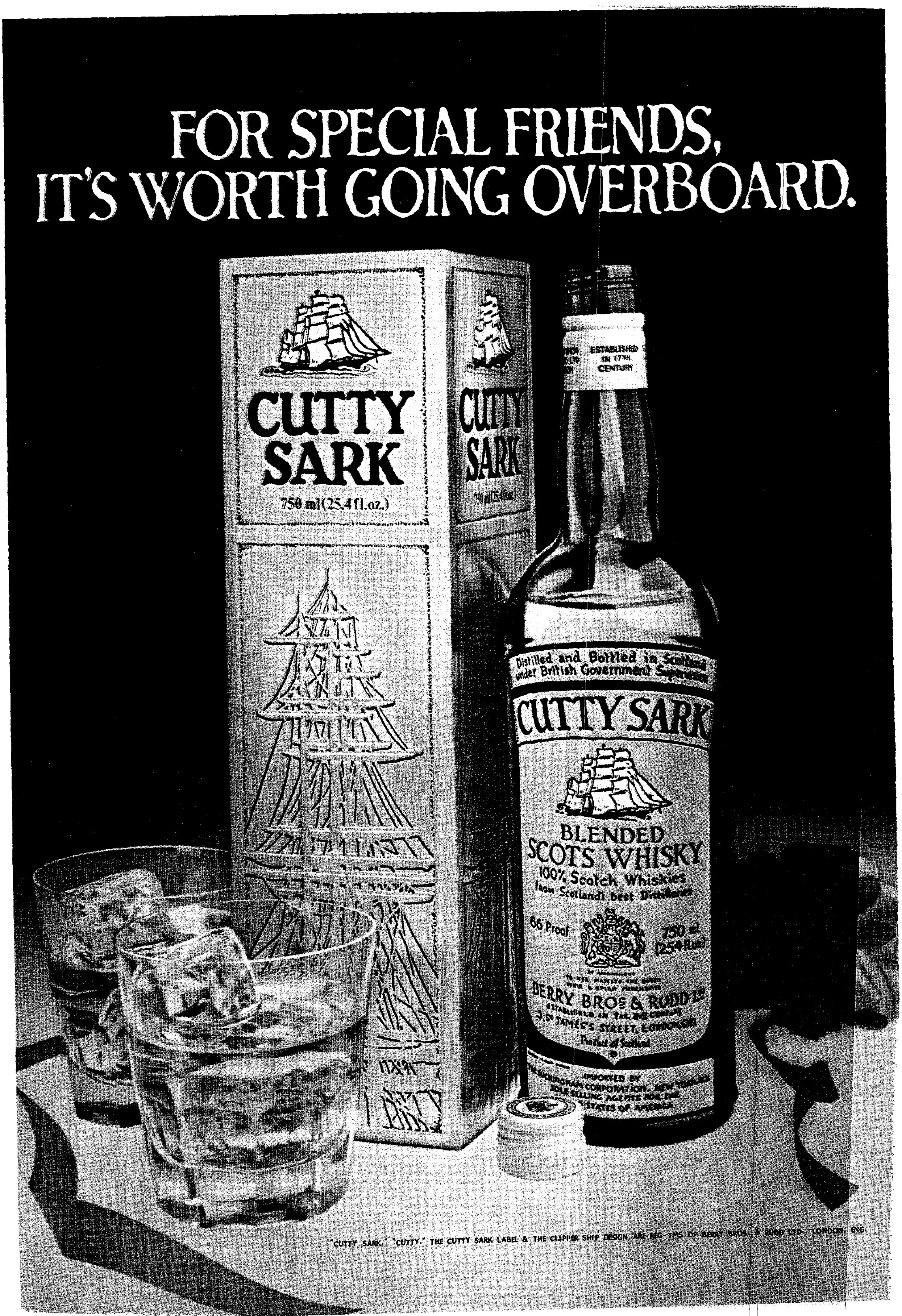
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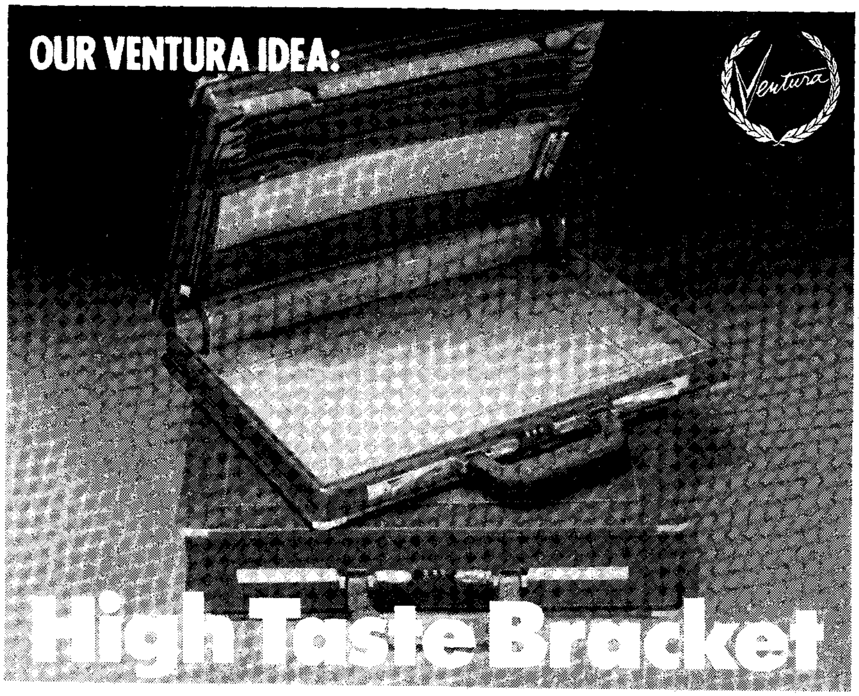
fied military projects, but the first project he was asked to work on had nothing to do with the bomb. It was radar, which was being developed at the Radiation Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the beginning, the laboratory farmed out some of its theoretical-physics projects, and Bethe organized a small group of young co-workers at Cornell to help him with the project that he had been asked to undertake. The group included Schwinger and Robert Marshak, who was until recently president of the City University of New York. Bethe had known Schwinger since 1935, when he was discovered, at the age of sixteen, by Rabi at Columbia. Bethe and Schwinger had kept in touch, and Schwinger, who had meanwhile taken a job at Purdue University, came to Cornell several times to consult Bethe, and then moved to M.I.T. in 1943. Schwinger stayed there throughout the war and became the guiding genius in the theoretical development of radar. Bethe at that time invented what is now known as the Bethe coupler—a device used to measure the propagation of electromagnetic waves in waveguides. Bethe remained in Cambridge until March of 1943, and while he was there he received a phone call from Oppenheimer asking him to work on the atomic bomb.

Los Alamos did not begin to function as a laboratory until April of 1943, but well before that time Oppenheimer had essentially taken charge of the work that would have to be done to learn how to assemble nuclear material into a bomb. In the spring of 1942, he had been appointed by the federal Office of Scientific Research and Development to lead the theoretical side of the effort to assemble the bomb. He organized a summer study group at Berkeley of those physicists he thought would be most useful in this work—Bethe among them. "Somehow, Oppenheimer managed to convey discreetly over the telephone what he had in mind," Bethe told me. "My curiosity got the best of me, and so I agreed to go."

On the way, Bethe stopped in Chicago to pick up Teller, and that is when he saw Fermi's work on the graphite reactor. "We had a compartment on the train to California, so we could talk freely," Bethe went on. "Teller told me about the idea of making plutonium in the reactor and using the plutonium in a nuclear weapon." In a reactor fuelled by uranium, plu-



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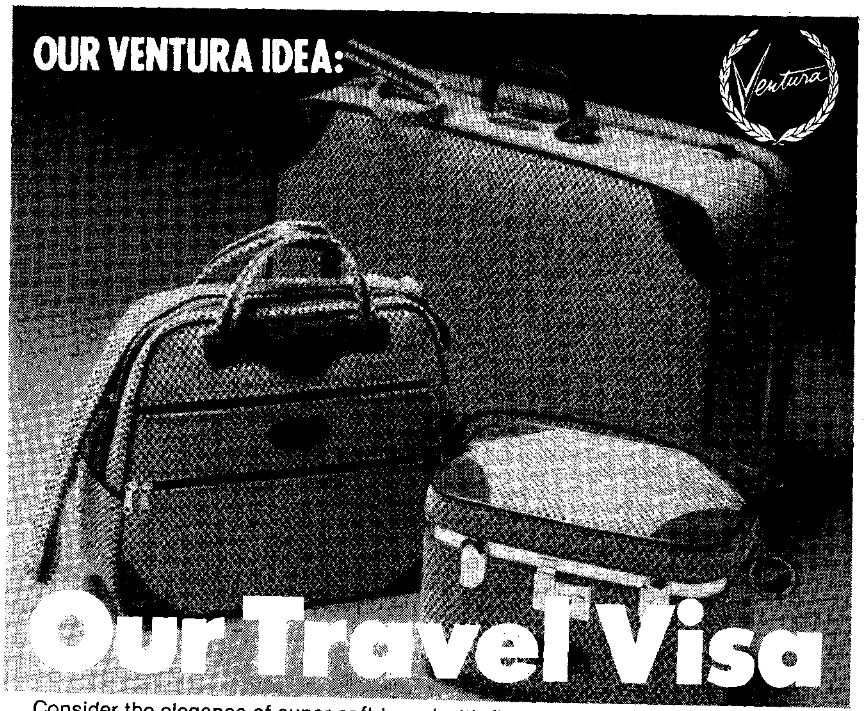

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tonium is manufactured automatically. When U-235 fissions, the neutrons that are emitted along with the heavy fission fragments cause both further fissions and ordinary nuclear reactions. Most of the uranium in the reactor is in the form of U-238, and when one of the released neutrons collides with a U-238 nucleus it can initiate a sequence of processes that results in the transmutation of the U-238 into a readily fissionable isotope of plutonium—Pu-239. (Thus, in these reactors the fuel supply regenerates itself to a degree—an important consideration in estimating the economy of using reactors to produce power.) The great advantage of using plutonium rather than U-235 in manufacturing weapons is that plutonium can be chemically separated from uranium, since it is a different atom with entirely different chemical properties.

"Teller told me that the fission bomb was all well and good and, essentially, was now a sure thing," Bethe said. "In reality, the work had hardly begun. Teller likes to jump to conclusions. He said that what we really should think about was the possibility of igniting deuterium by a fission weapon—the hydrogen bomb. Well, the whole thing was far more difficult than we thought then. About three-quarters of our time that summer was occupied with thinking about the possibility of a hydrogen super-weapon. We encountered one difficulty after another, and came up with one solution after another—but the difficulties were clearly in the majority. My wife knew vaguely what we were talking about, and on a walk in the mountains in Yosemite National Park she asked me to consider carefully whether I really wanted to continue to work on this. Finally, I decided to do it. It was clear that the super, especially, was a terrible thing. But the fission bomb had to be done, because the Germans were presumably doing it."

There is now good evidence that this presumption was correct. (The Japanese, too, by then had the beginnings of an atomic-bomb project.) Indeed, the most distinguished German physicist, Werner Heisenberg, whom Bethe had known for nearly twenty years, told him in 1948, on the occasion of Bethe's first visit to Germany after the war, that he had been working to develop an atomic bomb, and he gave Bethe three reasons he had done so. "Since this was so close to the end of the war, I consider these statements more trustworthy than what he said later," Bethe remarked to me. "In 1948, he said that his main aim had been to save the lives of German physi-

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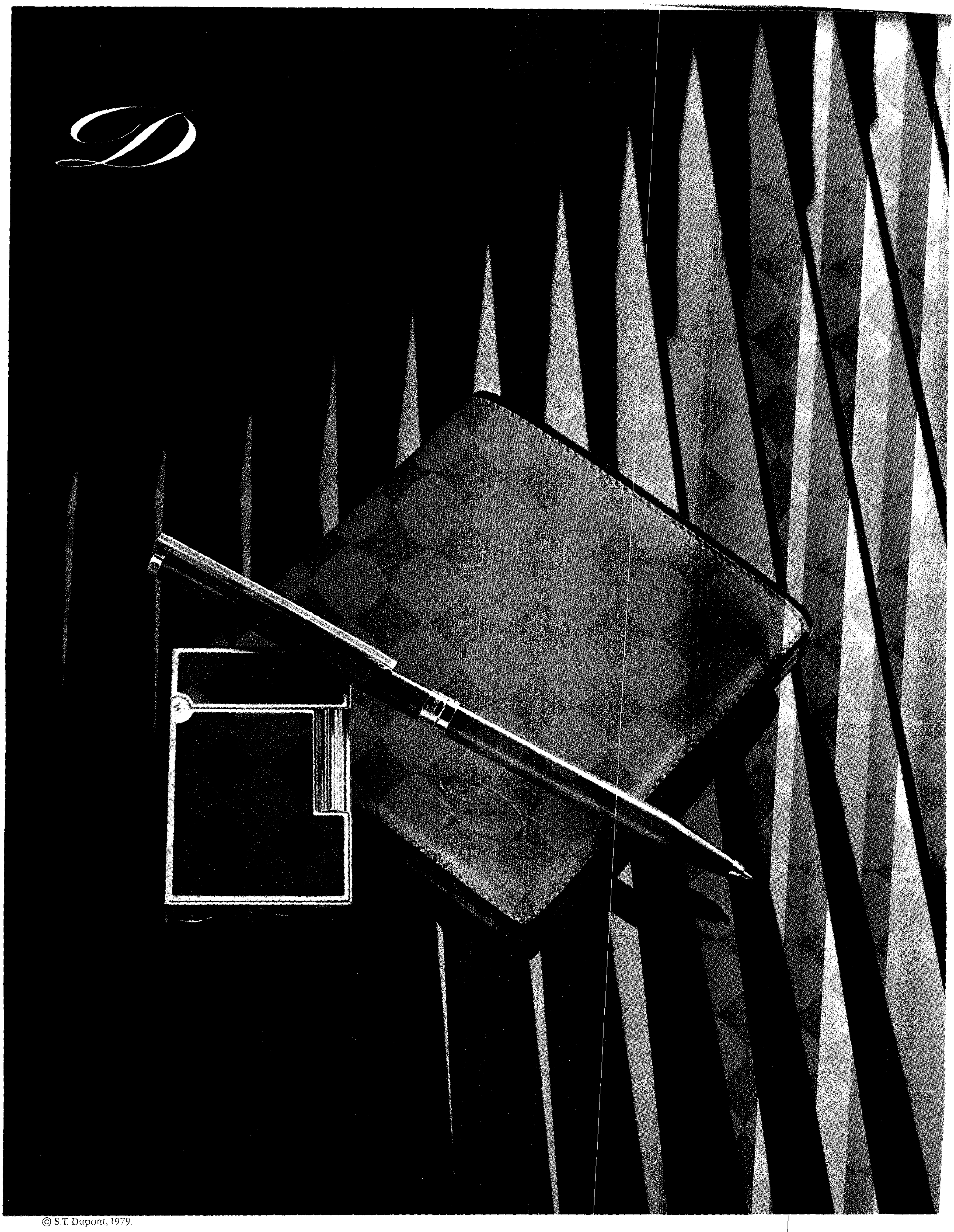

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cists. This I believe; I also believe that he wanted to do something that would appear to contribute to the war effort and would keep his physicist friends in Germany and away from the Russian front. Clearly, even if they had been able to make only a reactor, that in itself would have been a major achievement for Germany. The second reason he gave was that he believed making an atomic bomb was far beyond the means of any country during the war. I think that at the time that was his honest opinion. He said he simply could not believe that any country, even the United States, had the money and the industrial capacity to see such a project through to the end during the war. And for Germany, of course, the project was much more difficult than for us, because its resources were smaller than ours to begin with and were also strained by constant air raids. His third reason was that in 1942 he had come to the conclusion that the Germans should win the war. That struck me as a very naïve statement. He said he knew that the Germans had committed terrible atrocities against the populations on the Eastern Front—in Poland and Russia—and to some extent in the West as well. He concluded that the Allies would never forgive this and would destroy Germany as a nation—that they would treat Germany about the way the Romans had treated Carthage. This, he said to himself, should not happen; therefore, Germany should win the war, and then the good Germans would take care of the Nazis. It is unbelievable that a man who has made some of the greatest contributions to modern physics should have been that naïve. But he seems to have said similar things to people during the war. He never mentioned anything to me about the morality of making a nuclear weapon. In 1939, though, Heisenberg was certainly anti-Nazi. He had been attacked by the Nazi press for being too friendly to Jews and for teaching 'Jewish physics'—including Einstein's theory of relativity."

The Germans' failure to make an atomic bomb was in a sense remarkable, for German physicists did have a complete understanding of what an atomic bomb was and how to go about making one; that is, they understood the two basic methods of producing bombs—using uranium enriched with the isotope U-235 and using plutonium manufactured in a reactor. In fact, both methods were described at a conference that the German nuclear physicists held with representatives of the

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government and the military in February of 1942—several months before the Manhattan Project was created. However, the German scientists were never able to bridge the gap between theory and the completion of even the first step—the building of a working reactor. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, the organization of German science was hierarchical. An exchange of the type that Bethe had with Feynman—between a senior scientist and a new Ph.D., and on an almost daily basis—would have been inconceivable among the authority-minded German scientists. Thus, in January of 1941, when Walther Bothe, the leading German experimental nuclear physicist, made a mistake in an experiment, no one thought of challenging it, or even thought it worthwhile to repeat the experiment. His result was accepted without question. Bothe was trying to measure the properties of graphite as a neutron absorber. He was doing experiments of the sort that Fermi did on graphite a little later. But Bothe did not realize that his graphite was not sufficiently purified; industrial graphite often contains substantial boron impurities, and boron is an especially strong neutron absorber. Bothe drew the conclusion that pure graphite absorbed more neutrons than it actually does, and so ruled out the use of graphite as a moderator for a nuclear reactor. This mistake proved to be fatal to the Germans' attempt to make a reactor. The reason is that once they had ruled out graphite—an easily obtainable substance—they turned to heavy water as a moderator. Heavy water composes about a hundredth of a per cent of the content of ordinary water, and it is separated from ordinary water by electrolysis—an electrical process in which the water is decomposed into its components, hydrogen or heavy hydrogen and oxygen. (Ordinary water will not do as well as a moderator, because the sole proton in ordinary hydrogen tends to capture the neutrons instead of simply slowing them down by collisions. In heavy hydrogen, this proton already has a neutron partner, and so is much less effective in capturing neutrons. The oxygen is not an effective capturer in either case.) As it happened, the only place in Western Europe capable of manufacturing heavy water on the scale needed was a hydroelectric plant at Vemork, in southern Norway. Once the Allies understood the significance of this plant, it was attacked both from the air and by commandos, and the Germans were never able to acquire

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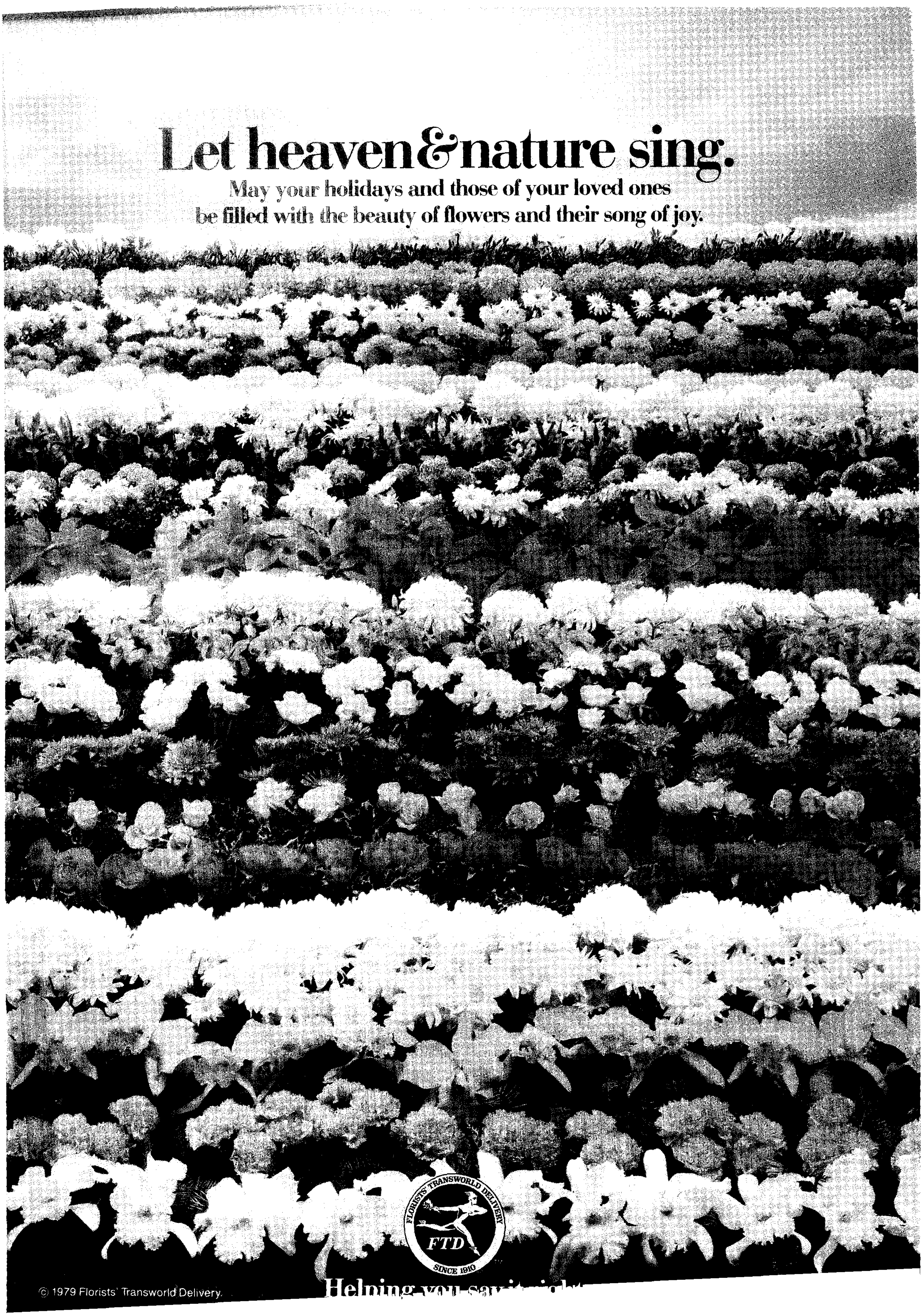

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the amount of heavy water needed for a reactor.

Another of the Germans' difficulties arose from the fact that Heisenberg was not really an engineer. "Although Heisenberg was a superb theoretical physicist, he didn't have the practical sense that, say, Fermi had," Bethe told me. "So his calculation of the volume of heavy water that he needed was wrong. He thought he had acquired half the volume needed when he had only a fifth. Fermi, on the other hand, could calculate to within a few per cent. Thus, insufficient competence played a considerable part in the failure of the Germans' project. In addition, different groups were working on it separately. Instead of having one centrally directed group split up among different laboratories, as we had, they had five unrelated groups working against one another, because each group wanted to have the use of whatever uranium was available. At Berkeley in the summer of 1942, our little group discussed the Germans. We knew that Heisenberg was interested in making a bomb and that there were physicists in Germany working on it, and so, as we saw it, there was just no question that the Germans would do it. We felt that we had to continue our work, and we produced quite a lot of results that summer, some on fission weapons and some on the super."

Part of the Berkeley group's information about the Germans' intentions came from Bohr. In October of 1941, Heisenberg, on his own initiative, made a visit to Copenhagen to see Bohr. The reason for this visit is not clear. It occurred just after Heisenberg had become certain that—in principle, at least—a bomb could be made. Perhaps he wanted to reach some understanding with Bohr that neither side would make a bomb, or perhaps he had some more devious intent. In any case, he succeeded only in convincing Bohr that the Germans were on the verge of making a bomb. He gave Bohr a drawing, of which Bethe said, "Later on, at Los Alamos, this drawing was transmitted to us by Bohr. It was clearly a drawing of a reactor, but when we saw it our conclusion was that these Germans were totally crazy—did they want to throw a reactor down on London?" In retrospect, the German scientists were not crazy at all. They knew perfectly well what to do with a reactor, and this drawing was of the reactor that Heisenberg tried throughout the war to build but was unable to finish. Apparently, he hoped that by giving Bohr the drawing he would lead Bohr to

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conclude that the Germans were not building a bomb.

During the summer of 1942, Bethe came to know Oppenheimer well. "It was perhaps the closest I ever got to him," he remarked to me, "because once we got to Los Alamos he had so much to do that we saw much less of each other than we had during that summer. I was very much impressed by him, and my feelings were entirely positive. There was no question that he was our leader. Perhaps he didn't contribute as much original thought as Teller and I did, but he had a far better critical faculty than any of the rest of us. His grasp of problems was immediate—he could often understand an entire problem after he had heard a single sentence. Incidentally, one of the difficulties that he had in dealing with people was that he expected them to have the same faculty. I think he really was a great man. After that summer, I went back to the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T. We had come to the conclusion that designing the actual bomb would require a new, separate laboratory, and for a while Oppenheimer was in negotiation with General Leslie R. Groves, who had been appointed to head the entire enterprise, about where it should be located and how it should be organized. In November, Los Alamos was decided on, and Oppie asked all of us to join him there. Very soon, we did. There was some flap about whether we would have to join the Army in order to do so—an idea that few of us liked very much. Rabi and Lee DuBridge"—the director of the M.I.T. Radiation Laboratory—"gave Oppie some fatherly advice to the effect that the lab would never work if there were to be a military chain of command; it would make the exchange of ideas much too formal, and hence too slow. He had agreed in the beginning to have all of us go into uniform, but under this pressure he reconsidered, and told General Groves that none of his best people would come unless they could remain civilians. And so Groves agreed—grudgingly, but he agreed. There was another flap because E. O. Lawrence, who was director of the uranium project there at Berkeley, wanted one of his people, Edwin McMillan, to be the director. But Groves very wisely decided that the director had to be Oppenheimer. Nobody else would have made as good a director."

Bethe arrived at Los Alamos in April of 1943. His wife, Rose, who had been made the Manhattan Project's housing officer, had already

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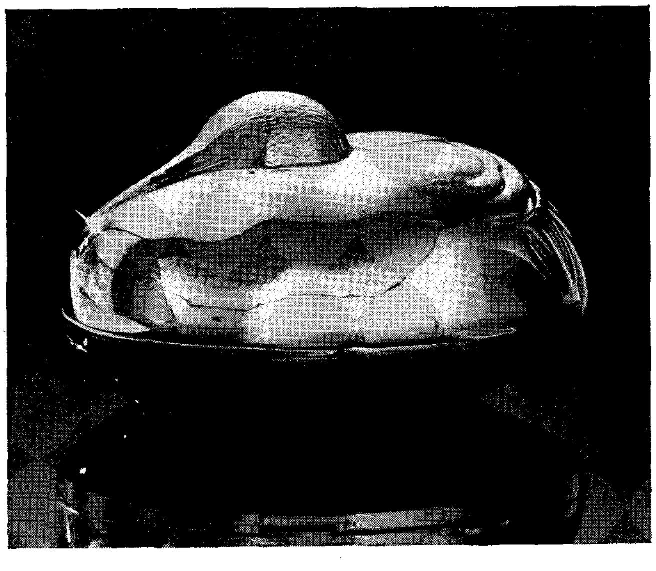

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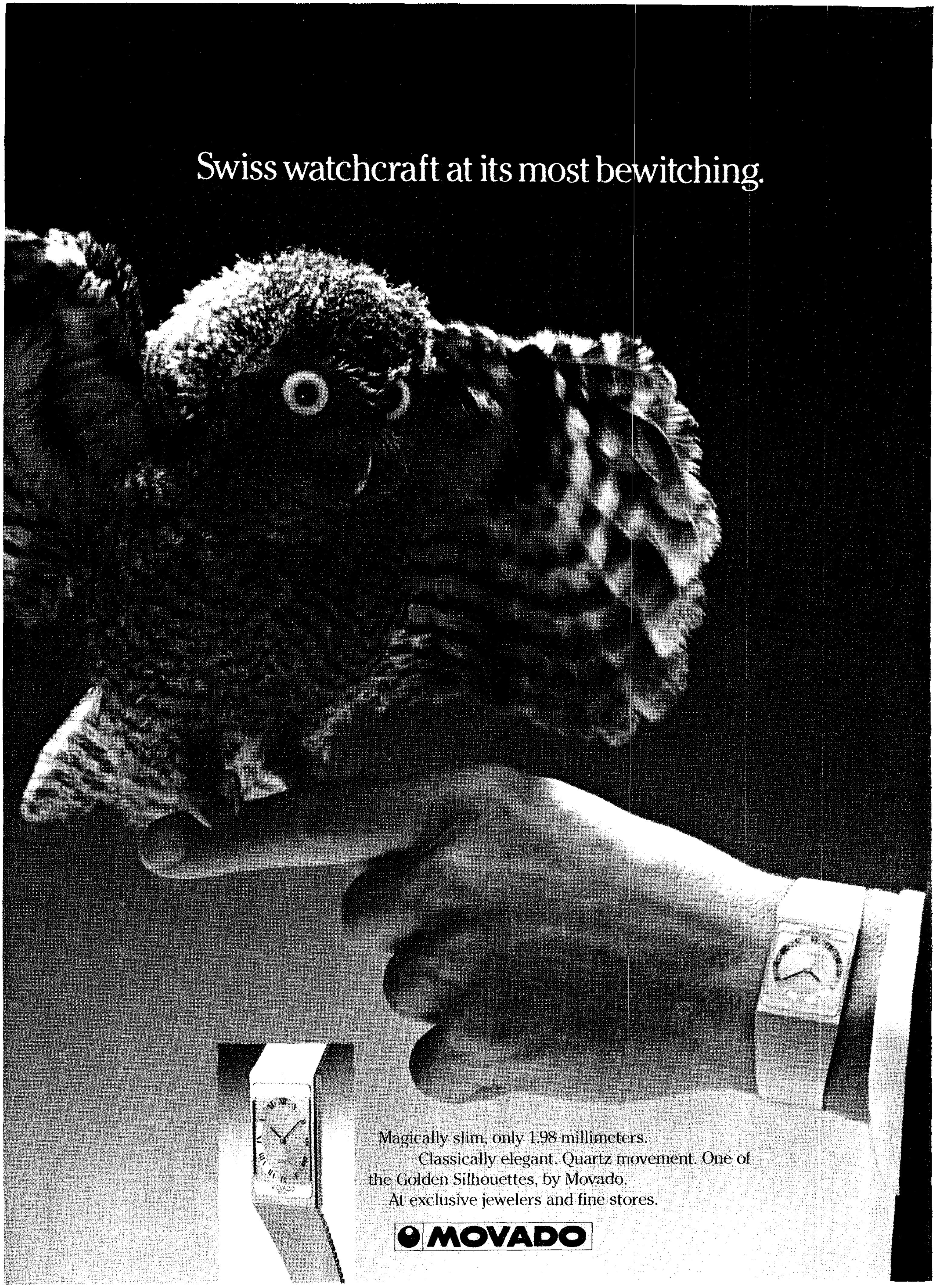

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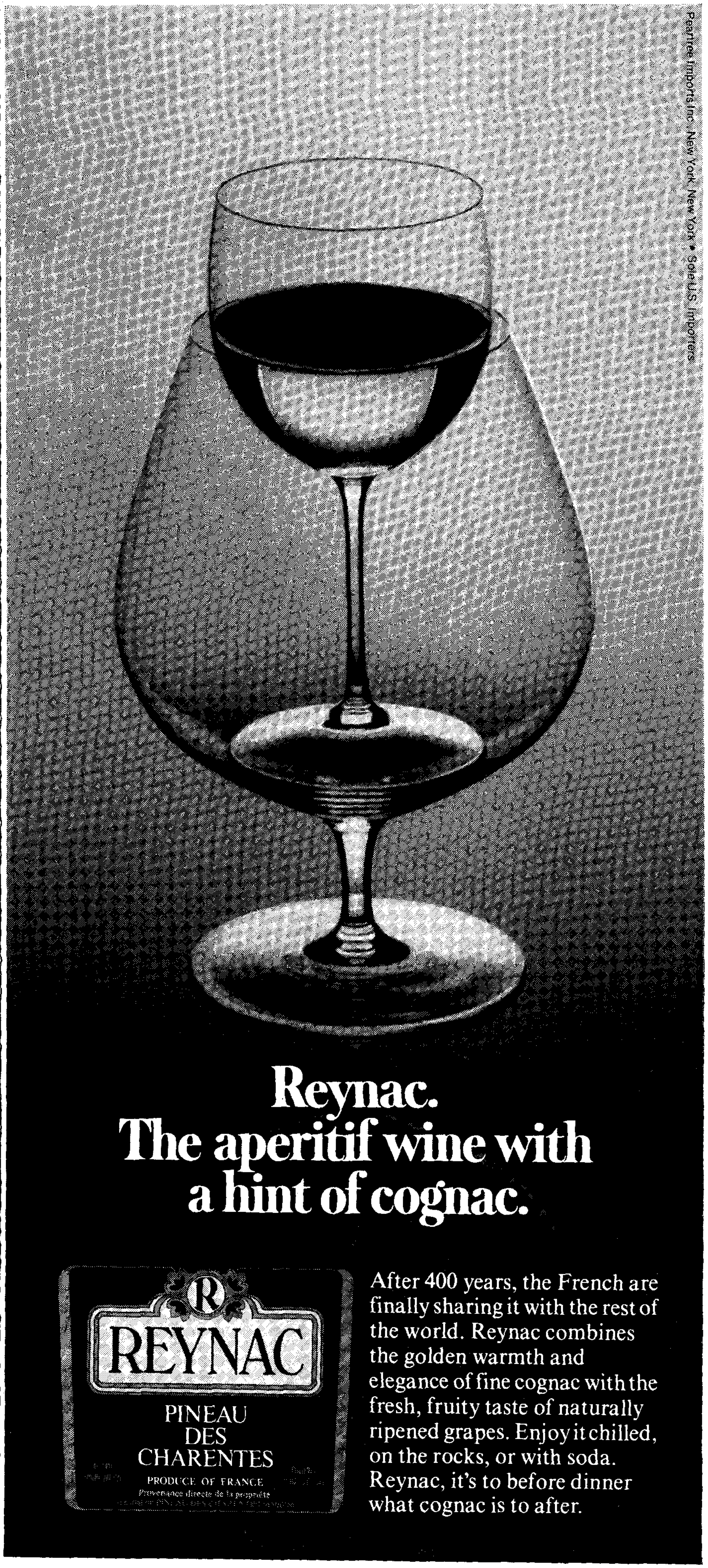
been there for ten days. "I went by train to a place called Lamy, New Mexico, which was the railroad station for Santa Fe," Bethe told me. "Later on, there was a story about some people who went to the railroad station in Princeton to buy tickets to Lamy, and the ticket seller told them, 'Don't go there. Twenty people have already gone there, and not one of them has ever come back.' Lamy was a wilderness—a few houses and a bar, and nothing else. The whole business struck me as very unlikely. My wife met me in a government car, and we drove through the early-spring desert. There were some blooming fruit trees, but mostly it was stark desert. Nowadays, I find the drive very beautiful, but at that time those dry mountains and the desert seemed rather frightening. I kept imagining myself walking through the desert without a drop of water. After leaving the desert, we took a muddy road that wound its way up the mountainside. At any moment, the car could have fallen into the gorge. This didn't scare me much, but it made it seem more and more unlikely that we were driving to a big laboratory. Up on the top, it was very beautiful, with the pinewoods behind Los Alamos and the snow-covered mountains on the other side of the Rio Grande Valley. In addition, there was the bluest sky imaginable, and the clearest air. Then, in the middle of all this, they had built shacks. I can describe them only as shacks. But these were the laboratory facilities. Later, they built apartment houses, which were supposed to last only for 'the duration' but actually lasted twenty-five years, and would still be serviceable if they hadn't been torn down. When I first arrived, we lived in the old Lodge." Los Alamos had been the site of the Los Alamos Ranch School for Boys, and the Lodge had been one of the school's principal structures. "There were about a hundred people on the site then, and many of them lived outside Los Alamos in various lodgings and had to commute twenty miles or more to work." Oppenheimer had originally thought that thirty people would be enough to design the bomb. Rabi and DuBridge persuaded him that he would need at least five hundred, and by the end of the war there were five thousand technical people working at the site.

Once it was clear that the number of people was going to grow, Oppenheimer became convinced—and Rabi and DuBridge helped convince him—that the laboratory would have



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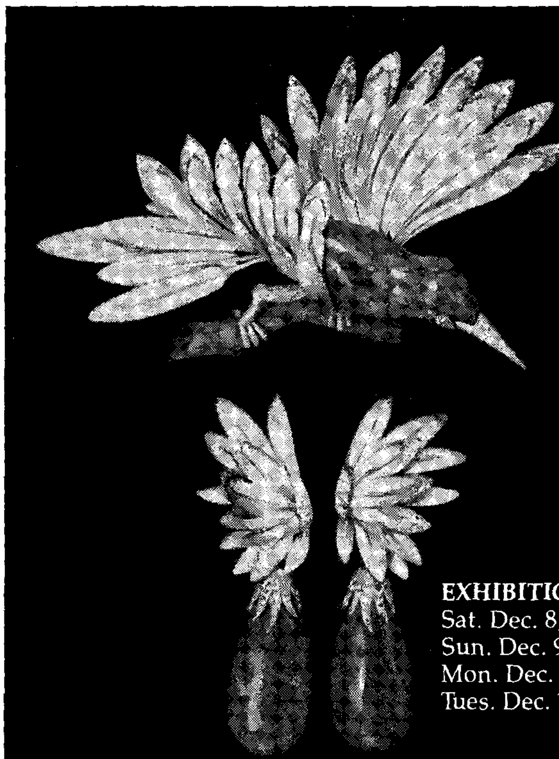

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to be organized into divisions and that within each division there should be several groups. R. F. Bacher, formerly a colleague of Bethe's at Cornell and later provost of Caltech, was asked to head the Experimental Physics Division; a twenty-six-year-old chemist named Joseph Kennedy, who had participated in the discovery of plutonium, was named head of the Chemical Division; Captain William Parsons, a Regular Navy officer, became head of the Ordnance Division; and Bethe was named head of the Theoretical Division. From the moment Bethe was given this appointment, both his and Oppenheimer's relations with Teller deteriorated. "That I was named to head the division was a severe blow to Teller, who had worked on the bomb project almost from the day of its inception and considered himself, quite rightly, as having seniority over everyone then at Los Alamos, including Oppenheimer," Bethe told me. "Why, then, was he not made division leader? One might say that scientifically Teller is overfertile. New ideas and new combinations of old ideas simply tumble out of his brain. It is this gift that enabled him to discover, in 1951, a new approach to making the hydrogen bomb. In 1943, Oppenheimer and his advisers felt that my more plodding but steadier approach to life and science would serve the project better at that stage of its development, where decisions had to be adhered to and detailed calculations had to be carried through, and where, therefore, a good deal of administrative work was inevitable. Also, it was the consensus of the senior people at the laboratory that we would not go into the super bomb—except, perhaps, theoretically. Everyone was to concentrate on making a workable fission weapon. Teller didn't like that, either, because he had come to Los Alamos with the idea of continuing his work on the super and of having a lot of experimental people to work with him."

Teller himself has commented, "When Los Alamos was established as a separate entity from the Met Lab, one of the arguments was that we would work on the fusion bomb as well as on the fission bomb. We actually didn't, and this was certainly something that I was unhappy about. Furthermore, Bethe was given the job to organize the effort, and in my opinion—in which I well may have been wrong—he overorganized it. It was much too much of a military organization, a line organization."

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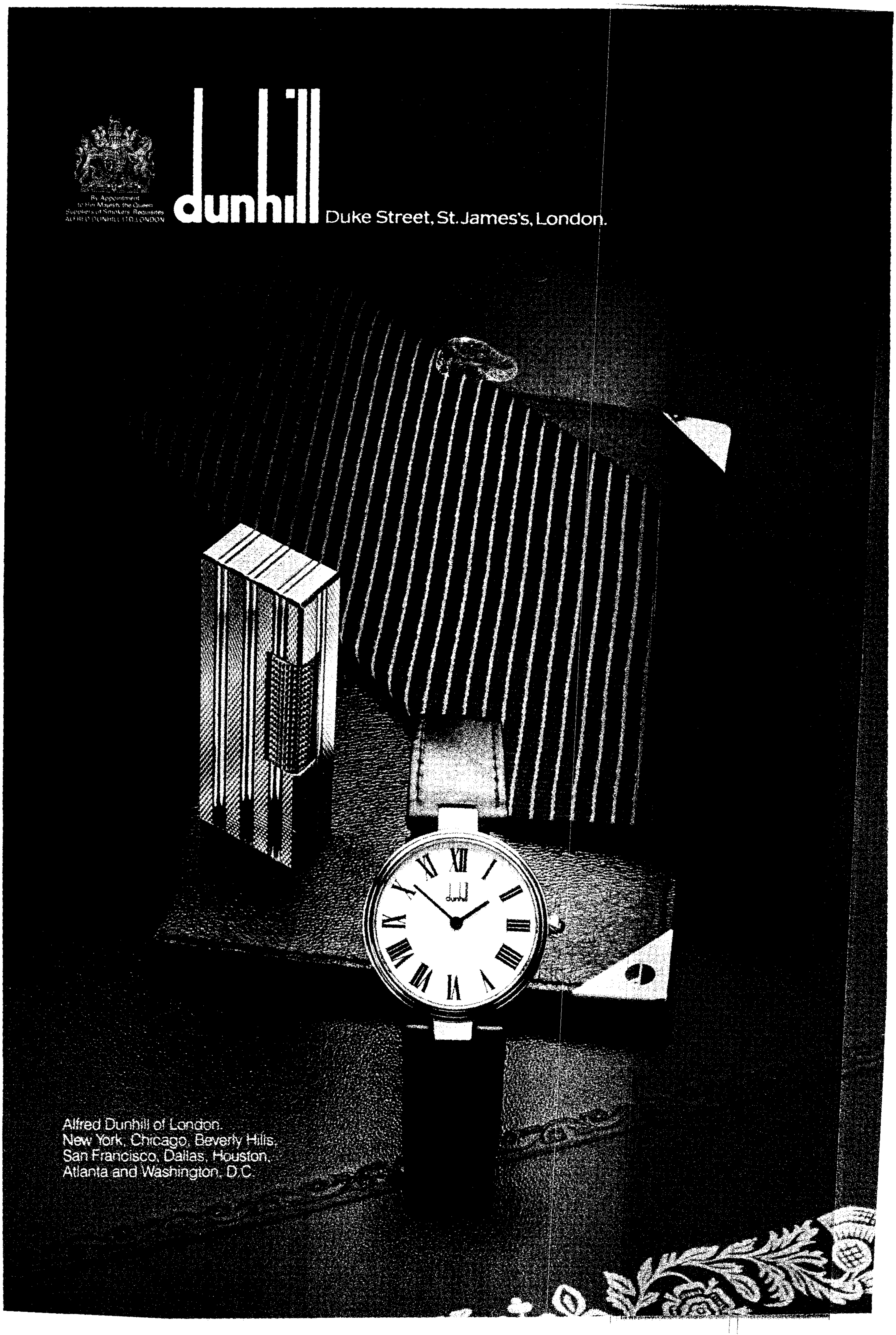

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were arriving at Los Alamos, this was the first time they had had the prospect of a steady income and of living in one place for a reasonable length of time, with assured housing—even if their choice of housing was severely limited. General Groves had decreed that a family needed a living room, a kitchen, and a bath, and one bedroom for parents, one for boys, and one for girls—if there were no children, a second bedroom for the first child. Perhaps partly for that reason, one notable aspect of life at Los Alamos was that many of the couples had babies. "It was the 'in' thing to do," Bethe said, half seriously. "It seemed to be a very fertile atmosphere." The Bethes' son, Henry, was born in 1944. Today, Henry, a banker in New York City, is married and has a son himself—the Bethes' first grandchild. The Bethes' daughter, Monica, was born in 1945. She lives in Kyoto and has become an expert on Japanese masks.

A great deal has been written about the scientific and engineering work that was done at Los Alamos; in fact, there appears to be a widespread belief that so much has been published in the open literature that almost anyone with a pocket calculator and some plutonium can make a bomb. This notion was reinforced recently when it was reported that two students, one at M.I.T. and the other at Princeton, had actually designed a workable bomb simply by going to the library and digging out the unclassified reports. (It was also reported that Pakistan was interested in recruiting the services of the Princeton student.) With this in mind, I put a question to Bethe: Suppose one had available all the open literature on making a bomb, including these student papers, *and* one had all the enriched uranium or plutonium that one needed—where would one be in the construction of an atomic bomb?

His answer was "Nowhere." Though the general principles involved in making such a device are well known and are available in the open literature, he explained, the details, which are extremely intricate, are not. "I have seen the paper of the Princeton student, and to the professional it is not impressive," Bethe said. "He presents with great seriousness a calculation of the energy yield of a bomb, assuming a certain amount of fissile material, and assuming the efficiency of the nuclear reaction—a grade-school exercise in multiplication—but he never gives any argument for assuming this particular efficiency, which in fact is much too high for an amateur bomb. He men-

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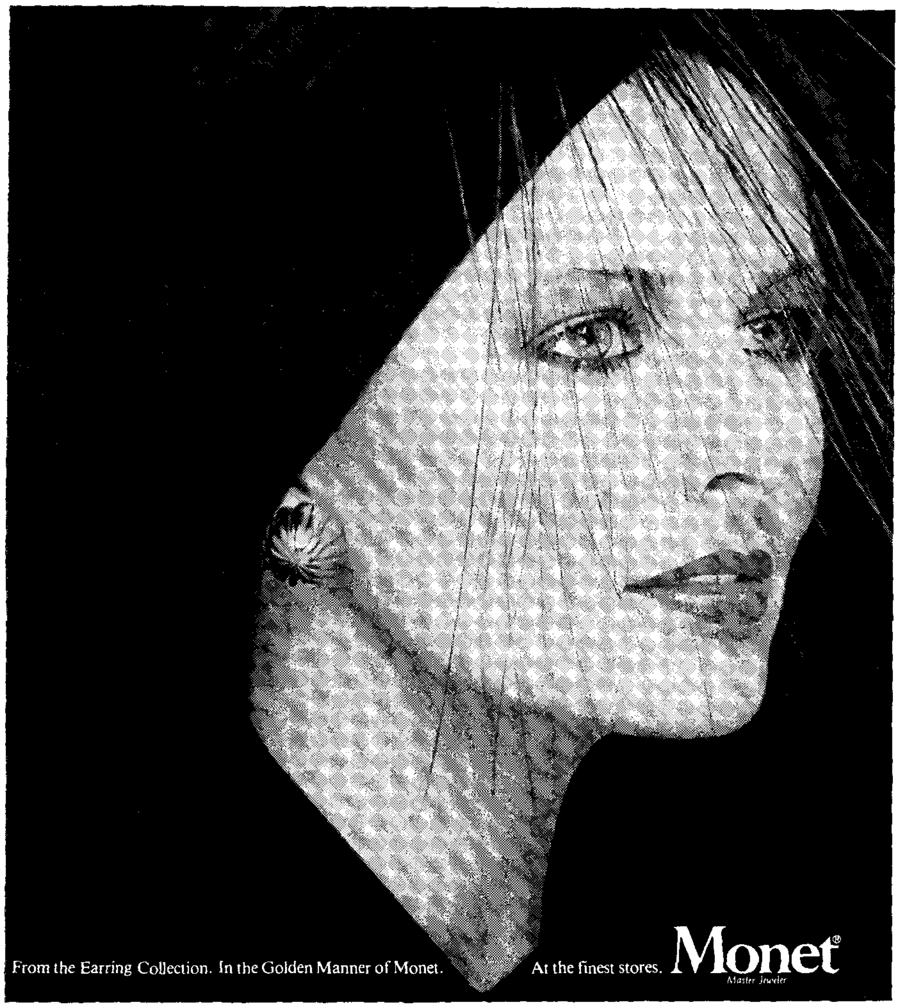
tions a few types of explosives that could be used to assemble the fissile material, but he does not discuss the intricate shapes in which the explosive has to be cast. To cast the correct shapes, and to prove experimentally that they were indeed correct, took us months at Los Alamos, with hundreds of technicians, and this was just one of the many problems that are not discussed in the open literature."

I asked Bethe what such a student—or a terrorist—would need to go the rest of the way.

His answer was rather involved. "The critical mass of plutonium is available in the open literature," he said. The critical mass is that mass at which a fission chain reaction will just maintain itself. With larger masses, the rate of fissions will increase rapidly. This means that if a fissionable material like plutonium is assembled in masses larger than the critical mass, the rate of the fissions will be so great that the energy production will run away—explode. A plutonium bomb can be made, in principle, with about ten kilograms of plutonium. In an ordinary power reactor, the fuel elements are not plutonium but uranium—a mixture of U-235 and U-238. It is the U-235 that undergoes the fissions, and the U-235 is mixed with the non-fissionable U-238 in a proportion of about three per cent U-235 to ninety-seven per cent U-238. In this mixture, the critical mass is infinite, which means that a power reactor—as reactors are now designed—can never explode like a bomb, no matter what one does to it.

Bethe continued, "One can also find out how the plutonium is to be surrounded. The easiest way to build a bomb is to have the plutonium at the center, surrounded by uranium, with a high explosive surrounding the uranium. All this information is readily available. But then one needs to machine the plutonium; this is difficult and dangerous. In a reactor, plutonium is usually in the form of a mixture of uranium oxide and plutonium oxide. Thus, the first job would be to separate the two oxides; for this work, one would need a very skilled inorganic chemist, such as one would find at a first-rate university. Next, the student or terrorist would have to decide whether to reduce the plutonium oxide to the pure metal—another job for a skilled chemist—or to use the oxide in the bomb. In the latter case, the required critical mass is always larger, and the energy yield of the bomb smaller. The metal, on the other hand, is pyrophoric, as is uranium metal, unless it is very carefully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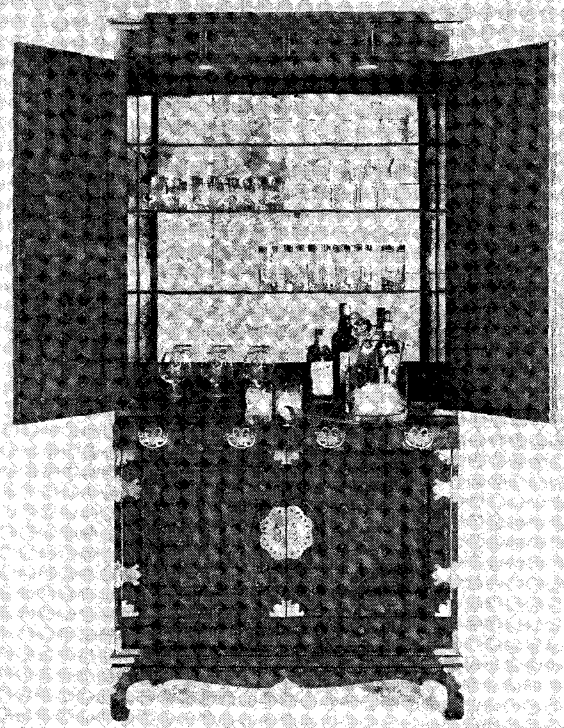
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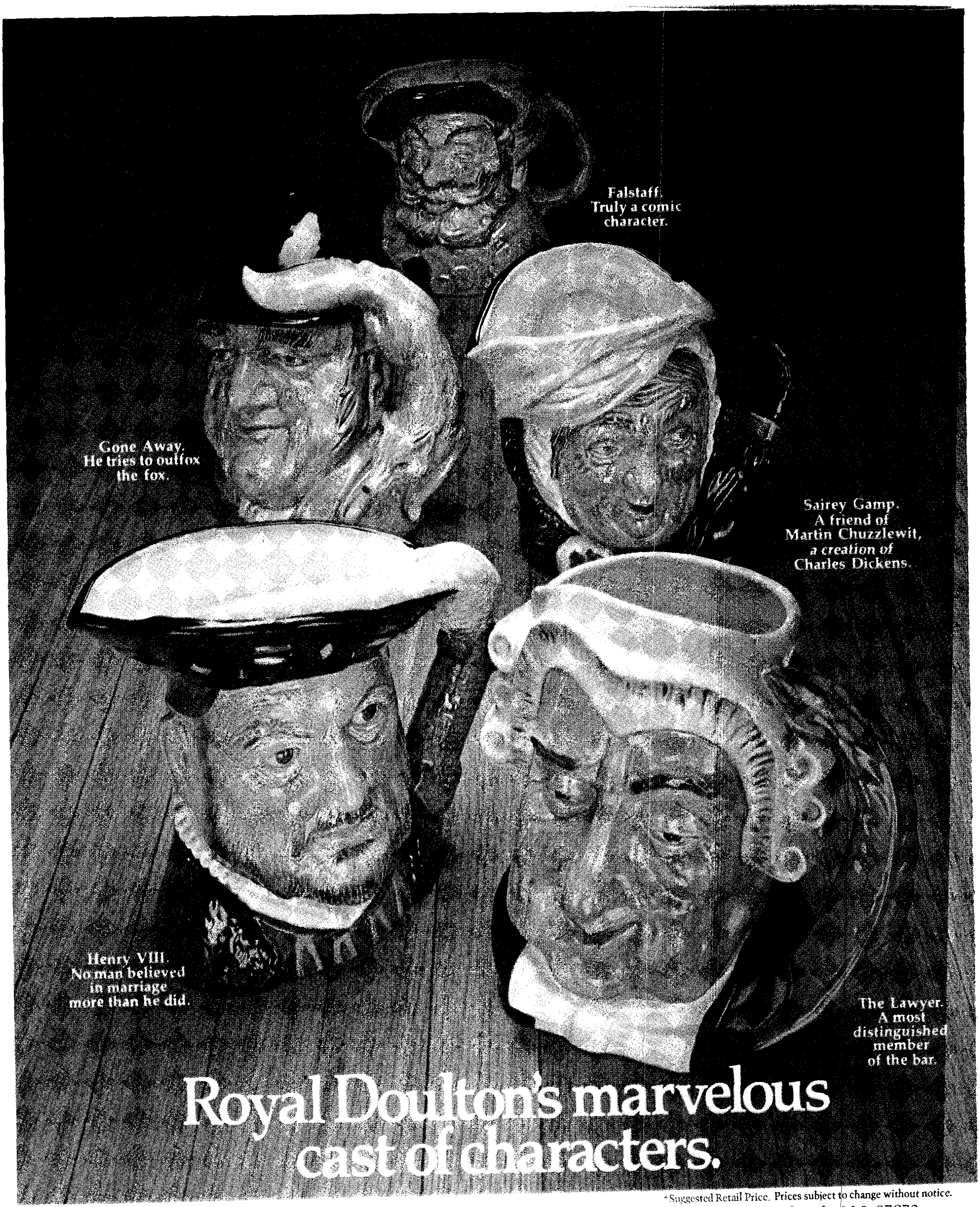
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made into a completely dense, uniform ingot—a job for a metallurgist. A pyrophoric metal is one that catches fire spontaneously. Either the metal or the oxide would have to be machined into a spherical shape. The machining of either metal or oxide is also dangerous, because if even a small speck of plutonium dust is breathed in, it can be fatal. The surrounding uranium would also have to be machined. And then comes the explosive."

The explosive is wrapped around the metal core and is detonated at several places simultaneously to cause the core to compress and reach the critical mass rapidly. Inside the core is an "initiator"—a neutron source—whose protective covering is removed by this explosion. The initiator provides the neutrons that get the chain reaction started. "During the war, as I've mentioned, it took us many months to do this, and we had the great explosives expert George Kistiakowsky as the leader, working with hundreds of technicians. The first experiments on the implosion had absolutely awful results. Instead of giving a uniform speed to the metal being propelled by the explosive, they produced all sorts of jets and irregularities. It turned out that the best way to get rid of the jets was to make explosive lenses, but that only shifted the problem to another place—to the casting and machining of an explosive lens. It took them a long time to get uniform casting without bubbles. If you have a bubble, the explosive will not produce a uniform detonation wave but will again give jets and push the metal inside into some irregular shape. It took months and months before our Explosives Division learned to cast big chunks of explosives in a uniform manner and make the process reliable. Plastic explosives, they tell me, are what a terrorist might try to use. Perhaps so. But I doubt very much whether a plastic explosive is sufficiently uniform in density and detonation velocity to satisfy the criteria for making a convergent detonation. Another difficult problem with the explosive is to achieve simultaneity of explosion for all the detonators. There may be ten or more detonators, and they must be synchronized to a fraction of a millionth of a second. This is far from easy to test. By the way, I read a booklet published by the Indians describing their project—published, mind you, a year or two before they exploded their bomb. It sounded just like Los Alamos. They did much the same experiments, and they obviously did them well. They had the same kind of measuring ap-

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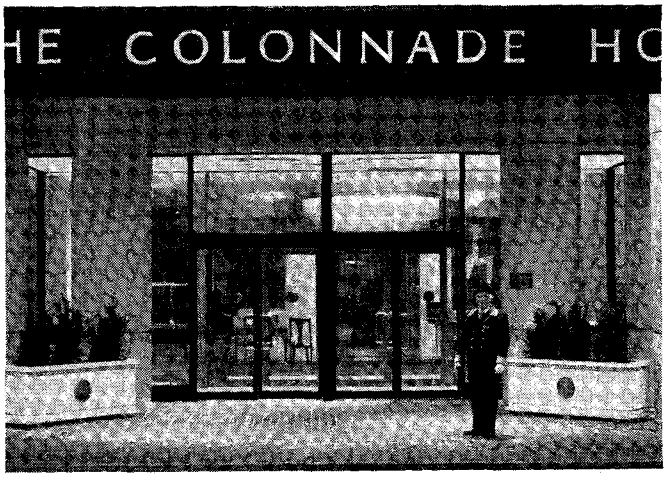

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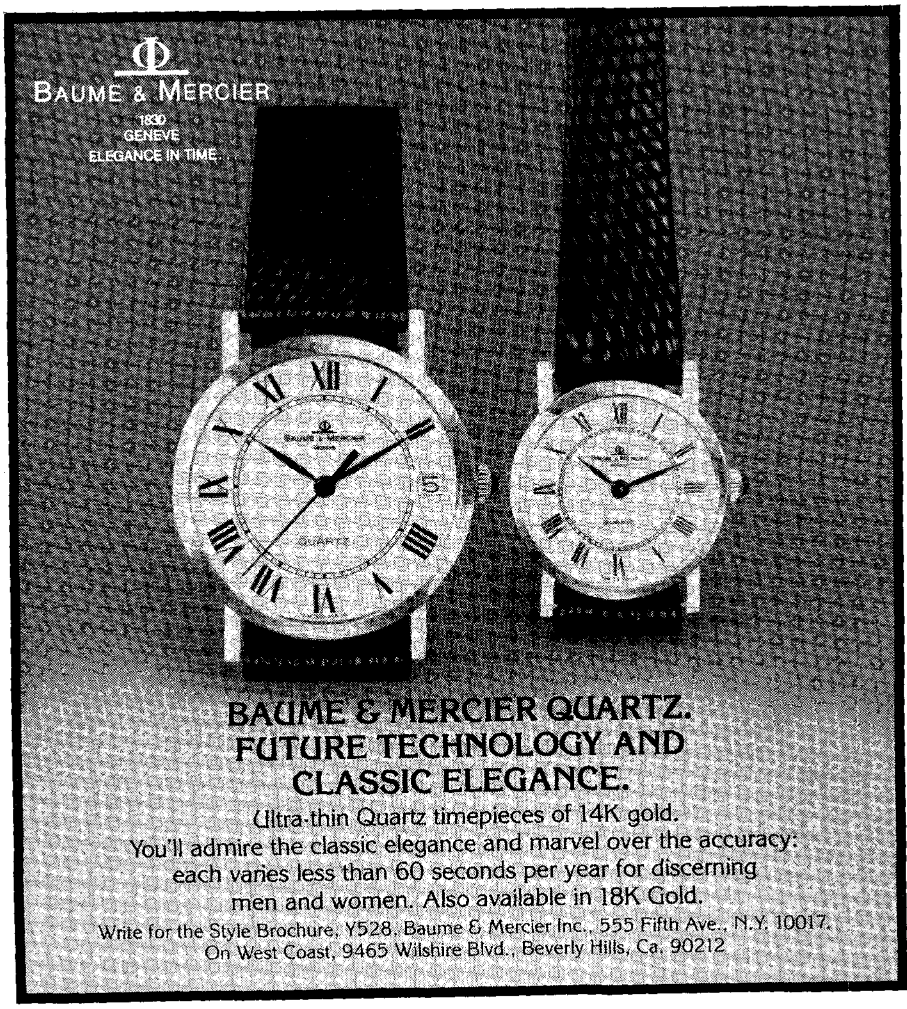

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paratus—perhaps a little better—and, as at Los Alamos, thousands of people were engaged in the experimentation. The same was true of the Chinese, the Russians, the French, and the British."

I told Bethe that it sounded to me as if the minimum number of people that could possibly make a bomb, given the material, was something like an M.I.T. gone mad.

"Not quite," he said. "Although it would have to be a major effort, directed by first-class people from six or more different departments. One department would not be enough, and if the number of scientists were small and there were no technicians it would take them a long time, during which they would have to keep it secret. It might not be necessary to do everything as carefully as it was done at Los Alamos, but there would be a large number of complicated things to do, all of which must be done right. It requires breadth of knowledge to understand just what these are and how to do them, and great care in doing them. Failing to do these things could result in a dud or in an accident fatal to some of the people concerned. For these reasons, I think it totally unlikely that a terrorist group could make a bomb. It is not impossible, but they would have to recruit a substantial number of people who are at once fanatical and very competent. There are so many easier and quicker forms of terrorism. But when it comes to nations, I believe that a bomb is now within the capacity of half the nations in the world, including Pakistan, Iran, Argentina, Brazil, and, probably, Venezuela, Chile, and Egypt. There are still many smaller and less developed countries for which it would be almost impossible unless they imported a large number of foreign scientists."

I once heard Oppenheimer discuss Los Alamos, and he remarked that in the beginning he was worried that the general development of the bomb would be so simple that the group at Los Alamos would get finished way ahead of the groups that were manufacturing the U-235, at Oak Ridge, or the plutonium, at the Hanford reactor, in the state of Washington. When the first sample of plutonium reached Los Alamos, on February 2, 1945, however, the laboratory was just barely ready to use it. On July 16th, Fat Man, the first plutonium bomb, was exploded in the test at Alamogordo, and four weeks later the war was over.

With the explosion at Alamogordo, the physicists were confronted with the stark reality of atomic weaponry—not that they had been unaware, while they

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were building the bomb, of what they were doing, and of its consequences for the future. Indeed, Oppenheimer had spent part of his time throughout the Los Alamos period in consultation with Niels Bohr, who, because of his worldwide scientific reputation, was there under a pseudonym—Nicholas Baker—attempting to plan a postwar approach to nuclear weapons and nuclear power. But the energies of the working physicists were by and large consumed by the demands of the work on the bomb itself.

"I had been absorbed in the work, but as soon as the test was successful at Alamogordo I joined the discussions that were then being held by many people at the laboratory about what to do with the bomb and with atomic energy in general, and especially about whether it should be under civilian or military control in the United States," Bethe said. "At that time, the idea of international control was a common subject of discussion, and I think everybody at the laboratory was in favor of it. Oppenheimer, when he left the laboratory, gave a moving farewell lecture, in which he spoke of the problems of the future. I became much involved in the formation of the Federation of American Scientists, which grew out of the discussions of our group at Los Alamos and the groups that had worked on the bomb elsewhere. Eventually, the ideas that resulted from these discussions—especially those of Niels Bohr—were incorporated in the Acheson-Lilienthal Report, which was written largely by Oppenheimer, and was issued in March of 1946. That report stated the reasons for having international control of atomic energy. It was presented to the United Nations, but the Russians, who were already far advanced in their own atomic-bomb work, turned it down."

DURING the late forties, Bethe was deeply involved in the movement among atomic scientists both for the civilian control of atomic energy in this country and for some form of international control. He testified before the Senate committee that was framing the law to establish the Atomic Energy Commission. He gave talks favoring international control, and he joined with other scientists in contributing to a widely circulated pamphlet entitled "One World or None," which warned of the possibility of nuclear war. In an article in this pamphlet, which he wrote with Frederick Seitz, he and Seitz pointed out that the "secret" of the atomic bomb could not be

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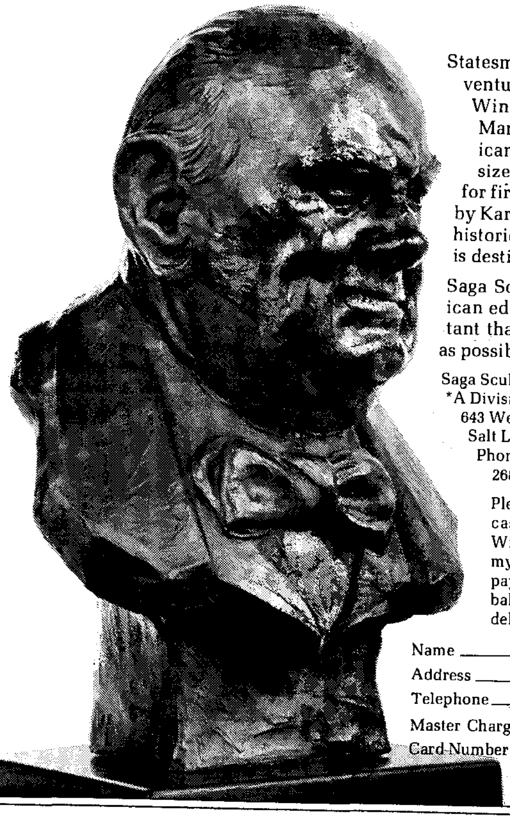

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kept, and that a determined nation could produce a bomb in five years. (Although the Soviet Union was not explicitly mentioned, this was the nation that they had in mind.) Their article contradicted testimony given by General Groves and Vannevar Bush, who had been director of the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development, that the secret could be kept for a long time. The Soviet Union exploded its first nuclear device in 1949—just about when Bethe and Seitz had said it would. Bethe and the other scientists who had been at Los Alamos worked intensely to try to educate the general public concerning the implications of nuclear weapons. One of the fears of the atomic scientists was that governments might consider the bomb just another weapon and, ignorant of its tremendous destructive effects, might start a war. "Since I expected Russia to have the atomic bomb within five years, I feared that we might have a nuclear holocaust that would destroy the civilizations of both countries," Bethe told me. "Fortunately, by now governments have learned to respect nuclear weapons and have scrupulously avoided their use. Our 1946 warning has become part of common knowledge."

Bethe remained at Los Alamos only until January of 1946. He was concerned over the fact that a generation of physicists had been lost, because their education had been disrupted by the war. "I wanted to get back to Cornell and do physics again," he said. "I thought that it was important to teach—that we needed new physicists and that my primary purpose in life was to be in a university." This notion brought him into disagreement with Teller once more. At that time, Teller was certain that the Russians were as great a danger as the Germans had been, and he wanted the Los Alamos laboratory to remain intact and work on the super. Teller particularly wanted Bethe to remain, and, indeed, to succeed Oppenheimer as the director of the laboratory, but Bethe refused. It was with a sense of relief that he returned to Cornell. Ithaca had, among other amenities, fresh water that actually came out of faucets. "In that last winter at Los Alamos, we had a terrible water shortage," Bethe told me. "The water supply had been built for the Los Alamos school, which had maybe fifty people, and there were several thousand of us. There just wasn't any water. We got water delivered in trucks that had previously been used to transport gasoline, so the water generally tasted of gasoline. It may not have

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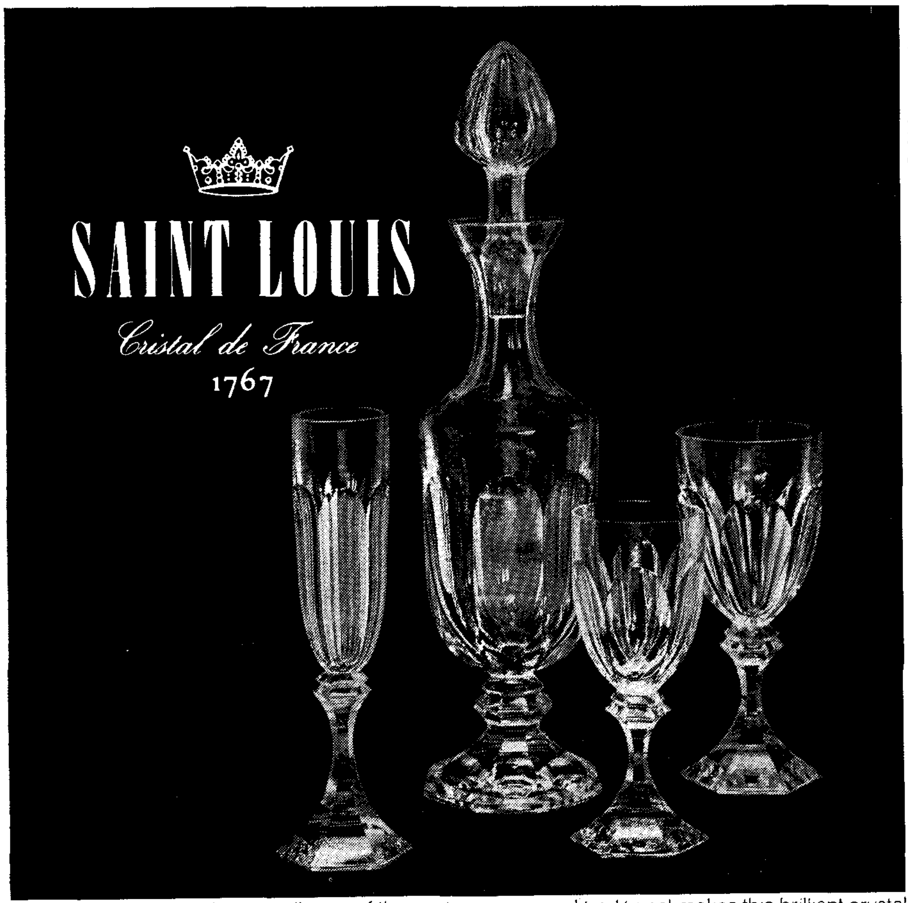
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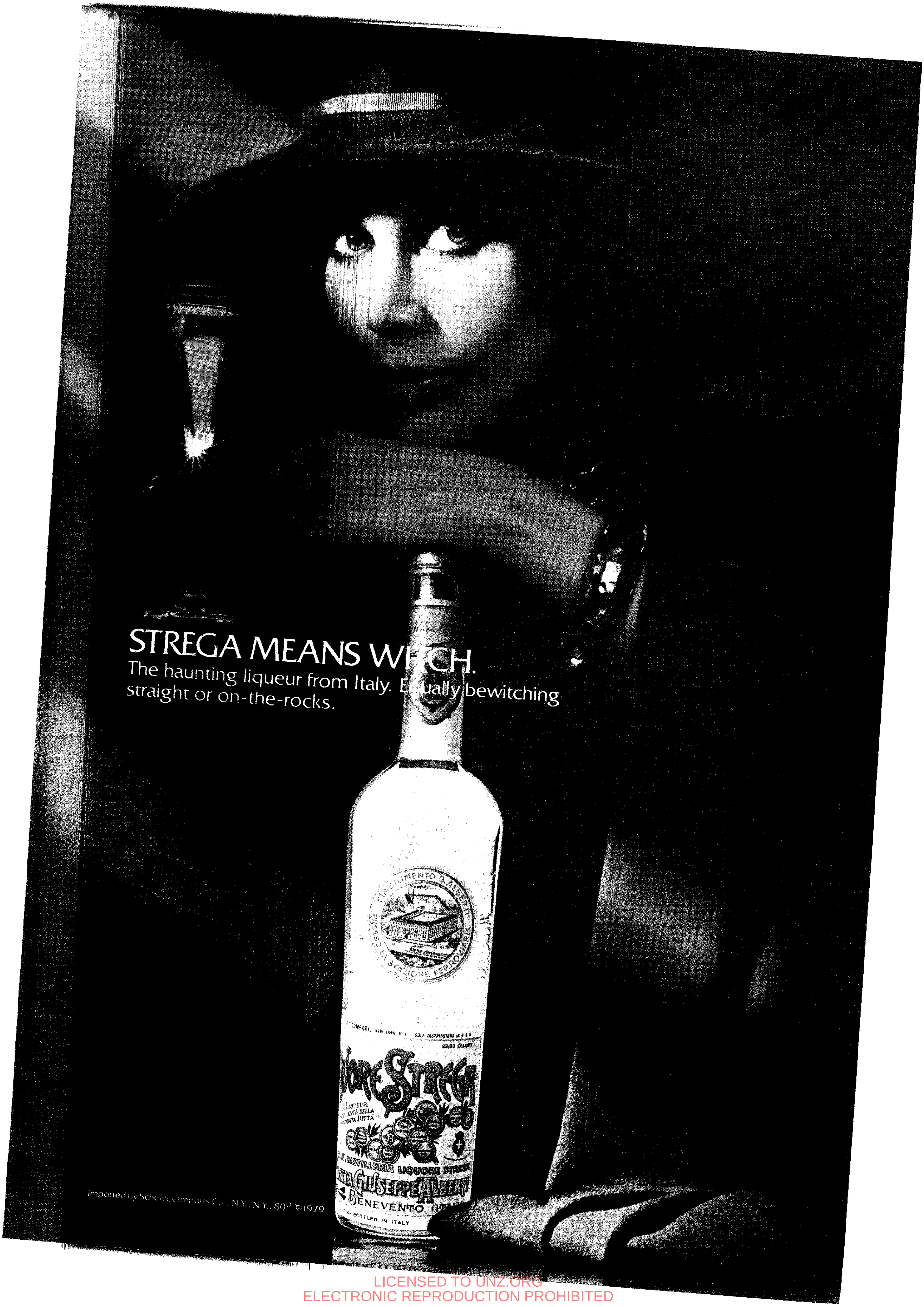
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Moulinex Products Inc., 400 Cooper Center West, Pennsauken, N.J. 08109 been bad for our health, but it certainly wasn't pleasant."

Over the next few years, Bethe served on various government committees, but his main concern was research and teaching. Some of the wartime developments—especially in radar—had opened up entirely new experimental techniques, involving the use of microwaves to study certain extremely subtle phenomena involving atoms. In 1947, for example, the experimental physicist W. E. Lamb and his student R. C. Retherford succeeded in measuring, in a series of experiments that they performed at Columbia University, a tiny shift—known now as the Lamb shift—in the energy levels of the electron in the hydrogen atom. Before the war, a few theoretical physicists had conjectured that such a shift might exist, caused by the interaction of the electron with its radiation field, and there were some experimental hints of its existence as well. The problem was that the shift came out as infinite when it was calculated with the theoretical methods that were then in use. But when Lamb measured it he found that it was finite and very small. In 1955, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for this work. The work inspired the development of entirely new theoretical methods to compute these effects—a field that is called quantum electrodynamics. In 1947, Bethe produced the first theoretical calculation of the Lamb shift, and immediately thereafter Schwinger, then at Harvard, and Feynman, at Cornell, each created a general theory of quantum electrodynamics. (Some of this work had been done independently in 1943 by Sin-itiro Tomonaga, at Tokyo University, but it became known here only in 1948.) For a time, it appeared that Schwinger and Feynman had produced different theories, but Freeman Dyson, who is now a professor of physics at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, showed in 1948 that in fact the two methods were equivalent, and he also greatly extended their range of applicability.

Dyson, who was born in England, had been a mathematics prodigy but had decided when he was twenty-two to switch to theoretical physics, which he studied at Cambridge. In 1947, Bethe received a letter of recommendation from the distinguished British mathematical physicist G. I. Taylor, at Cambridge, that read, "I have a student here who is not too bad and maybe you will like him. I am sending him to you since he is interested in changing from mathematics to theoretical physics." Fortunately, Bethe, who had

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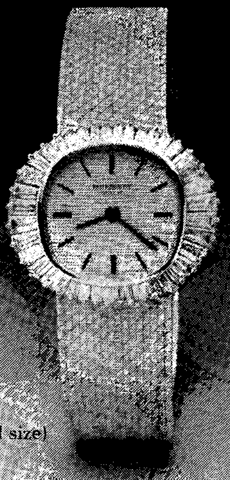

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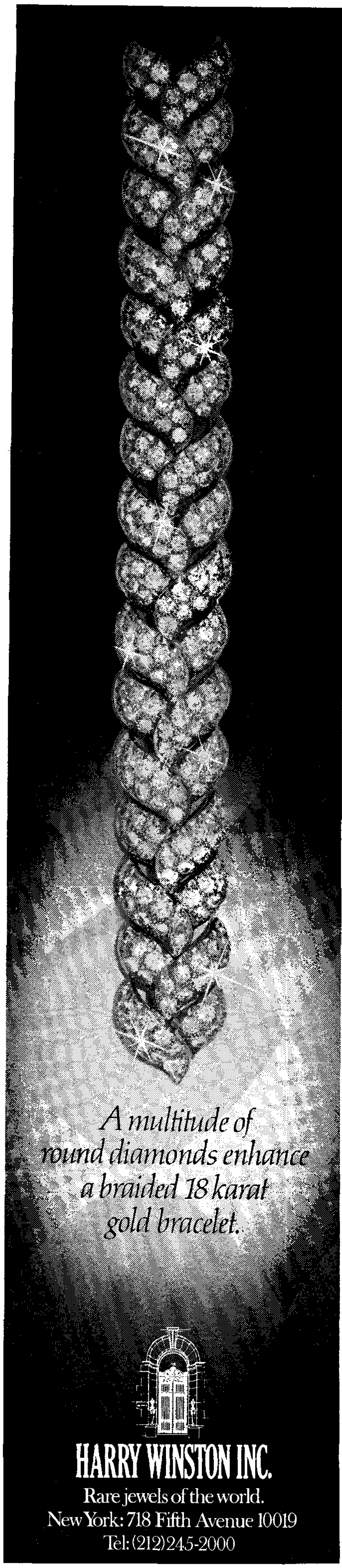

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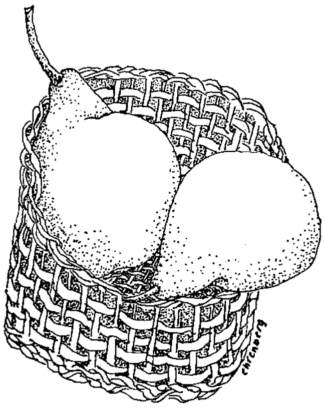
had experience with letters of recommendation from British scientists, realized that this was a strongly positive recommendation. The student was Dyson, whom Bethe regards as the most brilliant student he has ever had.

"IN 1949, not long after the Soviet Union exploded its first atomic device, Teller came to me and said, 'Now we have to do the super,' " Bethe told me. "I was very doubtful. I did not think that this constituted provocation. I thought that, after all, the Russians had got their first explosion at just about the time Seitz and I thought they would—four years after ours—and that we had had to expect it. I also thought that for a long time to come we would have a tremendous superiority in number of nuclear weapons, in sophistication of weapons, and in delivery capability. I thought that there was no need to develop the super, and that if neither we nor they had a super we would both be better off. However, I was willing to consider it. During the discussion with Teller, my wife came into the room and said to both of us very earnestly, 'You don't want to do this.' She felt that the atomic bomb was bad enough, and that increasing its power a thousand times was simply irresponsible. I was still undecided about what to do.

"In October of 1949, there was a meeting in Princeton of the so-called Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, of which Einstein was the official chairman but which was actually directed by Szilard. I took the opportunity offered by this meeting to go to Princeton and talk to people. I remember that I walked into the meeting room and Leo Szilard greeted me by saying, 'Ah, here comes Hans Bethe from Los Alamos.' I protested that I was not at Los Alamos and didn't know if I wanted to go back there. At about this time, Teller and I went to see Oppenheimer at the Institute for Advanced Study. We didn't know where he stood on the super, and it did not become clear to me at that meeting. But he did show us a letter from James Conant"—then president of Harvard. "Conant said that the H-bomb project would go ahead only over his dead body. Oppenheimer just read us the letter—he didn't argue against a crash program himself. In my decision not to return to Los Alamos, I was persuaded not by Oppenheimer but by my wife and by Weisskopf and Placzek." V. F. Weisskopf and Georg Placzek, recent refugee physicists from Europe, had both played important roles in the Theoretical Division at Los Alamos, and both opposed the crash program to build the super. "Weisskopf vividly described to me a war with hydrogen bombs—what it would mean to destroy a whole city like New York with one bomb, and how hydrogen bombs would change the military balance by making the attack still more powerful and the defense still less powerful. This is what persuaded me, not the meeting with Oppenheimer. I have explained this to Teller many times, but he and others still blamed Oppenheimer for my not returning to Los Alamos."

Bethe continued, "A few days later, I told Teller over the phone that I would not join the project. He was disappointed. I felt relieved. Thereafter, we waited anxiously for the decision of the General Advisory Committee." This committee, of which Oppenheimer was chairman, had the responsibility of advising the Atomic Energy Commission whether or not to proceed with a crash program to build the super. "We did not know at all how their decision would come out. I was a witness before the committee, and the members asked me what I thought about the technical feasibility of building the super. The chances didn't look good then, but they also did not look bad. The real problems with the design that was then considered, and is now called the classic super, came out only in the summer of 1950, when it was shown that it just wouldn't work. But in the fall of 1949 most of us and most of the members of the committee were convinced that it really wasn't necessary to try to build it. So we were really shocked when President Truman decided in favor of a crash program. About a dozen of us who were members of the American Physical Society spoke out against the H-bomb in response to Truman's decision. We held a press conference, at which we were given a very hard time. I also wrote an article against the super for *Scientific American*, which appeared in the spring of 1950 and was more favorably received. But in the meantime the project was under way at Los Alamos, very



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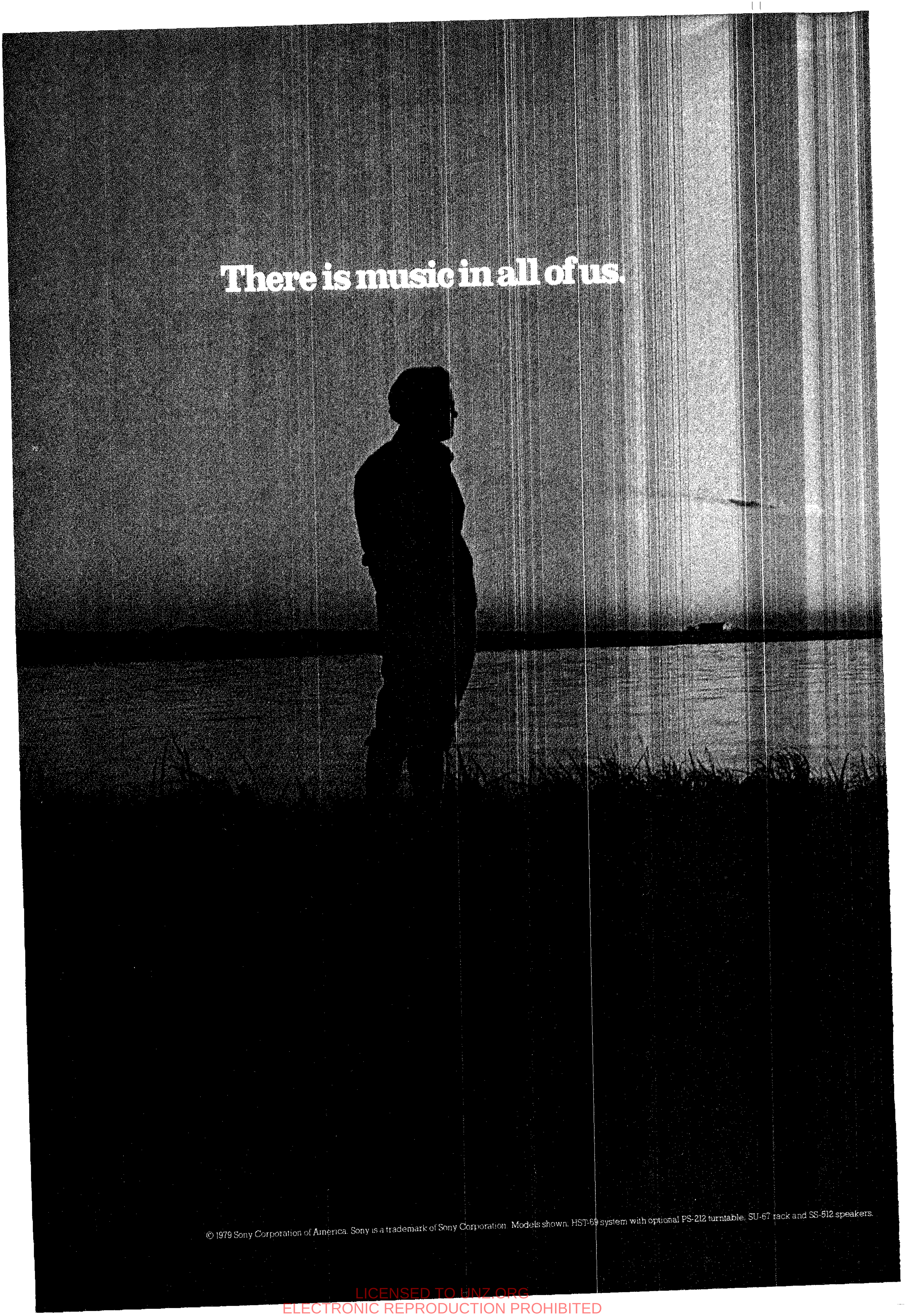
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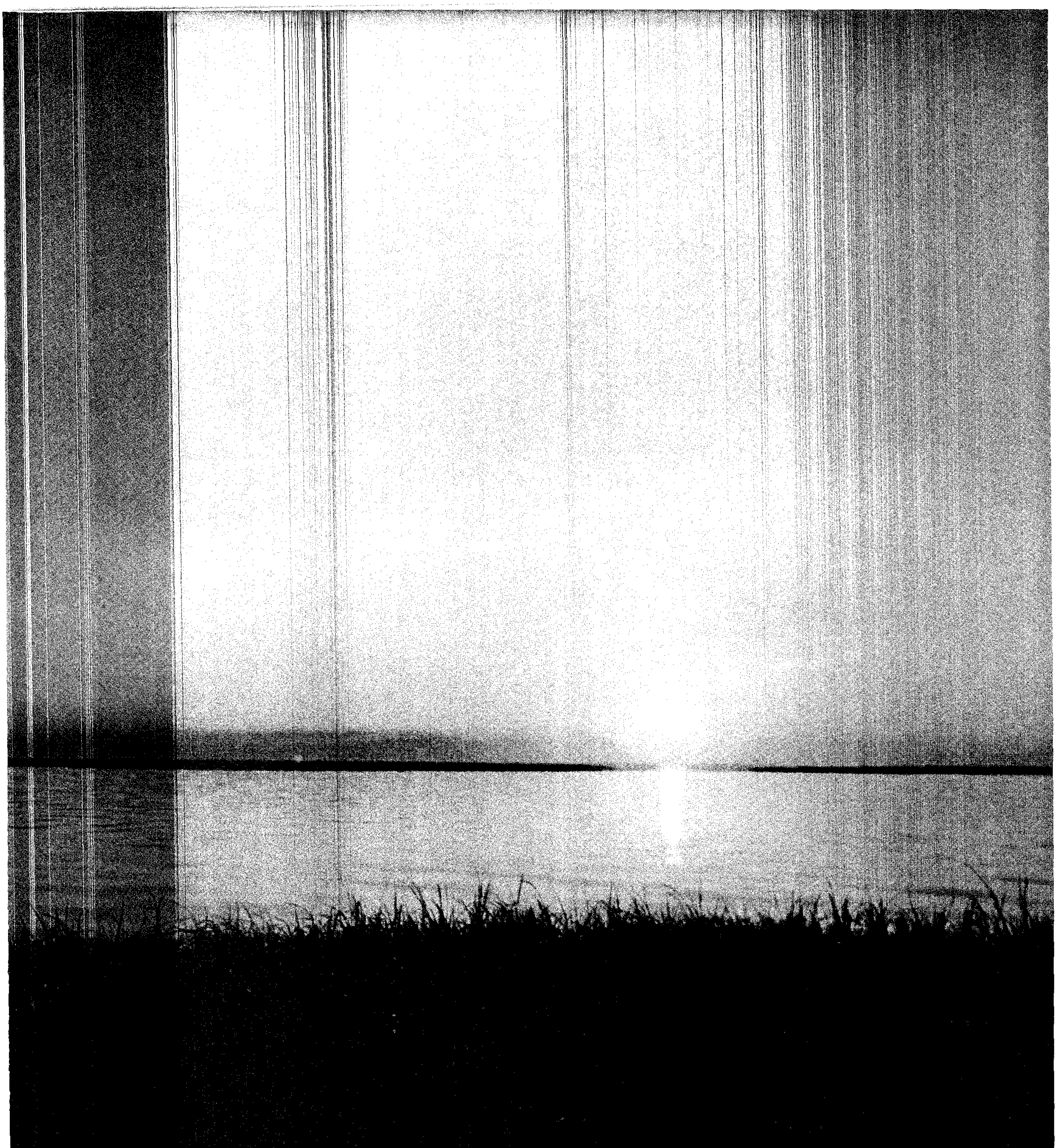

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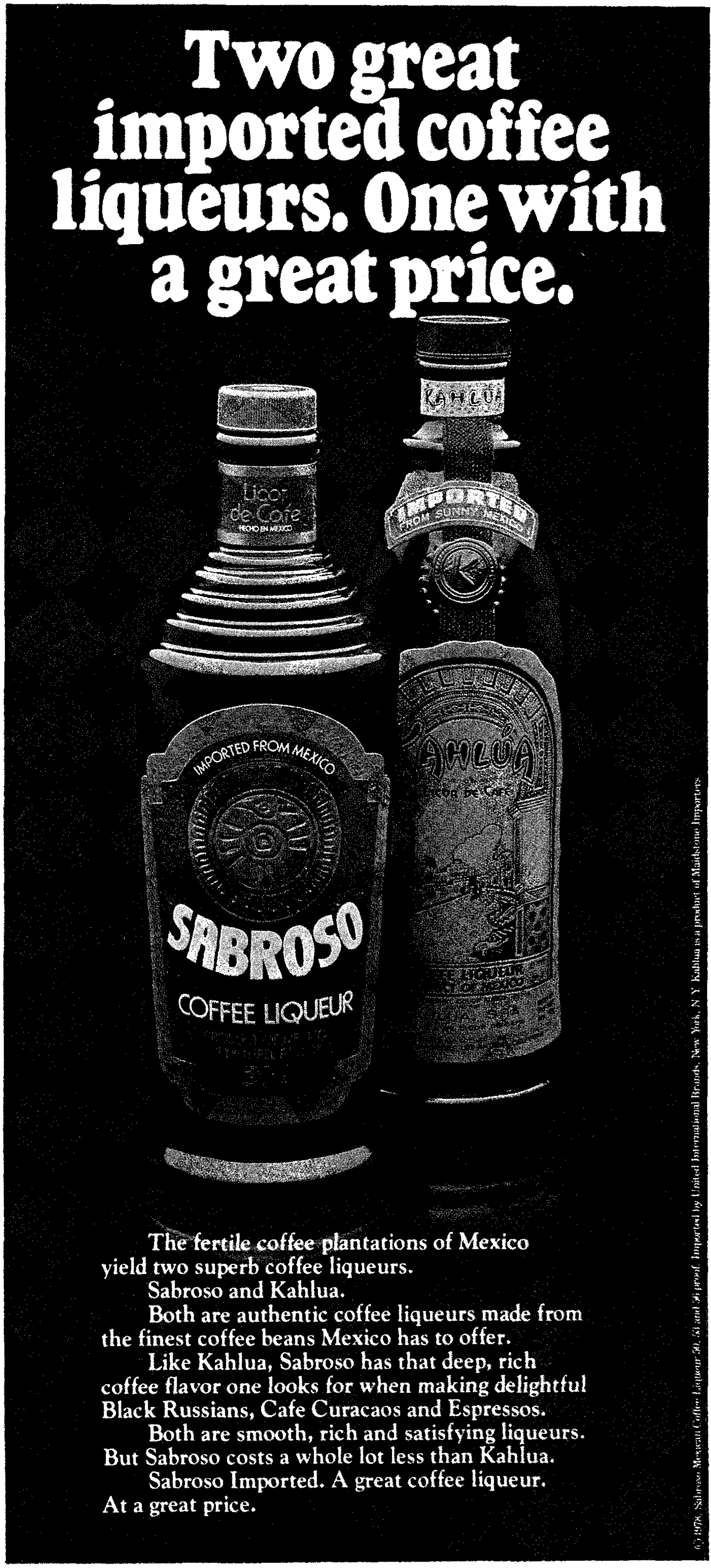

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much under the guidance of Edward Teller, who had moved from Chicago back to Los Alamos for the purpose."

Bethe spent June of 1950 at Los Alamos—"with the express understanding that I would not do anything for the H-bomb," he told me. "During this visit, I heard of the calculations that showed that the classic super—Teller's device—would very likely not work. There was a growing feeling that the lab was engaged in a wild-goose chase. Soon, the Korean War broke out, and this pushed me once again into more active participation. But my chief desire was to clinch the argument that the H-bomb would not work. Teller was at that time designing an experiment that had to do with the ignition of the bomb, and the following winter I looked at a few features of it to see if they had been correctly designed. But by January of 1951 there were additional theoretical arguments showing that the classic super would not work."

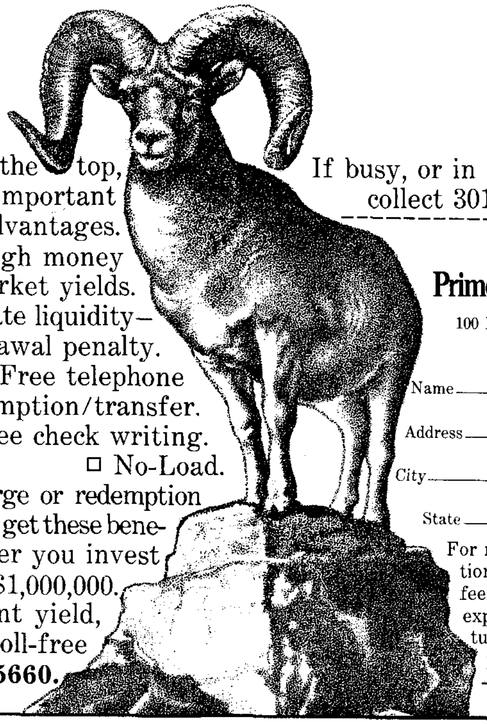
Bethe paused, and then continued, "Teller was completely despondent during that period. He was walking around in deep thought and was terribly moody and got into fights with everybody. He had a really hard time. But in February of 1951 he and Ulam"—Stanislaw Ulam, a brilliant Polish-born mathematician who had come to Los Alamos during the war and had remained there—"found a completely new way to make a hydrogen bomb. I used to say that Ulam was the father of the hydrogen bomb and Edward was the mother, because he carried the baby for quite a while. Anyway, with this new idea I was convinced that the thing could be done, and since it could be done we had to be afraid that the Russians could and would do it, too. Previously, when it was so uncertain, I'd thought we might as well not do it, on the assumption that they would not know how to do it, either. But now I became convinced that there was no way of stopping it, and so I was willing to participate. In 1952, partly at Teller's urging and partly at the urging of Norris Bradbury, who had succeeded Oppenheimer as director, I did go to Los Alamos for eight months, from February to September, and participated to a modest extent in the design of the H-bomb—not in much detail but enough to be useful. In retrospect, I am doubtful whether it really was necessary to develop the H-bomb, even after we recognized that it was technically feasible. On this subject, Herbert York, who from 1952 through 1958 was director of the Livermore Laboratory, near

Berkeley, and later became director of Defense Research and Engineering—the highest technical job in the Defense Department—and who has now been for many years professor of physics at the San Diego campus of the University of California, has written a very pertinent book, 'The Advisors.' In it, he shows, from a careful study of Russian publications, that the Russian hydrogen bomb was ready about three years after ours. It is at least possible that they might not have embarked on the project if we had not done so. But, you may ask, what if they had developed an H-bomb after all? Well, we would surely have known about this at the time they tested the device—an H-bomb test is unmistakable, because of the debris it puts into the air. There would then still have been time for us to follow their lead, and end up with an H-bomb perhaps three years after *them*. In the intervening three years, we would have had a vast superiority in ordinary atomic bombs, so there would really have been no danger to our security."

I asked Bethe if after the twenty-eight years since Ulam and Teller had had their idea there was still reason to keep it secret.

"Yes," Bethe said. "It is not an obvious idea. It took the French ten years to find it, and their scientists are not stupid. Somehow, the Chinese got it awfully fast. We don't understand how. But if it took the French ten years, then it will take a new country with fewer and less competent scientists much longer than that, so it seems to me that keeping the secret is very much worthwhile."

Surprisingly, when Teller's design for the hydrogen bomb had been accepted, he left Los Alamos and returned to Chicago. Feeling that the hydrogen bomb was being built by the wrong people, he agitated for the construction of another laboratory. "In 1952, Teller got his laboratory"—Livermore—"while the bomb was being built at Los Alamos," Bethe said. "In the fall of 1952, there was a brief attempt to delay or cancel the test of the hydrogen bomb. The idea was that the United States might announce that we had the bomb ready for testing but would refrain from testing it as long as the Russians did the same. In the absence of testing, neither side would have put hydrogen weapons into its arsenal; their design is much too complicated to be relied on without a test. The security of all countries would be greatly enhanced if no country had H-bombs. But in fact the test was made



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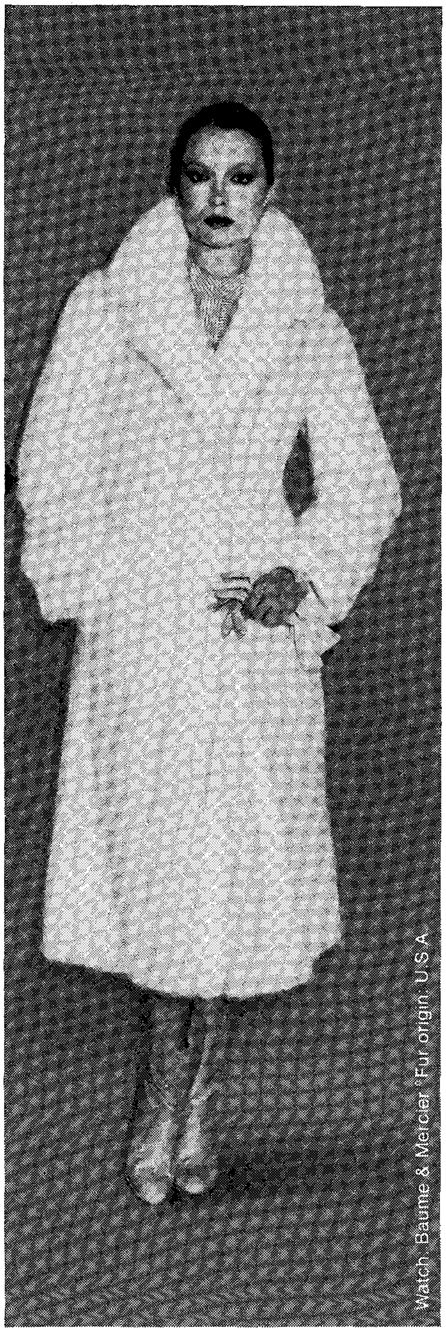
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in 1952, the Russians tested their H-bomb three years later, and now five countries have tested hydrogen weapons"—the three others being Britain, France, and China.

ON December 3, 1953, President Eisenhower, acting through Lewis Strauss, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, ordered a "blank wall" to be placed between Oppenheimer and any classified material, because of allegations that he was a security risk. The absurdity of this was captured in a Herblock cartoon that showed Oppenheimer on one side of a wall and Strauss on the other side with Eisenhower, and had an Uncle Sam figure examining this strange scene and asking, "Who's being walled off from what?" On December 23rd, Oppenheimer was presented with a formal letter of charges, some of which had to do with his attitude toward the construction of the hydrogen bomb. Bethe heard about these proceedings for the first time when the A.E.C. bill of particulars was made public, along with Oppenheimer's reply.

"The particulars came as a total surprise to me," he said. "I had suspected that he might get into trouble over his attitude toward the hydrogen bomb, but that he was termed a security risk went far beyond anything that could have been expected. Actually, the charge of disloyalty because of his initial opposition to the development of the hydrogen bomb was ultimately dismissed by the hearing board, which was chaired by Gordon Gray, then president of the University of North Carolina. But I had known nothing about the other allegations, which concerned his early associations with Communists. The main point in the A.E.C.'s bill of particulars was that in 1943 Oppenheimer lied to Army Intelligence officers in order to shield a friend, Haakon Chevalier, and that therefore Oppenheimer could not be trusted. On this point, the Gray Board sustained the allegations, and so did the A.E.C., in rejecting Oppenheimer's appeal against the Gray Board's decision, thus revoking Oppenheimer's clearance—or, rather, refusing to reinstate it. All the allegations had been well known to the A.E.C. for many years prior to the hearings and had been reviewed a number of times. Oppenheimer's clearance had always been sustained. But because of Senator Joseph McCarthy's activities 1953 was a very difficult time. Some of my colleagues were presented in a bad light because of things they had done in the thirties. Having seen what had happened in Germany, I was not at all sure how far McCarthyism would go. It might well have led to the persecution of liberals in general, with no Communist association needed."

Soon after the charges were published, there was a physics conference in Rochester, which Oppenheimer and Bethe both attended. "At this conference, Oppie told me that he had decided to go through with the security hearings—that he couldn't just quietly resign after all that had happened," Bethe told me. " 'But,' he said, 'no matter what happens during the hearings, the Atomic Energy Commission cannot do anything but find me guilty.' He was absolutely right. In the existing political atmosphere, there could be no other outcome."

On April 12, 1954, the hearings conducted by the Gray Board on behalf of the Atomic Energy Commission began, and on April 28th Teller was a witness against Oppenheimer. Shortly before Teller was to testify, Bethe and his wife went to see him. "I tried to persuade him to testify in favor of Oppie—or, at least, not against him," Bethe recalled. "Most of Teller's arguments against Oppie involved questions of judgment on which the two of them had differed, and were, in my view, no basis for conducting a security hearing. But Teller was immovable."

Most of the scientific community was outraged not only at the fact that Teller testified but also at the form his testimony took. Whatever his intentions may have been, his testimony appeared to many people to have a calculated ambiguity, whose effect was devastating. He was questioned by Roger Robb, the attorney for the Gray Board.

Robb asked, "To simplify the issues here, let me ask you this question: Is it your intention, in anything that you are about to testify to, to suggest that Dr. Oppenheimer is disloyal to the United States?"

"I do not want to suggest anything of the kind," Teller said. "I know Oppenheimer as an intellectually most alert and a very complicated person, and I think it would be presumptuous and wrong on my part if I would try in any way to analyze his motives. But

I have always assumed, and I now assume, that he is loyal to the United States. I believe this, and I shall believe it until I see very conclusive proof to the opposite."

Robb then said, "Now a question which is the corollary of that. Do you or do you not believe that Dr. Oppenheimer is a security risk?"

"In a great number of instances I have seen Dr. Oppenheimer act—I understood that Dr. Oppenheimer acted—in a way which for me was exceedingly hard to understand," Teller replied. "I thoroughly disagreed with him in numerous issues, and his actions frankly appeared to me confused and complicated. To this extent, I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of this country in hands which I understand better and therefore trust more. In this very limited sense, I would like to express a feeling that I would feel personally more secure if public matters would rest in other hands."

Later, Chairman Gray asked, "Do you feel that it would endanger the common defense and security to grant clearance to Dr. Oppenheimer?"

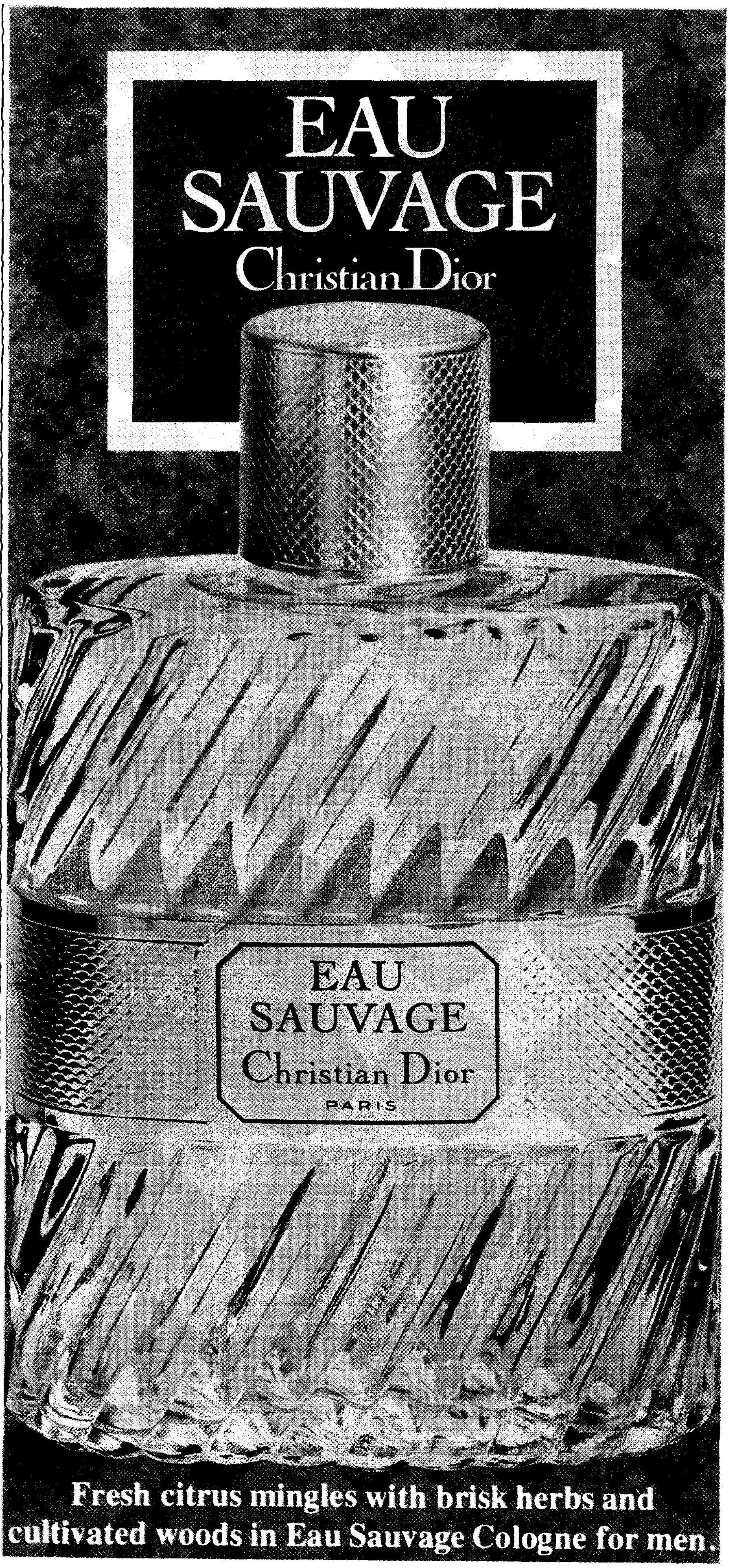
Teller answered, "I believe . . . that Dr. Oppenheimer's character is such that he would not knowingly and willingly do anything that is designed to endanger the safety of this country. To the extent, therefore, that your question is directed toward intent, I would say I do not see any reason to deny clearance." He added, "If it is a question of wisdom and judgment as demonstrated by actions since 1945, then I would say one would be wiser not to grant clearance."

After this exchange, a remarkable scene took place in the hearing room. Teller went over to Oppenheimer, shook his hand, and said, "I'm sorry."

Oppenheimer replied, "After what you've just said, I don't understand what you mean."

In the end, Oppenheimer lost his clearance, and Teller lost most of his former friends and associates in the physics community.

"I did not see Teller for a long time after this, and our relationship was strained from then on," Bethe told me. "We still encountered each other from time to time, and we were not unfriendly outwardly, but we never discussed this event. There was no question where I stood, however. Only in the last five years have things changed again. The issues of the fifties and sixties, which had separated us, have lost their urgency, and other issues have taken their place. In this changed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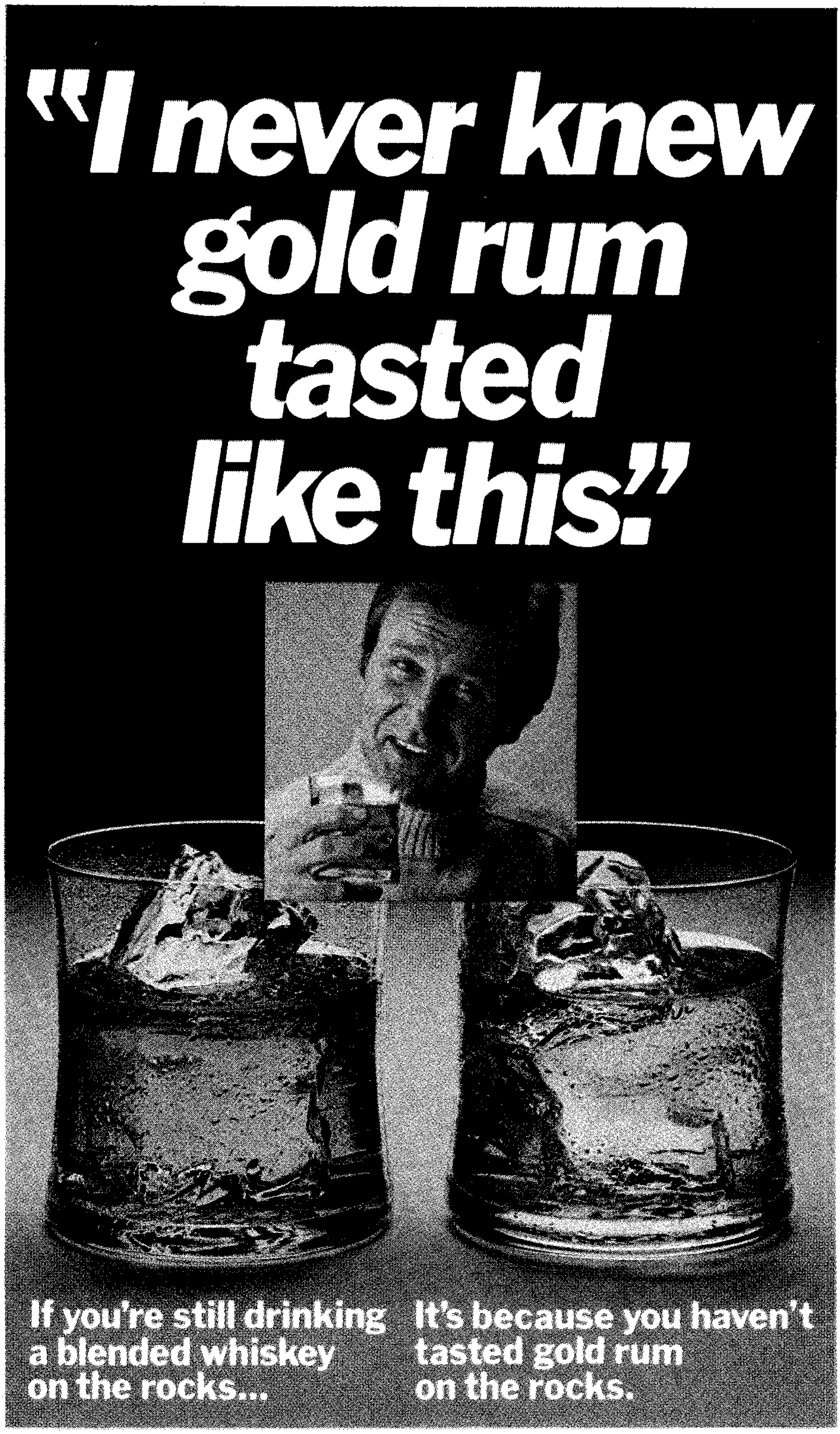
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atmosphere, Teller and I are friends again, although not with the intimacy of the old days."

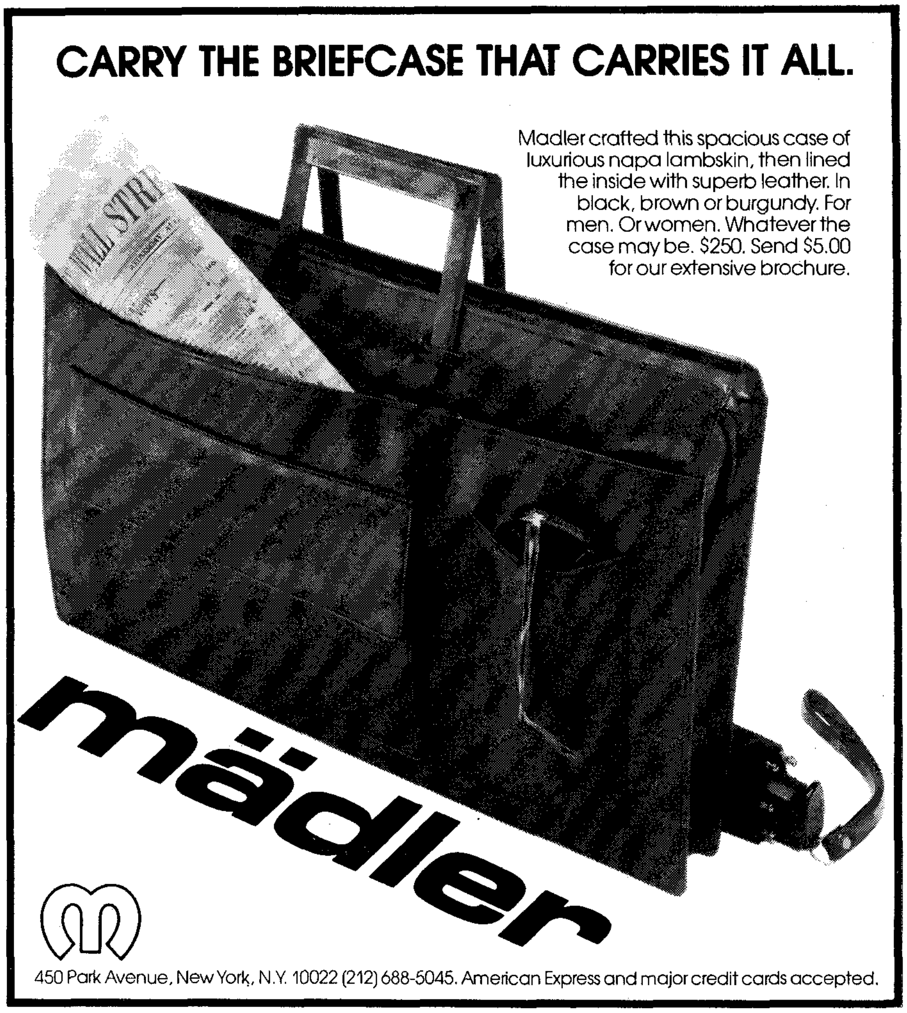
Oppenheimer died in 1967, and at his funeral Bethe delivered a memorial address in which he said, "It took until April, 1962, before the government made amends. Then President Kennedy invited him to a White House dinner for Nobel Prize winners. And in 1963, just after taking office, President Johnson presented to Oppenheimer the highest honor given by the A.E.C., the fifty-thousand-dollar Enrico Fermi Award. In his acceptance remarks, Oppenheimer said, 'I think it is just possible, Mr. President, that it has taken some charity and some courage for you to make this award today.' Oppenheimer took the outcome of the security hearing very quietly, but he was a changed person; much of his previous spirit and liveliness had left him. Excluded from government work, he apparently did not have the strength to return to active work in physics."

BEFORE the Second World War, Bethe's only interest had been in doing research in pure science. His war work had taught him that applying the results of research could be as challenging as investigating the fundamental laws of physics. Therefore, when he was asked to serve as a consultant to industries, he was willing to spend a great deal of effort on problems of application. At first, these were mostly related to the peaceful use of atomic energy. He served as a consultant to three industrial laboratories and one laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission on the design of two different types of nuclear reactor to be used for the production of power. Though he did not get involved with the engineering details, he became familiar with many of the engineering problems in reactor design. His main concern was predicting the behavior of power reactors in operation under various conditions. He was especially concerned about reactor safety, and in 1949 he wrote the first paper on the safety of the so-called fast-breeder reactor—the fuel-breeding reactor that is now coming into use abroad. This is a subject he has continued to work on over the years.

In the nineteen-fifties, Bethe began branching out into other fields of applied science. "I find it most helpful to work on a variety of problems," he told me. "The methods that I learned in reactor work have helped me in working on lasers, and the knowledge I gained from working on rockets has been useful in some of the work I have been doing recently in astrophysics. One of the strengths I have is that in my work as a consultant I can make use of a large number of different mathematical and physical techniques and can teach them to the people who work with me."

Bethe's most enduring work in applied physics began in 1955 and was stimulated by Teller's student Arthur Kantrowitz. Kantrowitz was then a professor of aeronautical engineering at Cornell, and in the course of a conversation he happened to have with Victor Emanuel, who was both a trustee of Cornell and the chairman of the board of the Avco Manufacturing Corporation, Emanuel pointed out that no one knew how to design a rocket that could reënter the atmosphere without burning up. Kantrowitz said that if Emanuel would furnish him with a small laboratory he could solve the problem. According to Bethe, one of Kantrowitz's mottoes is that in scientific and engineering problems one should pick only those problems over which one has an "unfair advantage." In this case, Kantrowitz's unfair advantage was that he knew how to duplicate in an inexpensive laboratory the conditions that a rocket encounters when it reënters the atmosphere. Up to that time, the generally accepted notion had been that the only way to test a rocket's behavior at reëntry was to fire one above the atmosphere and see what happened—a very expensive procedure. Kantrowitz knew how to use shock waves to drive the air in a shock tube past a model nose cone at velocities comparable to the ones that would be encountered in reëntry. A shock tube costs a few thousand dollars, while testing a missile can cost a few hundred million. Thus, the Avco Everett Laboratory was set up for Kantrowitz and a dozen students and former students, and Bethe was brought in as a consultant.

Until Kantrowitz attacked the problem, scientists had believed that to reënter the atmosphere successfully a nose cone would have to be polished to an incredible degree of accuracy. As Bethe recalls it, the accuracies that were being discussed were one part in ten million on a vehicle a few feet in diameter. "It was a crazy scheme, and it would not have worked anyway," he said. The first idea that the Kantrowitz group exploited was to use a fairly blunt metal nose cone, which would be cooled by having a liquid flowing behind the metal when the nose cone moved through the atmosphere at high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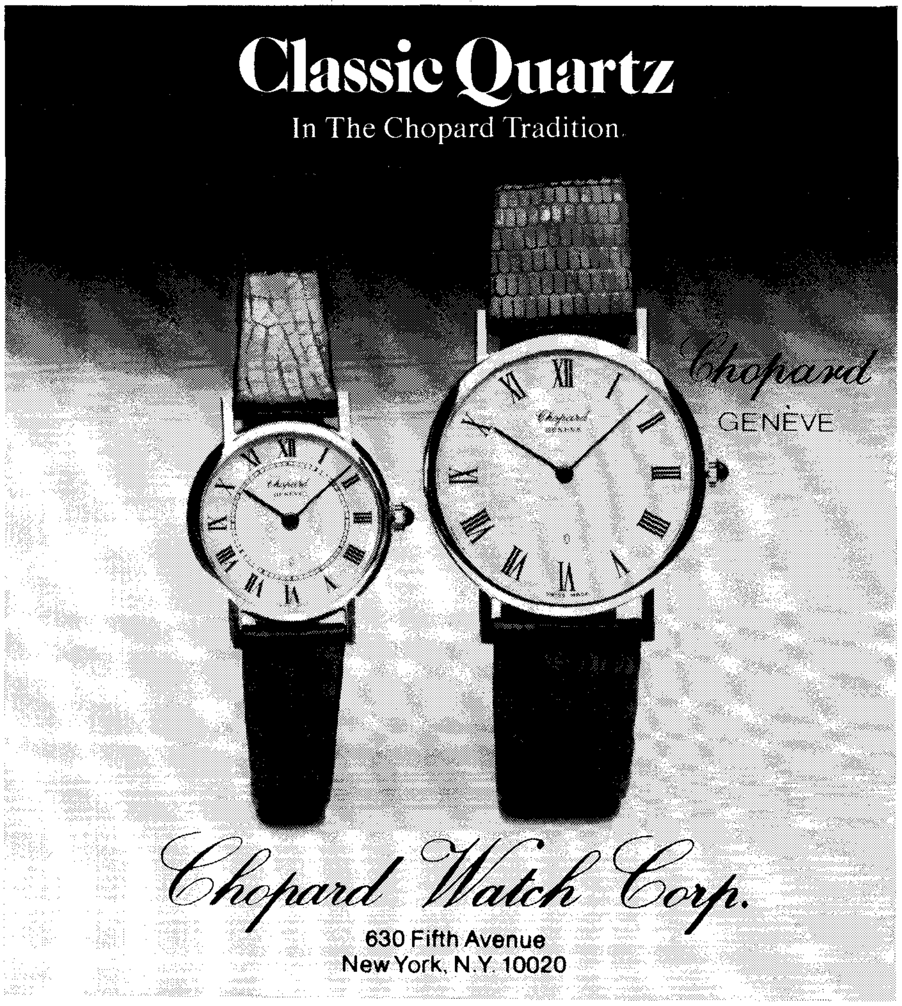
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speeds. The air just in front of a cone reëntering the atmosphere is heated to such high temperatures that it begins to glow, and some of this radiated light falls back on the cone and heats it up further. "From my Los Alamos days, I knew something about how air radiates," Bethe explained. "We had studied that problem in connection with how a fireball develops around an exploding atomic bomb."

The blunt-nose-cone design had the disadvantage of working only if the nose cone reëntered at a relatively low speed. "At this point, Wernher von Braun came to the rescue," Bethe said. "He had designed the reëntry vehicles for space flight and for the first medium-range missiles. His idea was to use an ablating cover—an outer skin that would gradually melt or evaporate as heat was transferred to it. But, being a pure engineer, he had never gone into the theory of why ablation works and what it depends on. That is what we got into at Avco Everett. Most ablating surfaces are glassy substances. Glass will melt at a certain temperature, and as it gradually becomes a liquid it loses its viscosity. I developed a theory of how glass would flow when it was heated up to two or three thousand degrees Celsius. It turned out that the surface layer of the glass would flow very little, so it could take up the heat of reëntry without flowing away, and thereby protect the nose cone. The exact substance that is put on nose cones is a terrible mess, and the formula is, as far as I know, still classified. It's some very complicated mixture of an organic substance with a glassy substance. When it came to the actual choice of materials, I just listened to what the engineers wanted to put in and deferred to their judgment, merely telling them what material properties to look for."

In 1956, Bethe was appointed to the President's Science Advisory Committee, or P.S.A.C., which had been established in 1951 and later became an advisory body for the President's special science adviser. The first special assistant for science and technology—James Killian, the president of M.I.T.—was appointed by Eisenhower in 1957, and in 1959 Killian was succeeded by George Kistiakowsky, the Harvard chemist who had played a crucial role in designing the explosives system that ignited the first atomic bombs. In 1973, President Nixon dismantled the P.S.A.C., but today there is again a science adviser to the President—the geologist Frank Press. Because of his work on rockets, Bethe became a member of a P.S.A.C. subcommittee that was to study the possibility of developing an anti-ballistic missile. Here he found himself in the position of a chess player who is asked to play against himself, since he was also engaged in designing decoy techniques to make missiles more difficult to shoot down. In particular, he participated in the development of some of the "chaff packages" that are released in enormous quantities by reentering rockets to prevent an incoming missile from being detected by radar. This work convinced him and the other members of the subcommittee that the development of a realistic anti-ballistic-missile system was essentially hopeless. It was, they found, so much easier and so much more economical to improve the offensive capabilities of missiles than to defend against them by trying to shoot them down that the deployment of an ABM system was a misleading waste of money. "Each year, our subcommittee recommended that the Pentagon not deploy an ABM, and when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara came into office, in 1961, he seemed to agree with us," Bethe recalled. "Things went along like this until 1967, when President Johnson and Secretary McNamara suddenly decided to deploy the ABM. McNamara's memorandum struck us as very strange—as if he had been reluctant to write it. For the first eighty per cent of it, he repeated all the arguments that he had been given against deploying the system, and then he suddenly turned around and said that now we would deploy an ABM system. He admitted that such a system would never work against the Russians, but said that it might work against the Chinese—who at that time did not have any intercontinental ballistic missiles."

Soon after this decision was made, McNamara resigned. As the public debate over the proposed ABM system continued, Bethe and his colleague Richard Garwin, of the I.B.M. Watson Research Center and Columbia University, wrote an influential article for *Scientific American* in which they argued that such a system would not work at all as a means of defending a large area but that it *might* work in defending a certain point, such as a missile site. They thought, however, that even this point defense did not make much sense. Any ABM system, they reasoned, can be defeated if the attacker increases the number of his offensive missiles sufficiently—and this can be done at a cost less than that of the ABM system itself. Furthermore,

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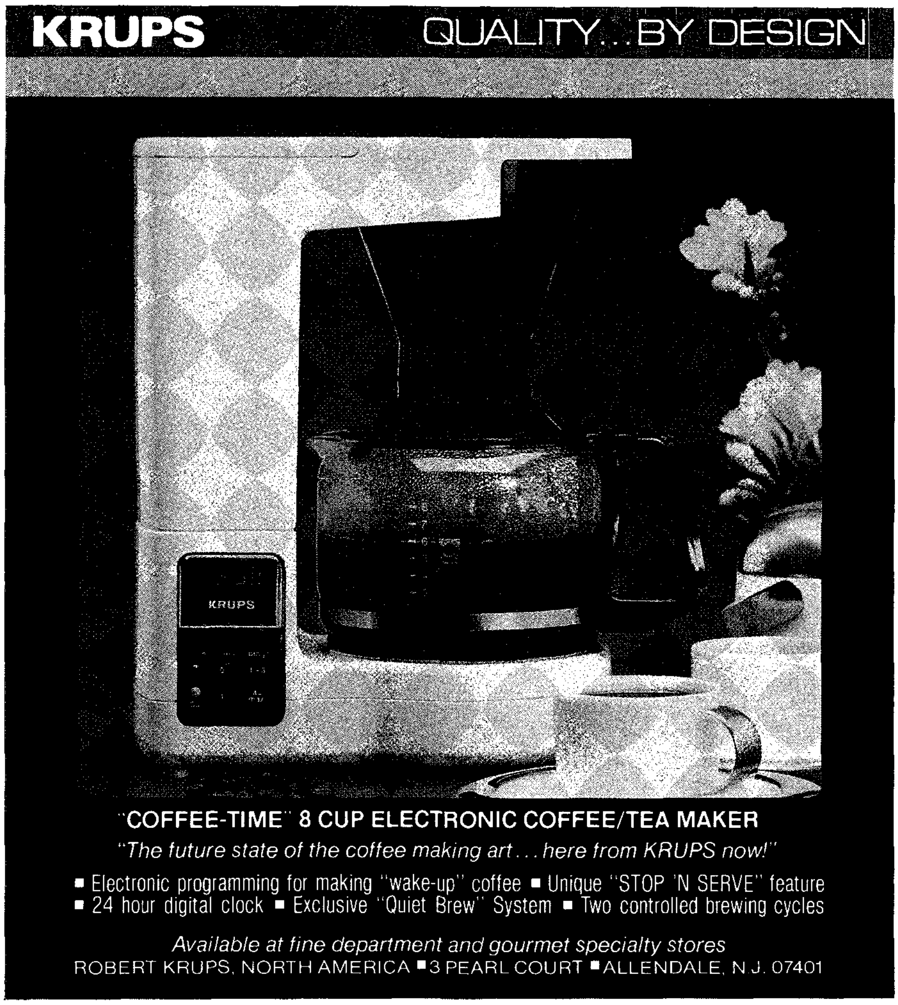
the attacker, to be "on the safe side," would very likely add more missiles to his force than would actually be necessary simply to overwhelm the ABM. So in the end the country that has deployed an ABM system is even less secure than it was before.

The Nixon Administration took over a modification of President Johnson's ABM program under which only Minuteman-missile sites were to be defended. The program was passed by the Senate in 1969. The Russians, who had started to deploy such a system around Moscow, had also become convinced that it didn't make much sense. In the first SALT talks, both sides agreed to limit the deployment of ABMs to such a low level that they did not defend against anything. Today, the Russians have stopped the deployment, and the United States has dismantled its system altogether. The amount of money that was wasted on this exercise is staggering.

Meanwhile, Bethe had been taking part in what has turned out to be a partly successful attempt to ban tests of atomic weapons, and this activity once again brought him into direct conflict with Teller. "In the long run, we were somewhat instrumental in having the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency created, under Kennedy," Bethe said. "But we began, in 1957, by asking ourselves, 'What can we do about arms control?' I suggested that one thing we could do would be to have a ban on nuclear-weapons tests, and we discussed what such a ban would accomplish and what it would not accomplish. Up to that time, essentially all the tests had been aboveground. I had been the chairman of another committee, which analyzed the results of the United States' monitoring of Russian tests. Therefore, I knew something about the detection of atomic tests. James Killian, the science adviser, went to see Eisenhower to ask him if he would be interested in having us investigate the question of a possible nuclear-test ban and what its effects might be. He was interested; and I was made chairman of that committee. We had members from the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, the weapons laboratories, and the State Department. The people from the State Department favored a test ban, for political reasons. The Defense Department was against it; the Atomic Energy Commission was sort of neutral; Teller's laboratory at Livermore was strongly against it; Los Alamos was for it; and then I



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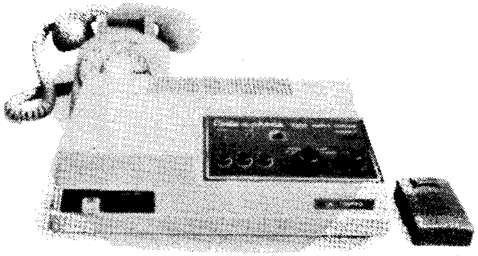

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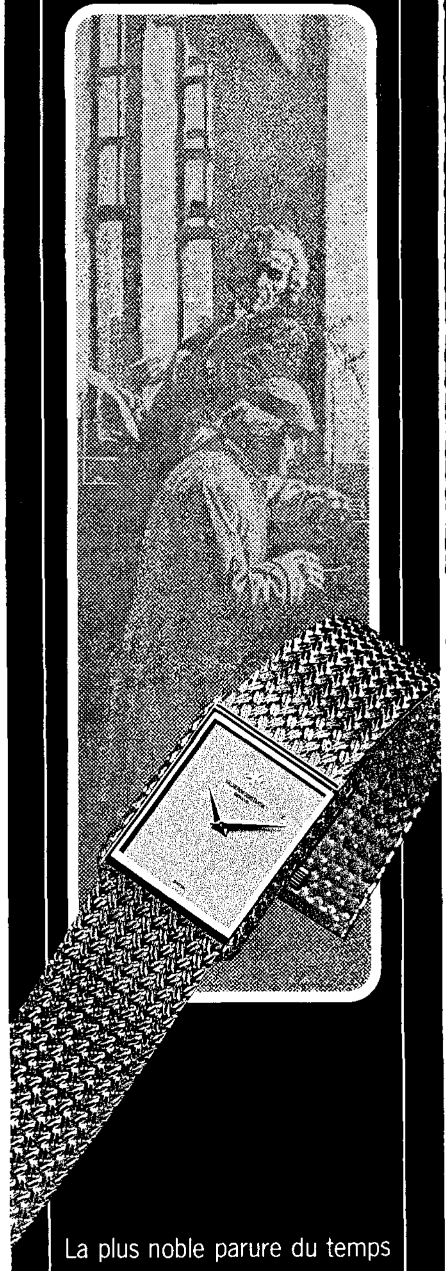

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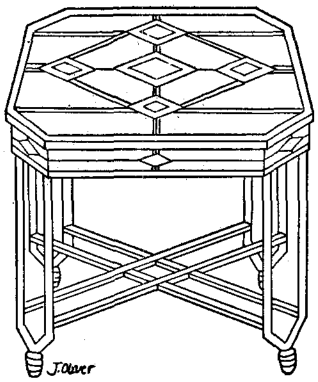
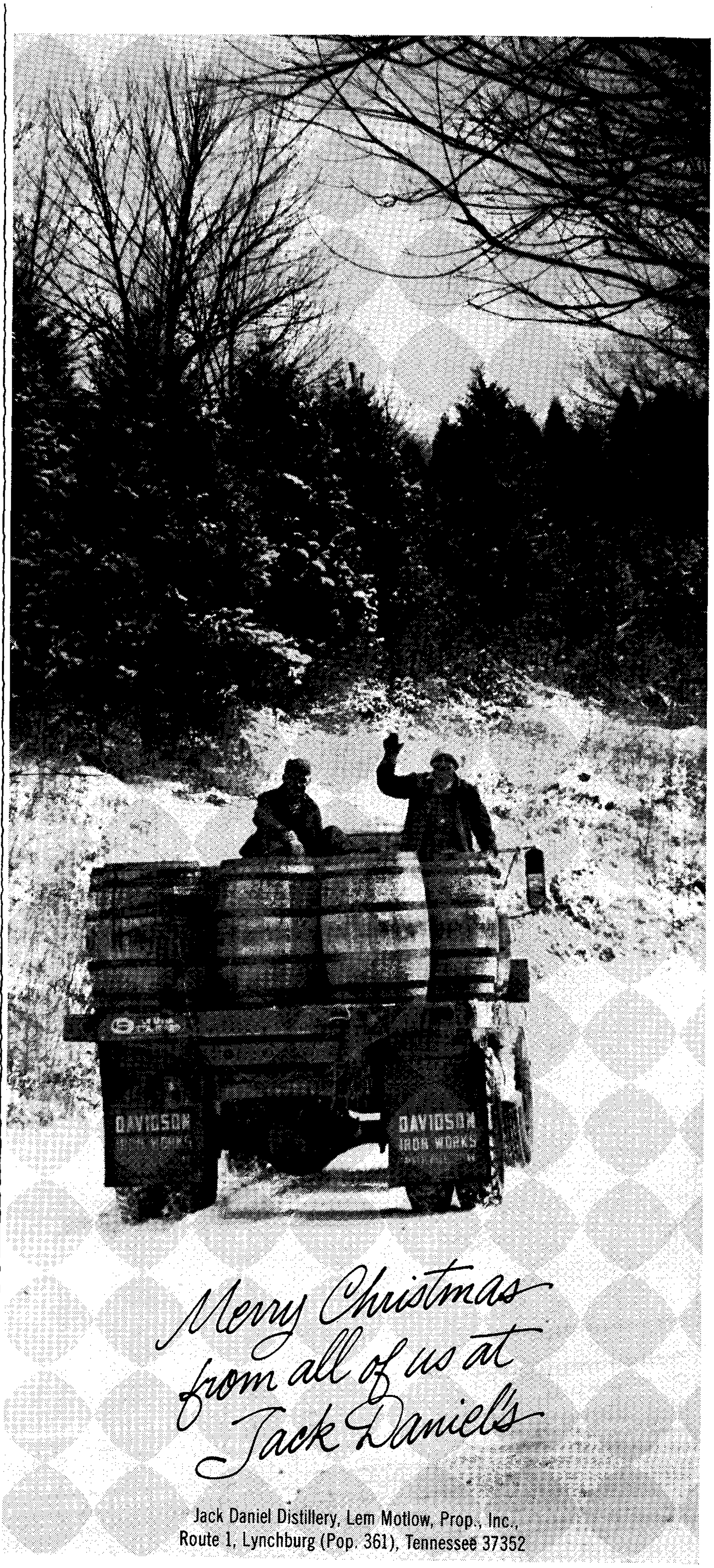
myself was for it. We quickly decided that it would make some difference to our atomic-weapons program if we could not carry out the next series of nuclear-weapons tests, which was planned for the spring and summer of 1958, but that we could probably afford to stop testing after that series. We also decided that such a ban would make much more of a difference to the Russians, because at the time they were not as far advanced as we were in thermonuclear weapons. To me, this was a very strong argument in favor of a test ban. If we had an advantage and could freeze it and the Russians wanted a test ban, why not have it?"

After a pause, Bethe continued, "We next took up the matter of how to detect tests. We all agreed that we could detect atmospheric tests quite easily, and that detecting devices existed that might make it even easier to detect tests in the ocean. But then the Livermore people said that testing could be done underground—in fact, such testing had been done, once. What, they asked, were we going to do about that? We had some seismologists in our group, and they pointed out that there would be a seismic signal and that there were certain criteria by which one could distinguish an underground atomic explosion from the signals given off by earthquakes. Such detection was less certain than the detection of tests in other media, but we agreed that we could monitor at least the big underground tests by the seismic method. Just at this time, space flight was coming in, and soon Edward Teller claimed that in the future people would do tests in space—for example, behind the moon. Well, we put all this in a report of sixty pages, which was submitted to the President. I presented it at a National Security Council meeting, and Eisenhower was quite interested. I had lots of charts that had been made by the committee staff for me to use at the meeting, and all sorts of generals were present, along with Cabinet officers. The only questions were from the Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. He was fundamentally in favor of a test ban, but he asked some very searching questions. Most of the others listened to the report in stony silence, and then I was dismissed.



"Soon after that, Khrushchev wrote an open letter to Eisenhower proposing that all nuclear-weapons tests be stopped. The letter was cleverly timed to arrive just before our planned long series of tests in the spring and summer of 1958. These had been well prepared, and it would be to the Russians' advantage if we did not carry them out. The Russians were testing continually, but we tested big H-bombs only every two years, so to stop testing just before our series was scheduled would be an advantage to them, and to stop just after our series would be an advantage to us. Eisenhower rejected Khrushchev's initiative, but he did suggest that a conference of experts from the two sides be held to determine to what degree we and the Russians could detect each other's tests. This was held in July and August of 1958. I was not a delegate—Lewis Strauss saw to that—but I was there as a technical expert. We made our presentation of detection methods, and the Russians made theirs. It turned out that they had developed pretty much the same system of detection for our tests that we had developed for theirs. I was asked to present our system for detecting tests in space, and I started by talking about satellites. There was some consternation at first, because the Russians thought I might be referring to the Polish and Rumanian delegates to the conference. But once the Russians understood, they were very enthusiastic about the use of satellite systems, which they had also thought of. Finally, the whole group—the United States, Britain, Russia, and several more countries on both sides—reached an agreement on what strength of explosions we could detect under what circumstances. Eisenhower liked it, but he almost never decided anything directly, so he appointed another committee, called the Committee of Principals. This committee didn't get anywhere, because its members couldn't agree: the science adviser, who by then was Kistiakowsky, and the Secretary of State were for the test ban, while the A.E.C. and the Pentagon people were against it. Allen Dulles, the head of the C.I.A., was for it one day and against it the next. Meanwhile, Eisenhower and Khrushchev decided to hold a diplomatic conference on the test ban.

"This foot-dragging gave Teller an opportunity to initiate all sorts of efforts to torpedo the whole thing. His most effective tactic was launching the idea of testing in a big hole. He said that the Russians could dig a big hole below ground—an enormous cavity—and if the explosion inside was sufficiently small the signal coming from it would be greatly attenuated. The notion was pretty fantastic, but it swept the newspapers and it swept the government—especially the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. I testified before Representative Chet Holifield, of California. He was absolutely against stopping weapons tests, and most of the witnesses his committee invited were against it. Teller appeared and came on terribly strong. I had a very unpleasant hearing before the committee. I was on the defensive, because the cards were stacked against me. And I made a mistake—I said we'd make it all work by putting a large number of unmanned stations in Russia. That got into the New York *Times*, which really tore me to pieces. The episode was a very unhappy one. Anyway, Eisenhower, for once, had taken the bull by the horns and proposed a *limited* test ban. He proposed that all atmospheric tests and marine tests be banned, along with all underground tests above a certain strength. The limit was about twenty kilotons, and such a ban would have been very good. But he also wanted some on-site inspections in Russia. It was decided that sixty inspections per year were needed to investigate seismic signals that might be interpreted as due to either nuclear explosions or earthquakes. The Russians turned this proposal down and offered three inspections, which was actually quite a concession for them. We made a counterproposal of seven, but the negotiations were broken off. I decided to write an article—it appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1960—explaining my position on the test ban and pointing out that it didn't really matter if the Russians could cheat a little bit on the underground tests, since any test in which they could cheat would be only a rather small explosion. I also explained that at that time we had an advantage in nuclear weapons but that if both sides continued to test, this advantage would disappear, and that the whole point of the test ban was to use it as a first step toward more general arms control. My article was reprinted in the so-called Headline Series, which is a series of pamphlets for use in high schools, and right next to it was an article by Teller, in which he took the opposite view on each point. These articles were widely read. Since



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that time, all sorts of improved methods of detecting tests have been developed. We did launch several satellites to detect clandestine explosions in outer space. They never detected any, but they did find out all sorts of marvellous things about the earth's magnetic field and about the solar wind of particles coming to the earth. Finally, in 1963, a limited test ban was signed—much more limited than Eisenhower had intended, because in the new treaty underground tests of any size were allowed. But tests in the atmosphere were forbidden. This was signed by us, the Russians, and the British. The French, though they did not sign it, have recently given up their atmospheric tests. However, if you allow testing underground, unless the allowed yield is very low—say, ten kilotons or less—you are not doing much for arms control. A few years ago, we concluded a ban on underground tests of a hundred and fifty kilotons or more, which clearly means very little from the point of view of arms control. By now, we have just about all the weapons anybody can possibly think of."

BETHE formally retired from Cornell in the summer of 1975, at the age of sixty-nine. Retirement does not seem to have changed his life greatly. His office at the university is piled high with books, manuscripts, letters, and articles that people all over the world send him in order to get his views on them. He has been lecturing and writing extensively, and his extraordinary memory and encyclopedic knowledge of physics are evident to anyone who has even the briefest talk with him. Since 1974, all these skills have gone into analyzing and trying to find solutions to the problem of energy.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

*(This is the second part of a three-part Profile.)*

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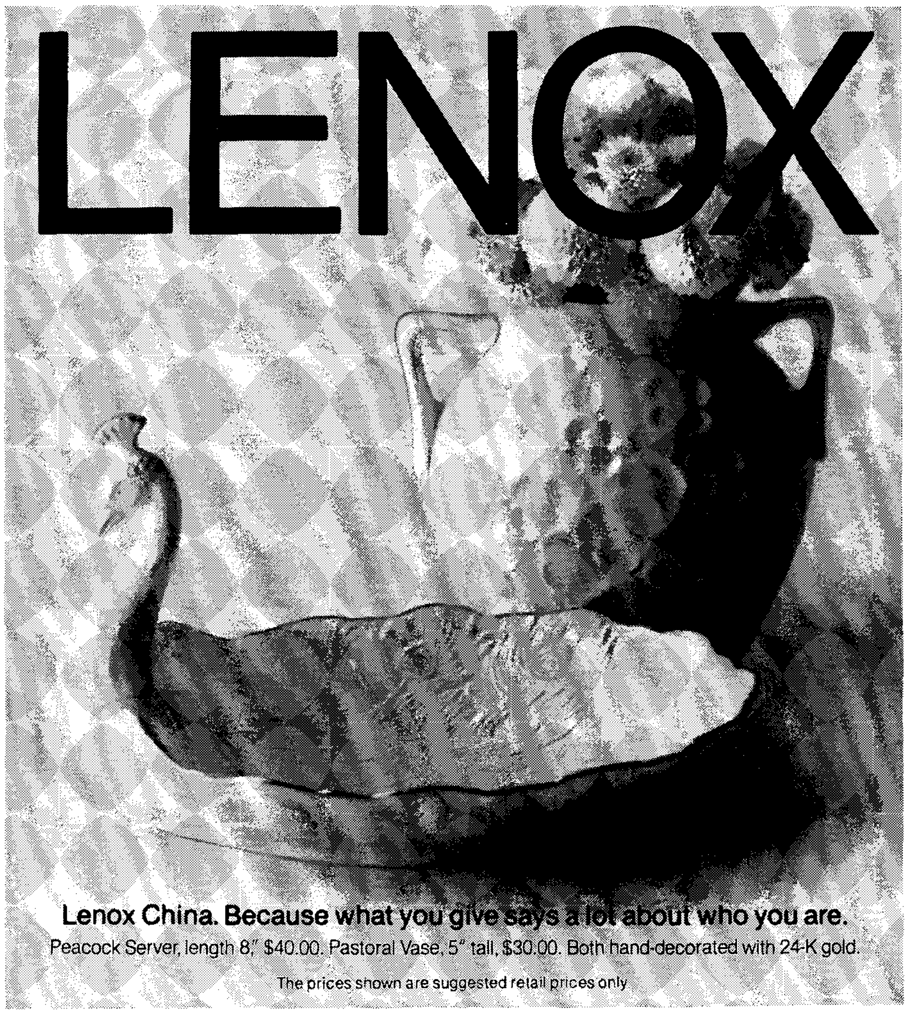

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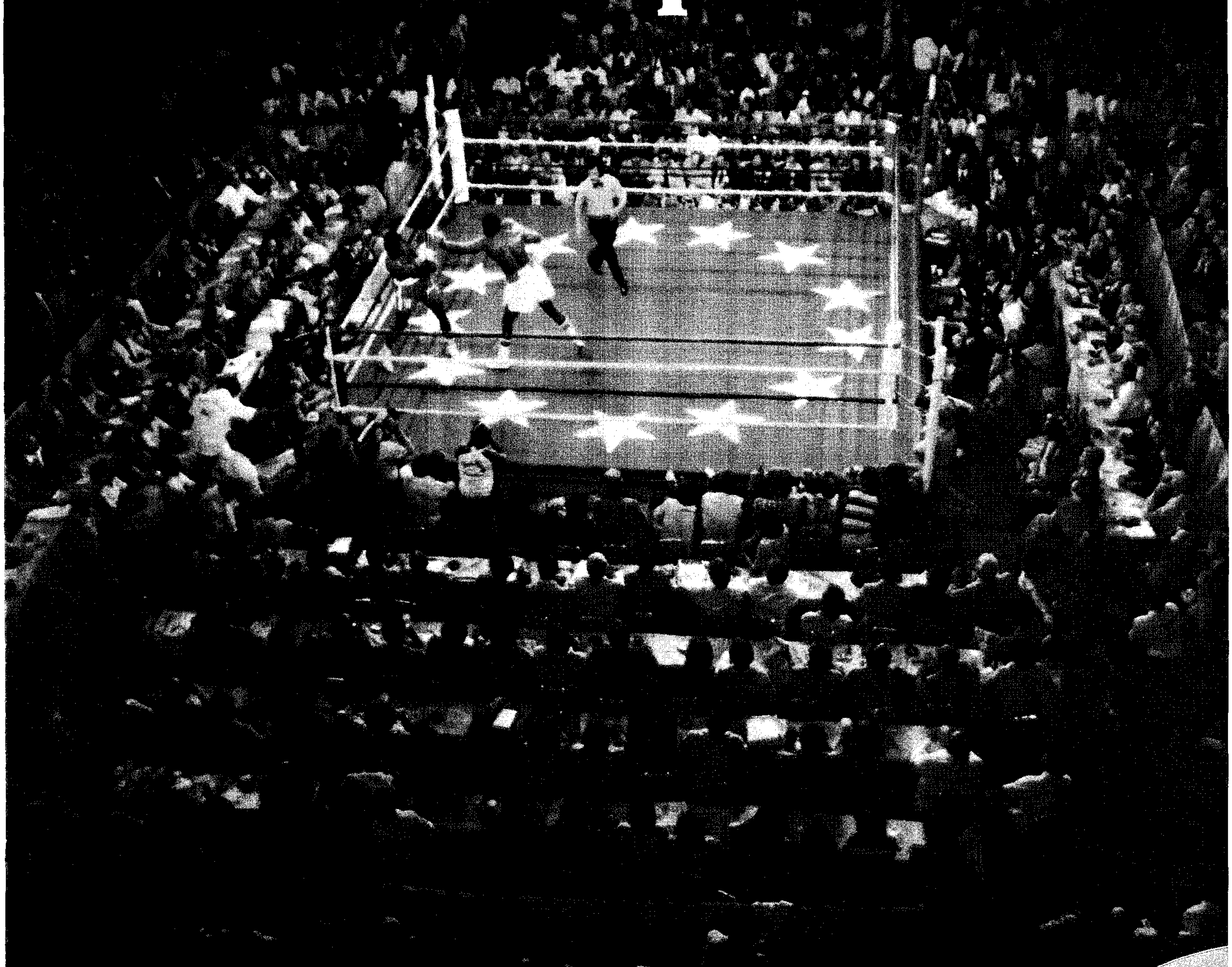

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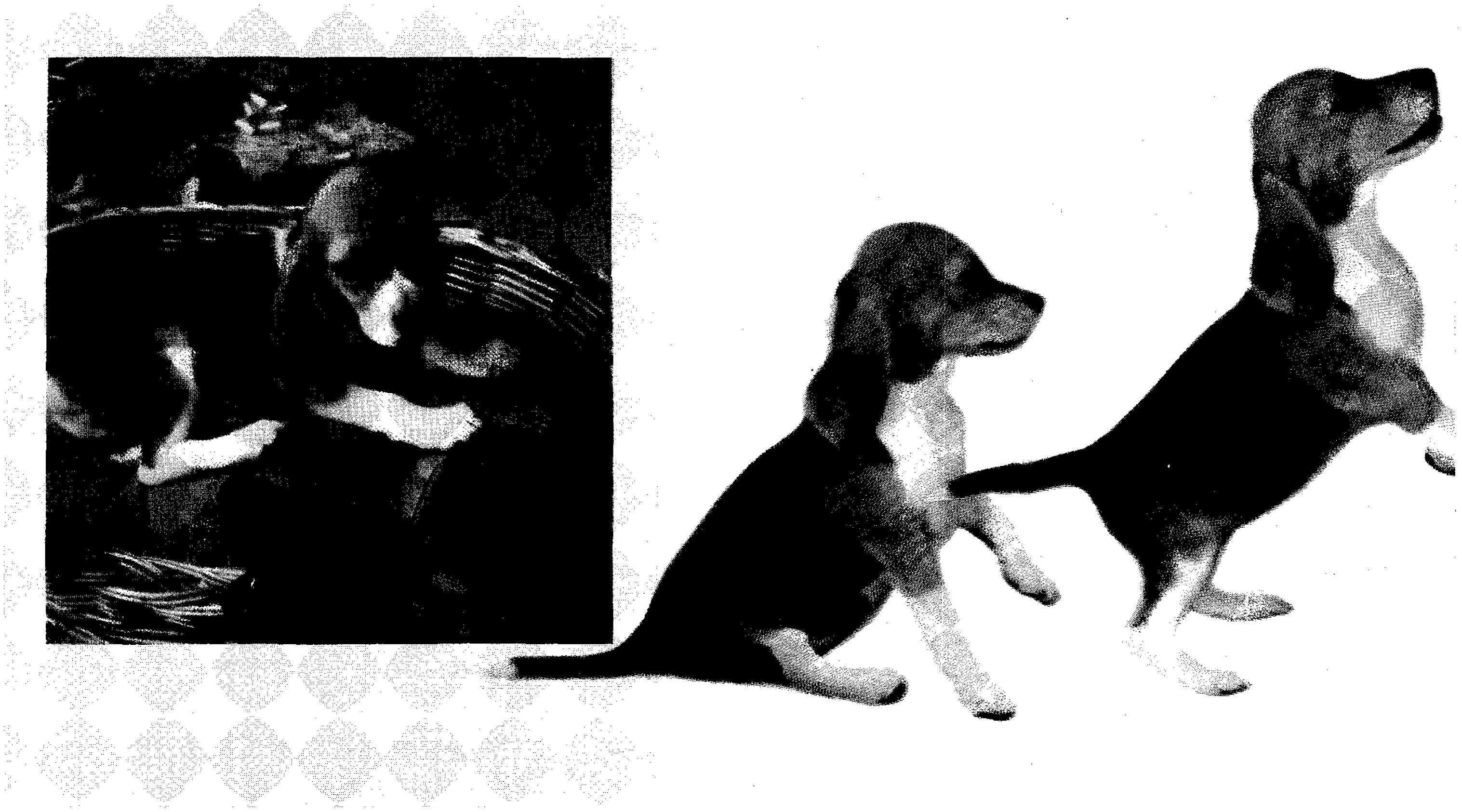

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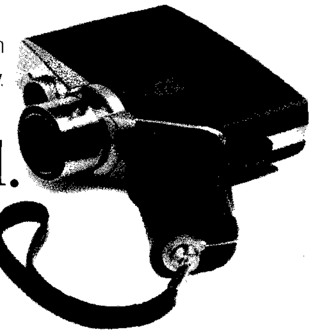

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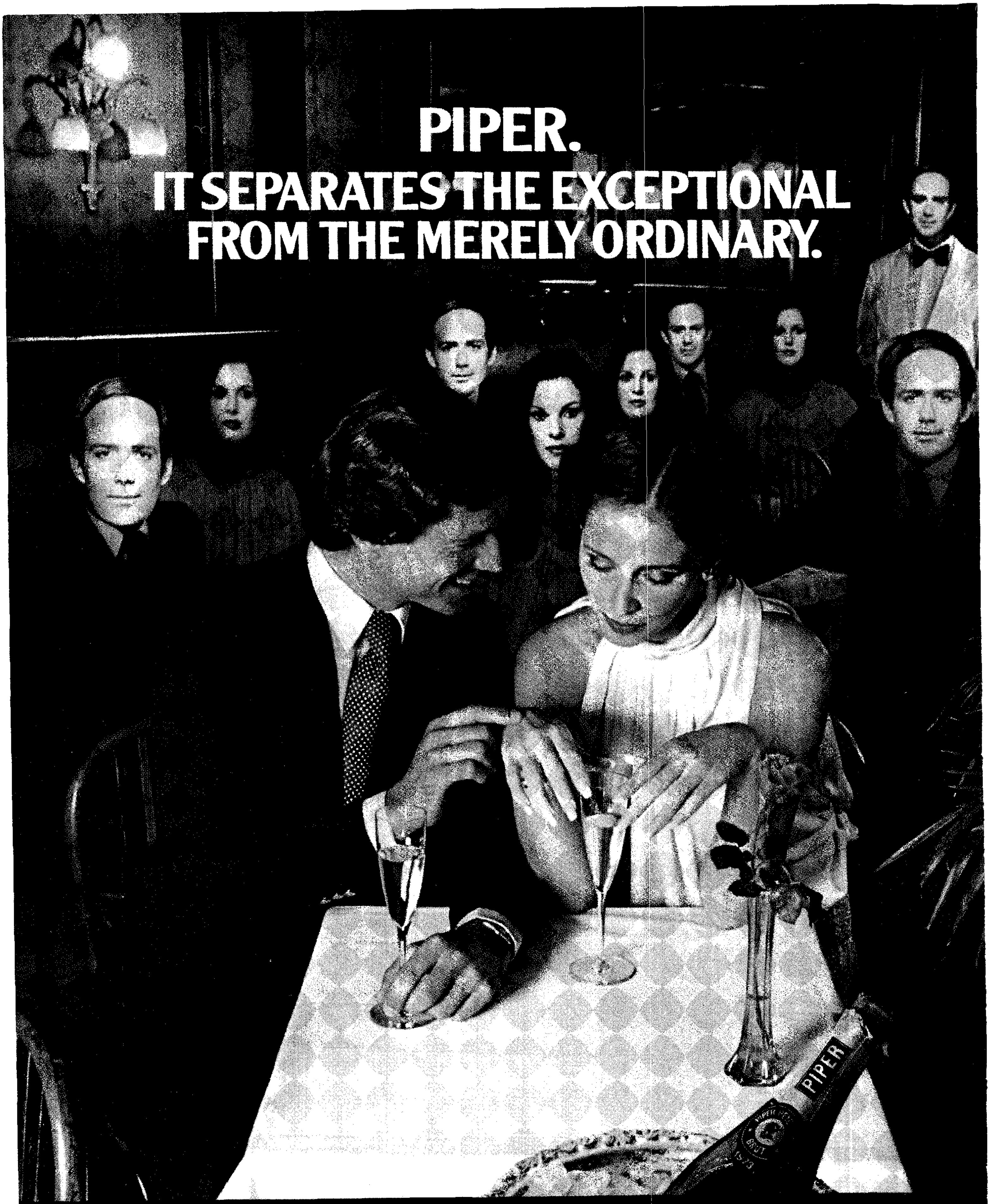
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# THE THEATRE

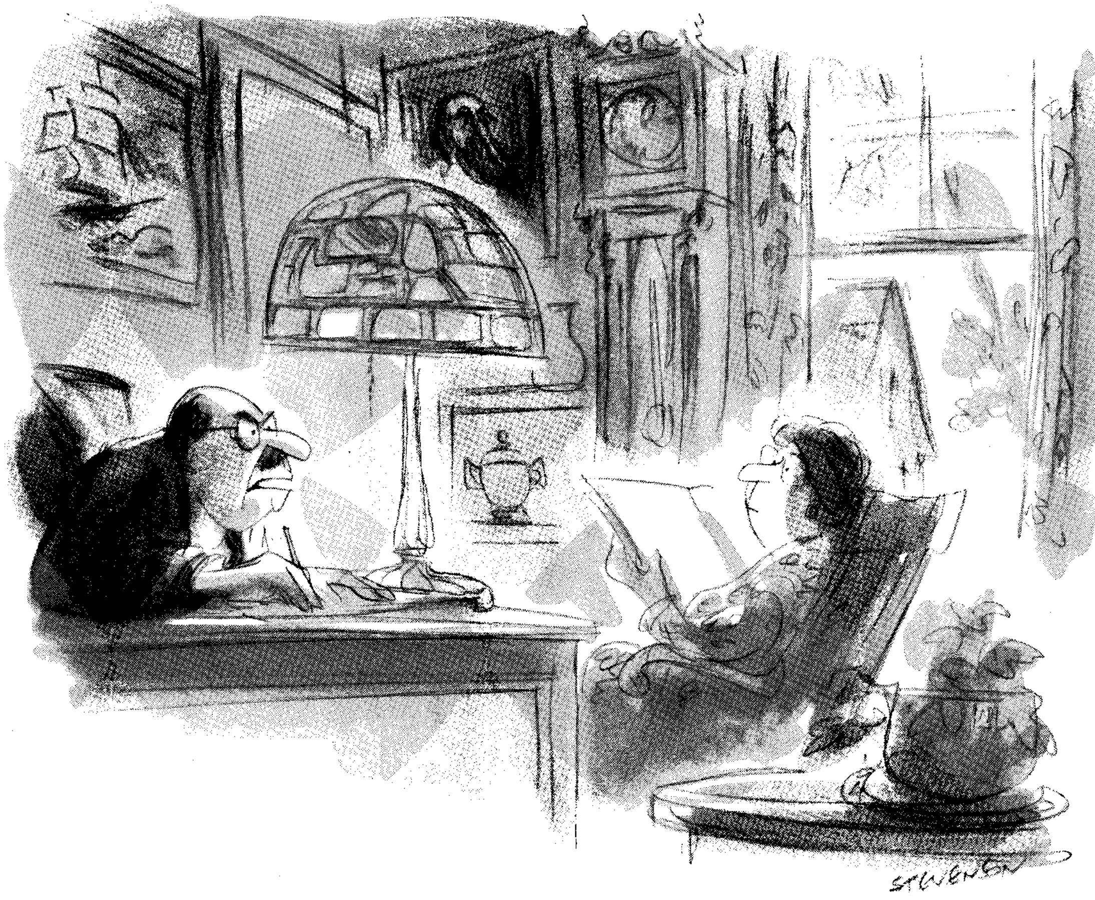
## *Trouble in Kambawe*

Tom Stoppard's "Night and Day" (at the ANTA) surprises us by not surprising us. For the first time in his career, the playwright has written a conventionally straightforward melodrama, showing few traces of the breathtaking verbal acrobatics at the top of the tent of language with which he has previously dazzled us. There is much talk in the play, and it proves to be Shavian in a bad sense, which is to say that it is more garrulous than witty. A pertinent topic for discussion has been chosen by Teacher Tom: What does our newspaper press exist for, except to make money? If it can be argued to have a purpose beyond mere money-making, is it one for which the lives of individuals—and, indeed, of entire countries—ought to be sacrificed? Mr. Stoppard was a journalist before he was a playwright, and he can make a strong case for the power of the press to expose corruption and do battle against tyranny, but there are understandably few novelties remaining in this case, and the background of violent action against which an assortment of characters offer their opinions also lacks novelty.

The setting of "Night and Day" is the luxurious country house of a British businessman, Geoffrey Carson, in the mythical African state of Kambawe, formerly a British colony. A revolution is taking place in Kambawe, and a number of British journalists have hastened there to cover the story. Carson is a friend of the President of Kambawe, a clever, well-educated black named Mageeba. In the course of putting down the revolution, Mageeba stops off at Carson's house, where three of the journalists—George Guthrie, Dick Wagner, and Jacob Milne—are also visiting. In London sometime earlier, Wagner has met and gone to bed with Mrs. Carson; he is not averse to repeating the experience under her roof and practically under her husband's nose, but Mrs. Carson is at first of a different mind. She has her eye on young Milne, a newcomer to journalism who, to Wagner's envy and disgust, keeps scoring scoop after scoop. Guthrie is a photographer, serious and honorable; like Carson, he simply wants to get on with his job. We assume at once that Mrs. Carson is intended to be the leading character in the play; she has the most to say and do, and her lines and her conduct are certainly more amusing than those of any other person onstage, but by the end of the evening she turns out to have curiously little connection with the rest of the play. She is simply there, chattering away and fantasizing à la Walter Mitty, and I came to feel that though Stoppard is reputed to have invented her in order to demonstrate that he was capable of writing a satisfactory part for a woman, she wasn't one—on the contrary, she was an essentially genderless puppet, having no connection with her husband, her son, or her ex-lover.

Maggie Smith plays Mrs. Carson with the exaggerated liveliness that has become her trademark and may yet be her undoing. (At one point, she addresses herself as Tallulah, and the celebrated name struck my ear as having ominous overtones.) Paul Hecht is excellent as Wagner, as are Dwight Schultz as Guthrie, Joseph Maher as Carson, and Clarence Williams III as Mageeba. Peter Evans makes a fine thing of his role as the young, charming, and doomed Milne; what a pleasing actor he is! The director is Peter Wood; the admirable scenery and costumes are by Carl Toms; and the lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis.

A BRILLIANT little comedy called "Sorrows of Stephen" has opened in the Theatre Cabaret at the Public Theatre. Its author is a young man named Peter Parnell, and I expect him to go far. He is a master of the monosyllabic stichomythia that passes for conversation among so many of the young nowadays, and he has taken care to provide himself with an ingenious toy of a plot, welcomely reminiscent of Schnitzler. The hero, soulful Stephen, has a fatal, delightful defect in his character: he falls for every woman he meets. A waitress, a taxi-driver, his best friend's girlfriend—they are all equally capable of inspiring lust in him, which, because he is soul-



*"No, give me another word. I've already used 'tripe,' 'rubbish,' and 'garbage.'"*

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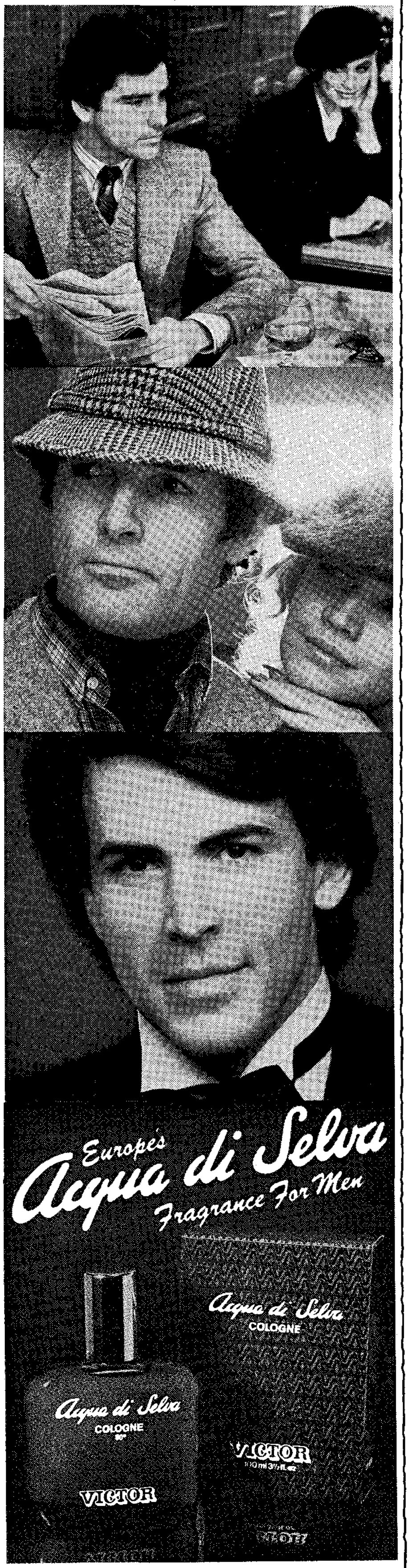

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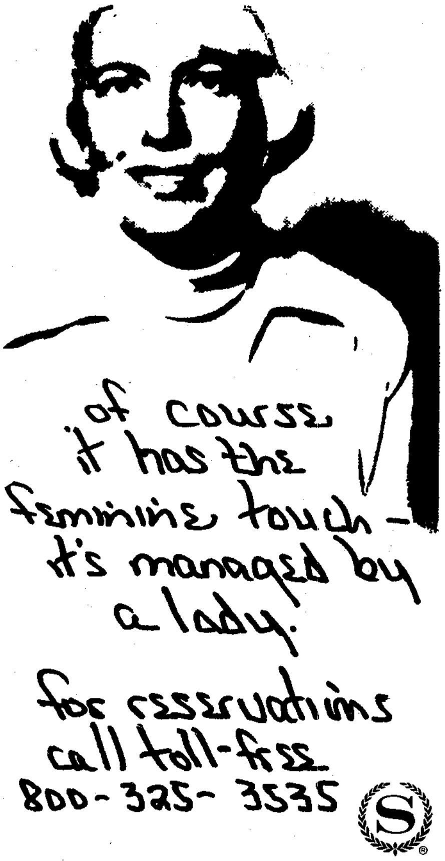
ful, he mistakes for love. His courtships are swift and end in sex but not in relationships; gloomily, he contemplates committing suicide in the fashion of what he would no doubt call his "role model"—Goethe's Werther. The scenes of the play are of a brevity that amounts to a form of wit in itself; they dissolve neatly one into the next, thanks in part to the author and in part to a very amusing set, by Stuart Wurtzel, which the actors can alter for their purposes with a few deft gestures. John Shea plays dolorous Stephen; Richard Backus plays his best friend; and Pamela Reed plays the best friend's girlfriend, who is for a time (and simultaneously) Stephen's girlfriend. When, after prolonged agonizings in and out of bed, she at last chooses the best friend over Stephen, she hopes that Stephen will take comfort from the fact that there was, so she says, "nothing personal" in her decision. Everyone else in the cast is worthy of the occasion; I congratulate John Del Regno, Kathy McKenna, Sherry Steiner, Barbara Williams, Anne DeSalvo, and William Duff-Griffin, who is sensationally funny as a captain in the Palm Court of the Plaza by day and by night a consummately snobbish operagoer. The costumes are by John Helgerson, and the lighting is by Dennis Parichy.

I OUGHT to mention that "Strider," which scored a great success as an Off Broadway production of the Chelsea Theatre Center, has come to the Helen Hayes, with the same cast and setting. When it opened in May, my colleague found a good deal to praise in "Strider," especially its musical accompaniment, and I echo this praise. To make the recollections of a piebald gelding into a Broadway hit takes doing; my hat is off to Robert Kalfin, who helped to transform Tolstoy's short story into a play, and who has ably co-directed it. . . . I should also mention that a super-colossal Christmas show has opened at the Radio City Music Hall. It is billed as the first altogether new Christmas show at the Music Hall in forty-seven years, and I am ready to believe it. The fact is, I am ready to believe *anything* about the Music Hall, just so it continues to stand there, astonishing the eye. On the mighty stage, with its mighty organ, is a mighty "Living Nativity scene," on a scale not very like the original. I think children will be pleased by it.

—BRENDAN GILL



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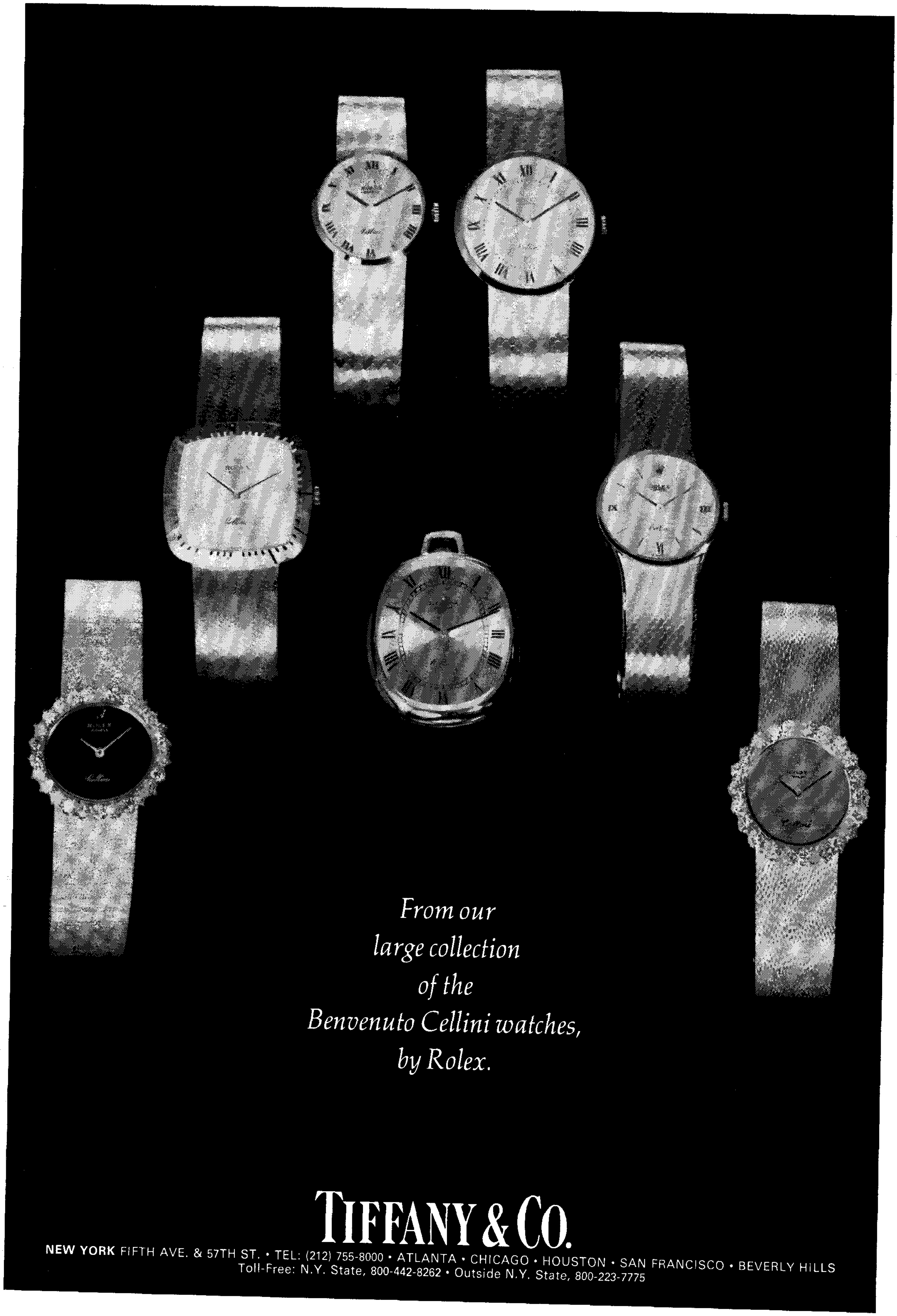

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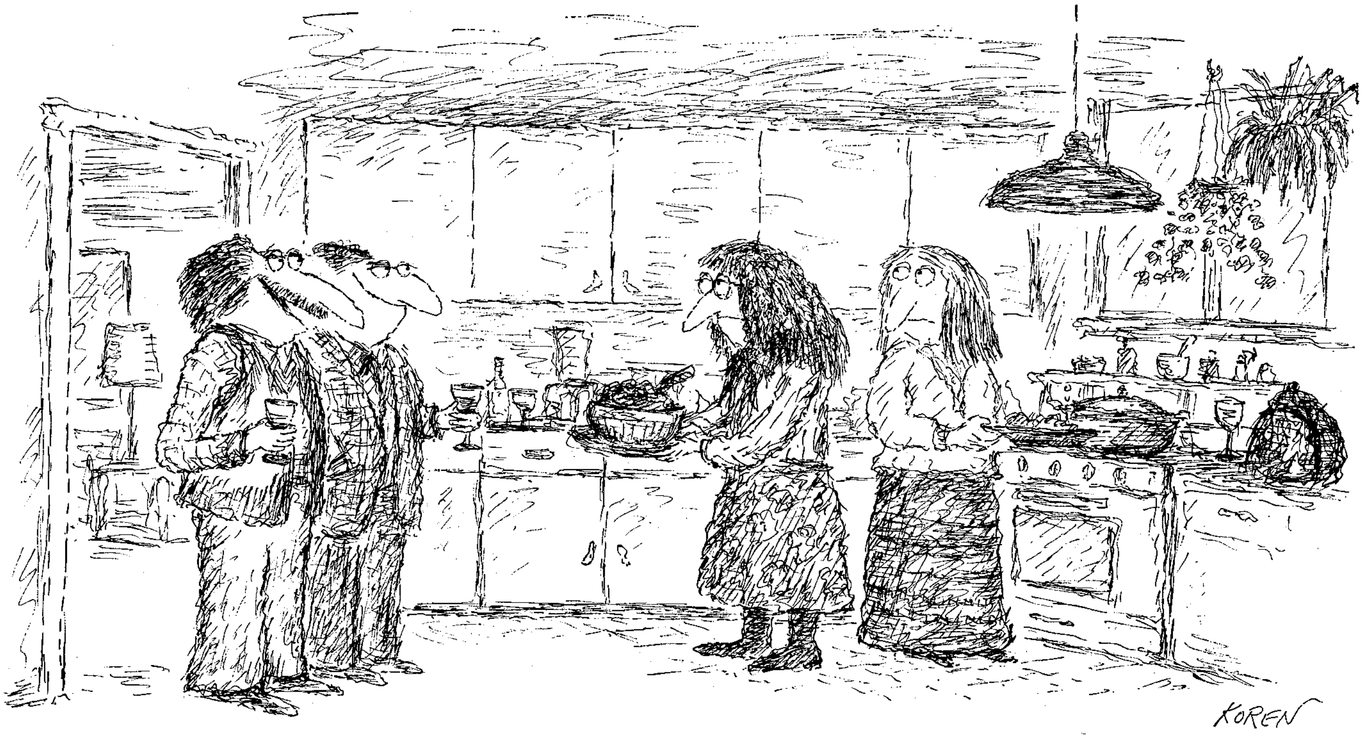
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## WITH A SLEIGHFUL OF TOYS AND ST. NICHOLAS, TOO

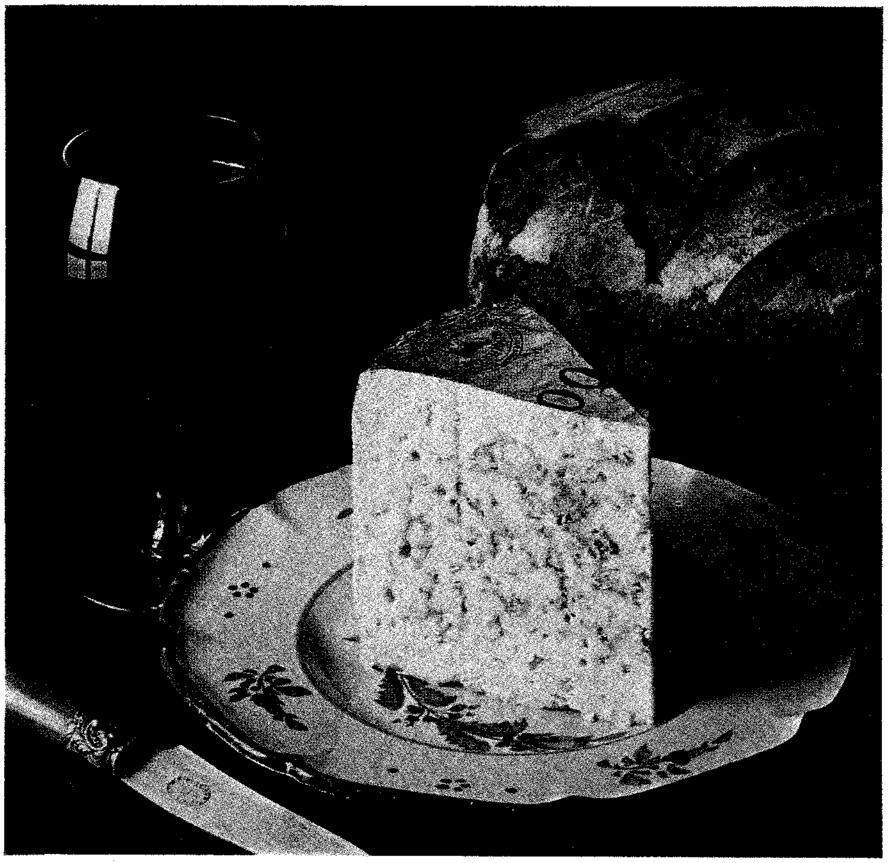
NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE was the centennial of Madison Square Garden, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Woolworth's five-and-ten, Edison's electric light, and Ivory soap, which, as William A. Procter, one of the founders of Procter & Gamble, once explained it, got its name because he was in church on a Sunday when the Bible reading was the Forty-fifth Psalm ("All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces"); if the words "myrrh" or "cassia" had stuck in Procter's mind, who knows whether the soap would have been around a hundred years later? In the selling world, nomenclature is generally thought to be everything. All in all, quite a year, 1879. We doubt, however, whether most of the children you know will have time to look further into the matter. They will probably be too busy trying to outwit the computers inside such electronic games as Maniac, Mindbuster, Wildfire, Master Blaster, and Stop Thief, or keeping the music pounding and the lights flashing for their disco dolls, or interpreting the messages of a figure modelled on Mork, of the television show "Mork & Mindy," who when you pull his magic ring says seven things in other-planetary language, including "Na-noo, na-noo" and "Shazbot;" $12.99 at Gimbels. Although we don't know of any centennials, stars of the toy business marked some milestones of their own this year. Popeye celebrated his fiftieth birthday in the public eye. However, we found a fifteen-inch Popeye doll that looks as well-muscled and full of spinach as ever. He has a vinyl head and a stuffed body, and would make a comfortable armful for someone you know who's just getting his sea—or scatter-rug—legs; $10.99 at Gimbels. A young friend of yours who's a bit older might like to read all about the old sailor, in "Popeye: The First Fifty Years," by Bud Sagendorf, who draws the comic strip. He points out that Popeye and his friends also have a language all their own—one that has given us such words as "jeep," "goon," and "glop." Perhaps there's a shazbot in our future (Workman; $8.95). Also just out is "Happy Birthday, Charlie Brown," subtitled "Celebrating 30 Years in the Comic Strips and 15 Years on Television" (Random House; $14.95). Its authors are Lee Mendelson, the producer of the Charlie Brown television specials and movies, and Charles M. Schulz, the artist responsible for the "Peanuts" comic strip, of which Charlie Brown is, of course, the central character. (Like all books and records mentioned hereafter, the "Popeye" and "Peanuts" sagas are available at almost any store where children's books and records are sold.) After President Carter invited "Peanuts" artist Schulz to the White House a few weeks ago, a reporter asked the visitor coyly if Carter's interest in the cartoon was based on its name. Schulz said he thought not and that he himself had never liked the title. When he started drawing the strip, he had wanted to call it "Charlie Brown," Schulz explained, but someone at the United Features Syndicate, which distributes it around the country, had insisted this wouldn't work. Lots of people call it "Charlie Brown" anyway, he noted. Maybe nomenclature isn't everything. Also, as of 1979 Captain Kangaroo is in his twenty-fifth television season. And Barbie, the eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll, is now twenty, which, her manufacturer, the Mattel company, points out, represents "longevity rare" in the toy business. A hundred and ten million Barbie-family dolls have been produced since 1959. Because she is, after all, a fashion doll, Mattel is now the largest manufacturer of female clothing in the world, producing twenty million Barbie-wear items annually. And one more birthday: though it may be hard to believe, "Sesame Street" turned ten this year. A new record called "The Stars Come Out on Sesame Street" (Children's Television Workshop; CTW 79007; $7.98) helps celebrate the occasion. It features appearances at the well-known address of such stars as Helen Reddy,



*"John and I have decided that we're sick of hearing about women and their problems."*

Johnny Cash, the Pointer Sisters, Judy Collins, Ray Charles, Lena Horne, and José Feliciano—as if Bert and Ernie and the Cookie Monster weren't stars enough. Our favorite turn is a duet by Johnny Cash and Oscar the Grouch called "Nasty Dan," who "just lives in his nasty old house . . . in nasty happiness." ("Say, aren't you Johnny Trash?" asks the one-track-minded Oscar, who, as you remember, lives by choice in a garbage can. "Have a rotten day," says Trash—that is, Cash.) Also in honor of the "Sesame Street" decennial, Big Bird made a trip to China this year, and the "Sesame Street" set, including a section of New York City sidewalk, was transported to Washington, where it was reconstructed as a historical exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution.

THIS was also a year when there was much lamentation over the absence of heroes in our national life—particularly in our national political life. The toy counters, on the other hand, were crowded with what the industry calls "heroes" or "action heroes" or "superheroes." It is almost a toy category by itself: baby dolls, educational games, construction toys, superheroes. Unfortunately, these superheroes are not in a position to help lead the country; it may even be that the more members of the younger generations and other generations looking over their shoulders get used to heroes who can fly through the air with the greatest of ease or otherwise swoop around putting down evil, the harder it will be for ordinary, non-superhuman beings in public life to seem to be coping reasonably well with the problems that face them. Most of the toy heroes started in the comics. At Saturday-morning cartoon time, the partnership of television networks and advertising agencies in alliance with the cereal and toy companies that account for the largest share of cartoon-time commercials would obviously have been nowhere without comic-strip characters to fill in the time between urgent advertising messages. The toy business is also heavily beholden to such characters the rest of the week. It seems there is almost no end to the games, puzzles, sewing kits, toy vehicles, coloring books, and construction sets in toy departments which feature their commercial association with such figures as Superman, the Amazing Spider-Man, and the like. A new Fiddlesticks Toy Builder set, for example—it's $19 at Altman's—comes with two hundred and fifty fit-together plastic tubes with which a



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child, aided by color-coded plans, can construct, say, a jet airplane three feet long, but its special feature is that with it also come the plastic figures of four action heroes: Batman, Superman, Spider-Man, and the Incredible Hulk (we'll get to the Hulk later). At the same store, for $5 each, are kits of twenty or thirty molded plastic pieces with which children can build eight-inch-long vehicles for each of these heroes: a Superman-Clark Kent News 'Copter, a Spider-Man plane, a Batman Mobile, and a Hulk Mobile. The basic superhero toy, however, is a jointed or otherwise bendable twelve- or thirteen-inch figure. Beginning in the mid-nineteen-sixties, Hasbro Industries' twelve-inch G.I. Joe Action Soldier was the overwhelming favorite in what it was then all right to call the boys' toy department. The Hasbro people, who produced ten million G.I. Joes annually for several years in a row, liked to describe them in jocular moments as the largest standing army in the world. With the anti-war-toy demonstrations and, more particularly, with the growing unpopularity of the Vietnam War, the G.I. Joe Action Soldiers faded away. By that time, however, it was evident that little boys in many families had got used to playing with action figures that, had they been dressed differently, would have been called dolls. Despite the crusade for a unisex approach to toys, which holds that there is no reason little girls should not be encouraged to play with toy cement mixers or boys with toy ironing boards, most little boys past five are still probably not going to ask for a doll for Christmas, and if they should do so, many (no doubt misguided) relatives won't buy one for them. What are likely to turn up on little boys' Christmas lists instead are superhero action figures: the perfect solution.

Energized action figures are a big item this year. Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), has a twelve-inch Energized Superman, a jointed plastic figure whose eyes, thanks to a C battery, will glow with what is called X-ray vision and will then dim when an alleged power-draining kryptonite rock is plugged into his energy belt—that kind of thing. The price, $18.95, includes the battery, as in all similar cases in this report. Also at Rappaport's, there are nineteen-inch versions of Superman, Spider-Man, and the Hulk. These have soft, resilient bodies and were designed for "the younger Super Heroes fan," says their manufacturer, the Knickerbocker Toy Company, which also makes the Rag-

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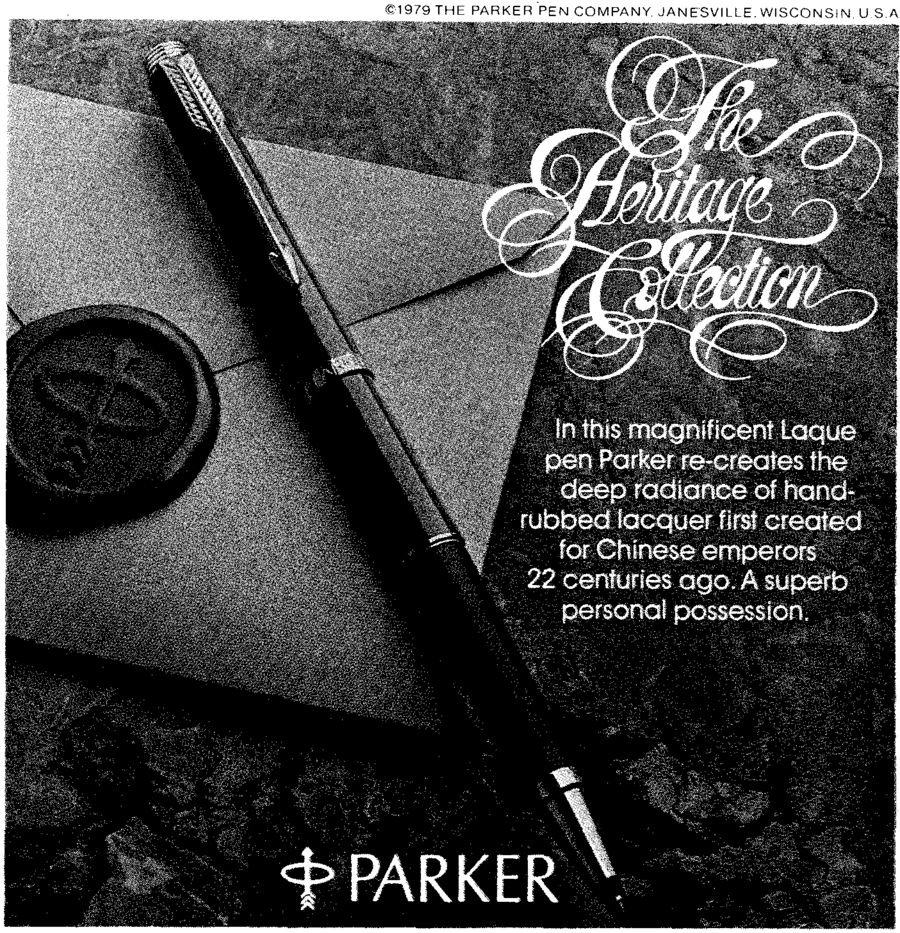
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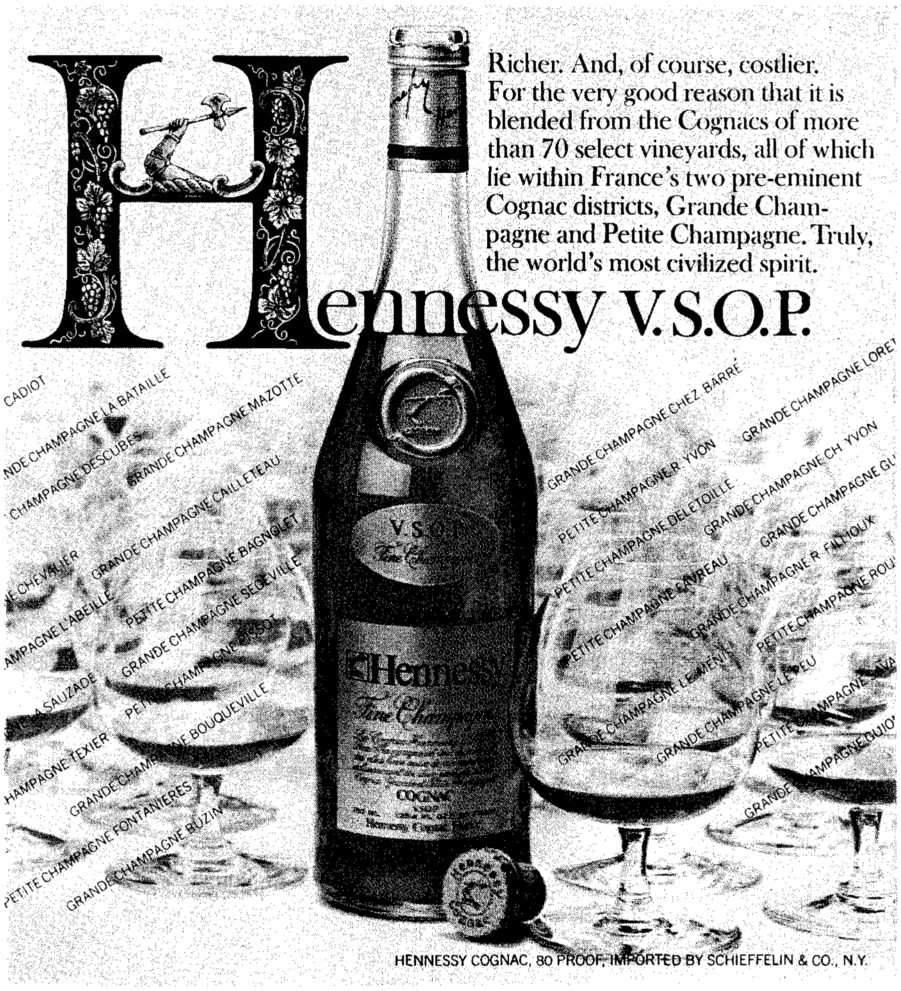
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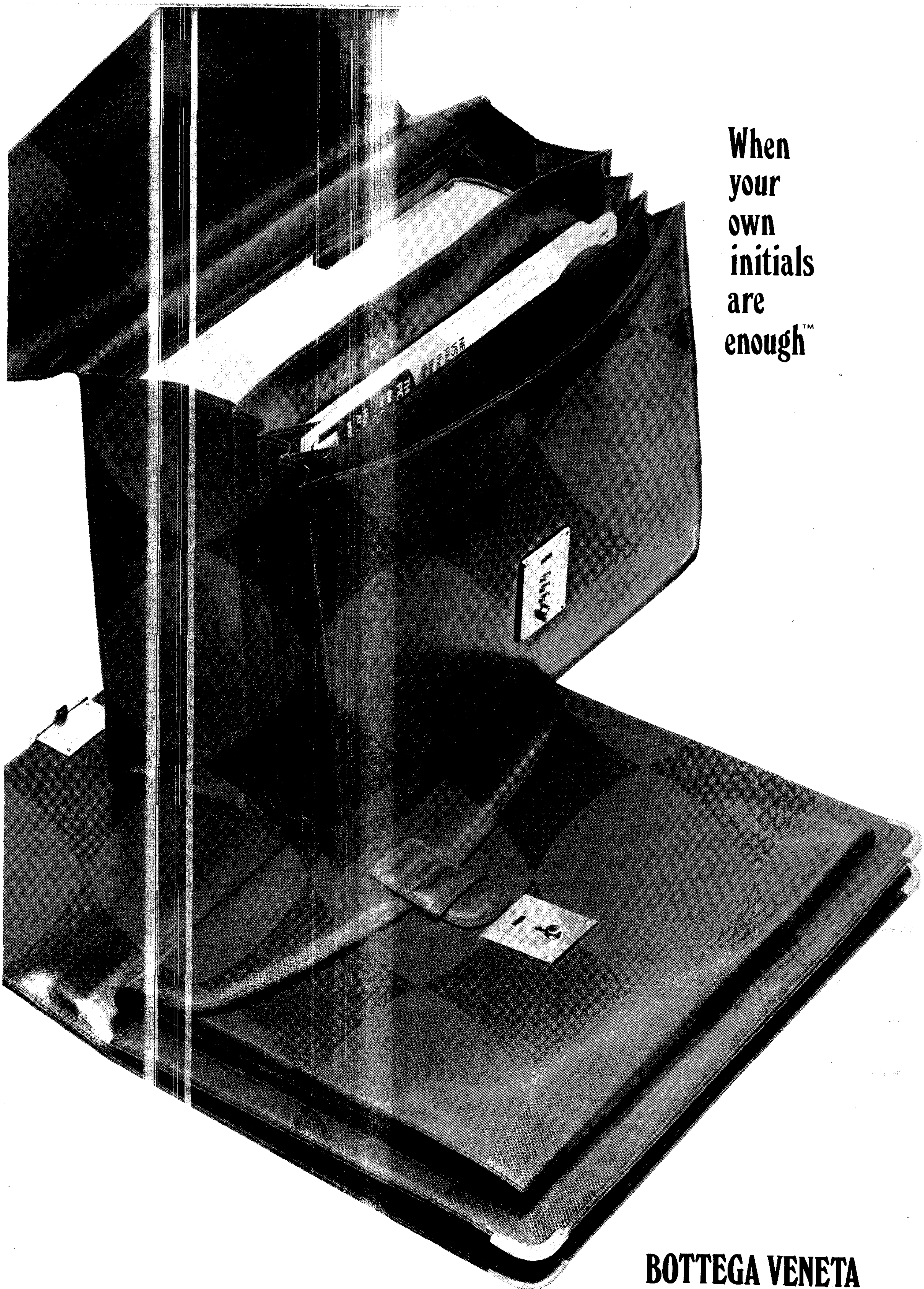
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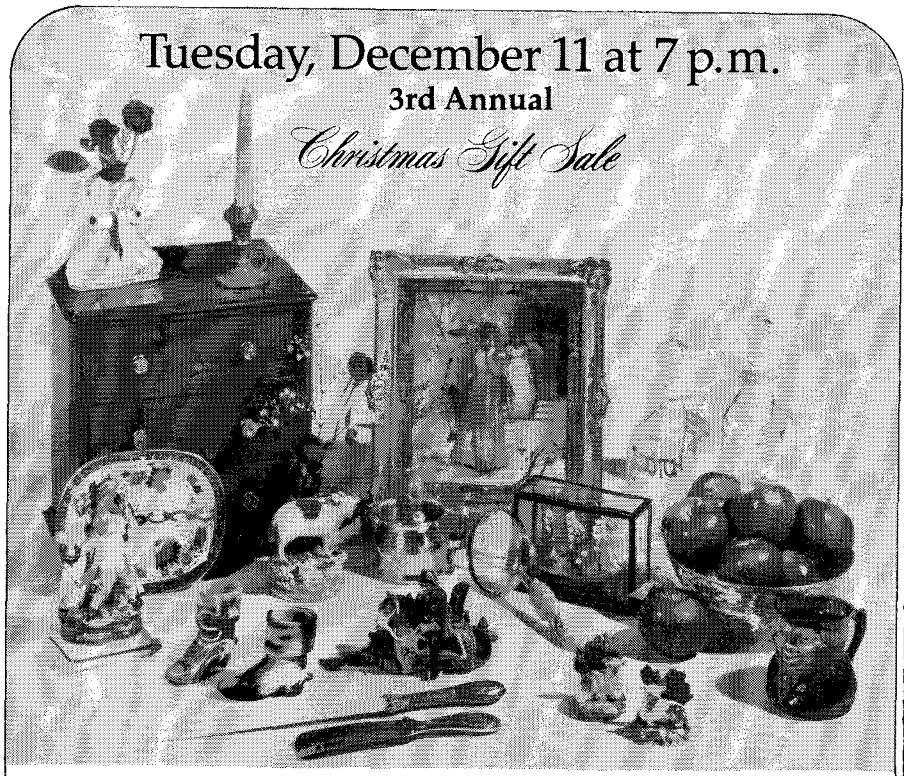
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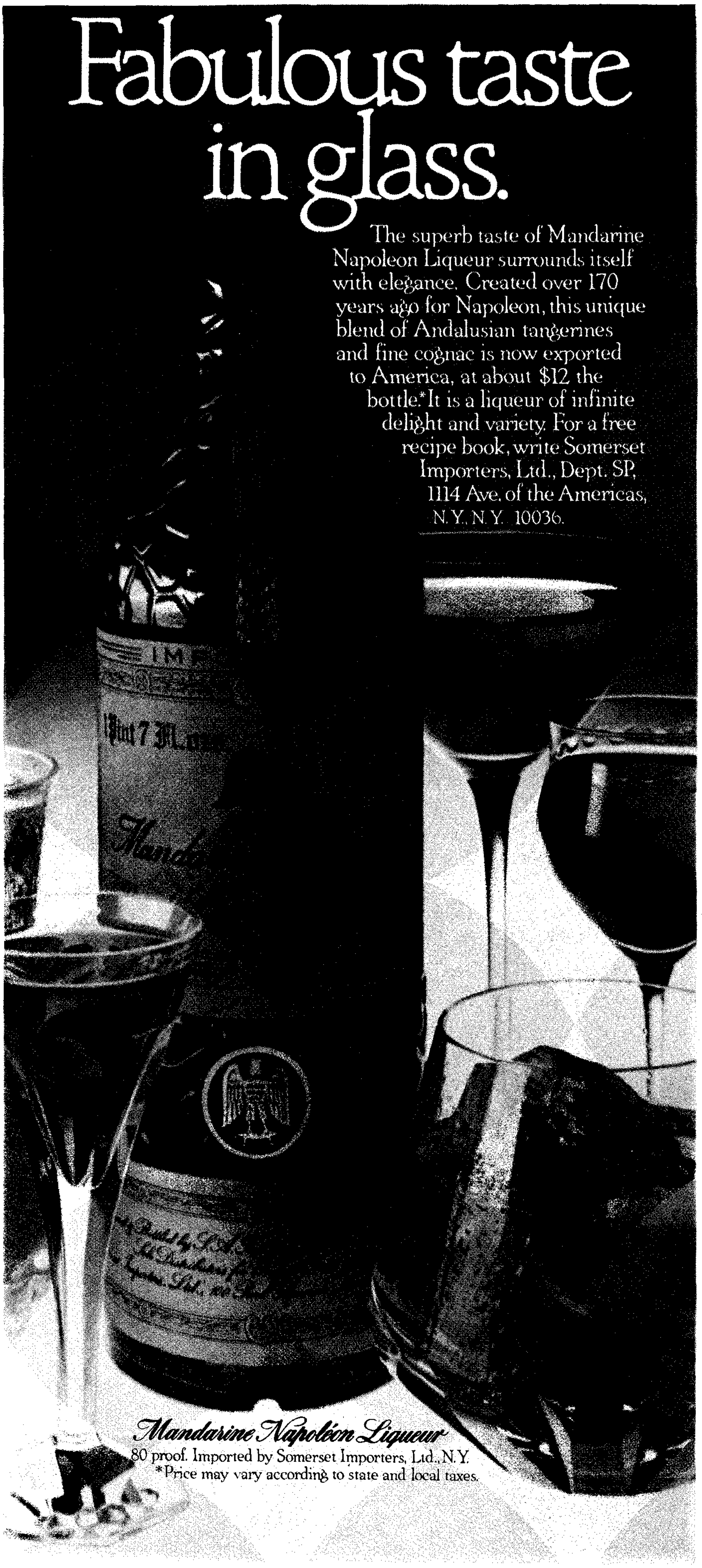
gedy Ann and Andy dolls. They can be made to pose and hold various superheroic positions by taking advantage of the Velcro pads on their hands and feet; $14.95 apiece for these. The superhero fever has even hit the toy-bear department. At the Childcraft stores, 155 East 23rd Street and 150 East 58th, for $15.95 you can have a tawny plush Wonderbear wearing a red cape and a blue shirt decorated with a big "W." You may have concluded that there are no superheroines. If you look *very* hard, you might find one: a twelve-and-a-quarter-inch Wonder Woman wearing a very brief one-piece bathing suit is $16.95 at Rappaport's. You can get a notion of the daring feats that are expected of her from the fact that in the box with her come a pair of high-heeled shoes and an afternoon dress. The German publication *Der Spiegel* might be interested to learn that there is no Lois Lane superheroine doll. In a nine-page article last winter on the Superman phenomenon, *Der Spiegel* described "Superman" as "the saga of the masculine American who, because of his macho, can have as many women as he wants but, because he is completely absorbed in his male world, rejects them all." On the other hand, the article pointed out, Clark Kent is a weakling "whose impotence is heightened by his positive attitude toward women." Declared *Der Spiegel*, "It is a saga of male-female relations in the United States of the twentieth century." Ah, well.

We don't know what *Der Spiegel* would make of the fact that some of the heroes on America's toy counters are monsters. Consider the Incredible Hulk. He is described in the Marvel Comics, from which the toy Hulk derived, as "seven feet, 1,000 pounds of unfettered fury—the most powerful creature to ever walk the earth." He is also bright green. The Hulk, so the plot line goes in the comic strip and on the television show, dwells in the unconscious of a mild-mannered scientist, Dr. Banner. Whenever Dr. Banner gets really mad, usually at some injustice, he "Hulks out;" that is, turns enormous, hideous, and pea green. "There's a little bit of the Hulk in all of us. We're dealing with the personification of anger" was the comment of Bill Bixby, the actor who plays Dr. Banner (another actor plays the Hulk), and who no doubt has heard of Dr. Jekyll. Bixby also said, "I think Carl Gustav Jung would have loved this show." Inevitably, amateur sociologists have speculated that the great popularity of the Hulk reflects

Americans' rage over their sense of powerlessness in government and national life. The Hulk is always presented as mobilizing his strength on the side of good against evil, but there tends to be some destruction of property along the way, in case you want to reinforce the braces on the furniture. A twelve-and-a-half-inch Incredible Hulk action figure, wearing tattered red pants and a ragged white jacket, and described on the box as "Full of Loveable Ugliness, Strong as a Lion, Fast as an Eagle," is $17.99 at Gimbels. For $22.95 at Rappaport's, you can tempt fate further by buying an Incredible Hulk Instant Muscles set—a plastic garment (green, of course) made something like a limp life jacket, which a child puts on under a loose shirt. With it comes an Instant Muscles Hulk Pump—the kind that you use to inflate a swimming raft—so in an instant your favorite child can be inflated into a green Hulk. "GRRR!" it says on the box, "KRRUNCH! Bullies and Villains Beware!"

And there's one more monster hero that you ought to know about: Godzilla. At the entrance to Gimbels' toy department until recently, there was the figure of a hideous giant sea lizard, five or so feet high. Visiting children, who know all about these things, didn't seem to be alarmed by him at all, and from the visiting parents' response you could tell whether or not they go to Japanese movies. Godzilla first surfaced twenty-five years ago in Japanese films, in which he was portrayed as a monstrous evil reptile, a mutation caused by America's nuclear testing in the Pacific. (In the old days, a monster was a monster. Nowadays, when children study science in nursery school, there is an attempt to explain that some scientific experiment went wrong. If you can lay political and moral connotations on the event, as in the case of Godzilla, even better. In the case of the Hulk, there are occasional vague references to excessive radiation as being responsible for Dr. Banner's interesting predicament.) Godzilla's dozen movies have been fantastically profitable, costing less than two million dollars each and making ten times that. By his fourth movie, he had somehow been converted into a good guy, although, like the Hulk, he sometimes doesn't know his own strength. At Gimbels, for $19.99, you'll find a nineteen-and-a-half-inch Godzilla "faithfully rendered in frightful detail," as his manufacturer, Mattel, puts it. On the box he is identified as one of the "Invincible Guards of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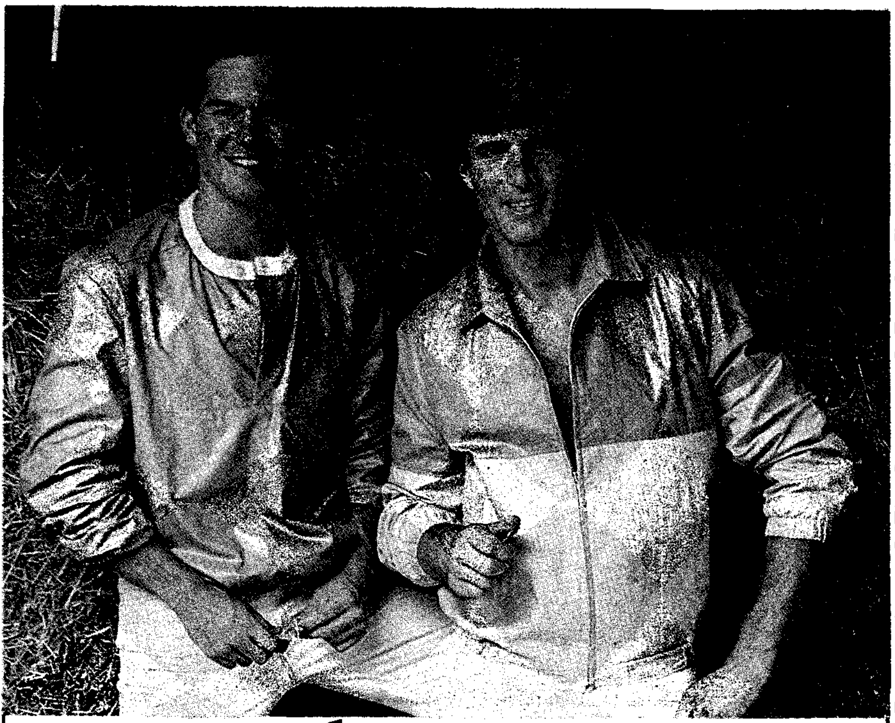
World Freedom." This plastic Godzilla walks on wheels and can be made to stick out a bright-red tongue and fling a claw a few feet toward some malevolent menace (or a visiting Hulk from the next apartment). Last summer, in honor of Godzilla's twenty-fifth anniversary—a 1979 event we forgot to mention—Japan House, at 333 East 47th Street, held a retrospective science-fiction festival entitled "Thank You, Godzilla." It featured thirteen films and an art show that included numerous toys and depictions of Godzilla and his descendants by Japanese and American sculptors. A highlight of the festival was the frequent rendition of the song "Godzilla," by a local songwriter, Michael Garin. Said Garin of Godzilla, in an interview with *Newsday* at the time, "He's an endearing overgrown lizard, and there's an *overgrown lizard in everyone.* O.K., so he destroys Tokyo. He doesn't mean to do that. . . . I play piano . . . he levels cities. Somebody's got to."

BEFORE we go on to those electronic games that everyone's talking about, could we say a word about that superhero of Christmas, Santa Claus? Around this time last year, we reminded you that the national solution for New York's recurrent financial problems favored by some members of Congress was to saw the city off and send it floating out to sea, but that this dramatic action, had it been proposed and followed through on much earlier in history, could have had a dire effect on at least one vital aspect of our national culture. How would America be celebrating Christmas nowadays without its symbol of seasonal joy and generosity, Santa Claus, who was almost entirely a New York creation? As we then noted, the original St. Nicholas, a fourth-century Near Eastern bishop, was a skinny, dour-faced fellow who, although he traditionally handed out presents to good children, also carried a large birch rod to punish bad boys and girls, and even this ungenial gift bearer was officially banished from much of Europe after the Reformation by religious leaders who associated Christmas celebrations with frivolity and paganism and didn't worry at all about being labelled as killjoys in the history books. One of the few places where St. Nicholas continued to play some role was in this town, among the descendants of the Dutch colonists who had settled in New York when it was known as Nieuw Amsterdam, and to whom he was known as Sinter Klaas. In 1809, Washington Irving, a local



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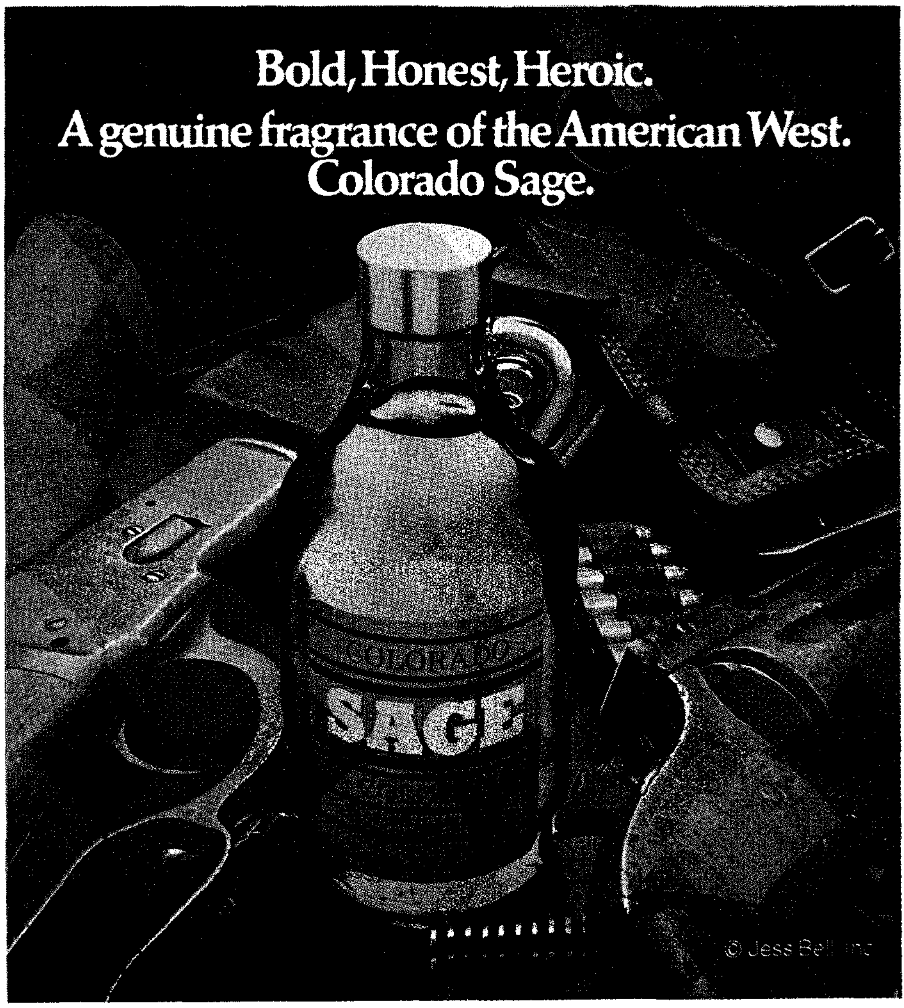

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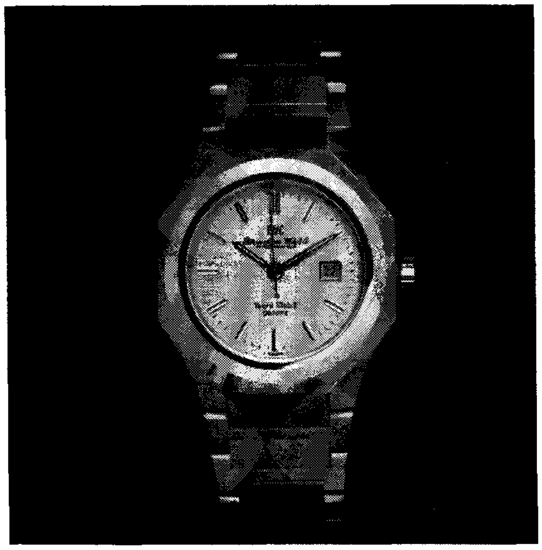

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resident of William Street, in his comic "Knickerbocker's History of New York," portrayed a St. Nicholas quite different from the one known in pre-Reformation days: a stout, cheerful figure who skimmed over the treetops with his sleighful of toys. Fourteen years later, Clement Moore, a minister who lived on West Twenty-third Street, published the poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas," which he had written for his own children, and in which the once forbidding December visitor, by 1823 being referred to around town as Santa Claus, a variation on Sinter Klaas, was a fat, dimpled fellow, a "right jolly old elf," who slid down the chimney and now had eight tiny reindeer to pull his load of toys. And about forty years after that Thomas Nast, the great nineteenth-century political cartoonist, then living on West Forty-fourth Street, illustrated an edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" with scenes in which the central figure was the immensely fat man with twinkling eyes, flowing white beard, and red fur suit and cap which Christmas displays would look naked without.

Well, it has been called to our attention that last year we may have been wrong, terribly wrong—not about this city's part in the creation of Santa Claus but about Santa Claus himself as a symbol of joy and benevolence. In his 1978 book "Humankind," the sociologist Peter Farb finds it highly significant that the Santa Claus myth "required decades to develop, finally to emerge during the Gilded Age, when merchant princes were despoiling a continent." Why is it, he asks, that "the people concerned with the creation of the myth turn out to represent the vested interests?" Farb does not attack Thomas Nast, who, after all, is given major historical credit for having helped bring down the Tweed Ring—certainly a vested interest. However, he describes Washington Irving as "a publicist paid by John Jacob Astor to write favorably about his activities, including maltreatment of Indians." As for Clement Moore, says Farb, he "was a religious conservative who wrote tracts attacking Thomas Jefferson for having subverted the Christian faith." Farb insists that "Santa Claus's jollity is no accident," since "it reflects his contentment with the existing social order," in which the ruthless are rewarded. The mythical Santa Claus, he complains, displays "the capitalistic virtues of hard work, hope for better things, endurance in the harsh environment of the North Pole, and punctuality in meeting his

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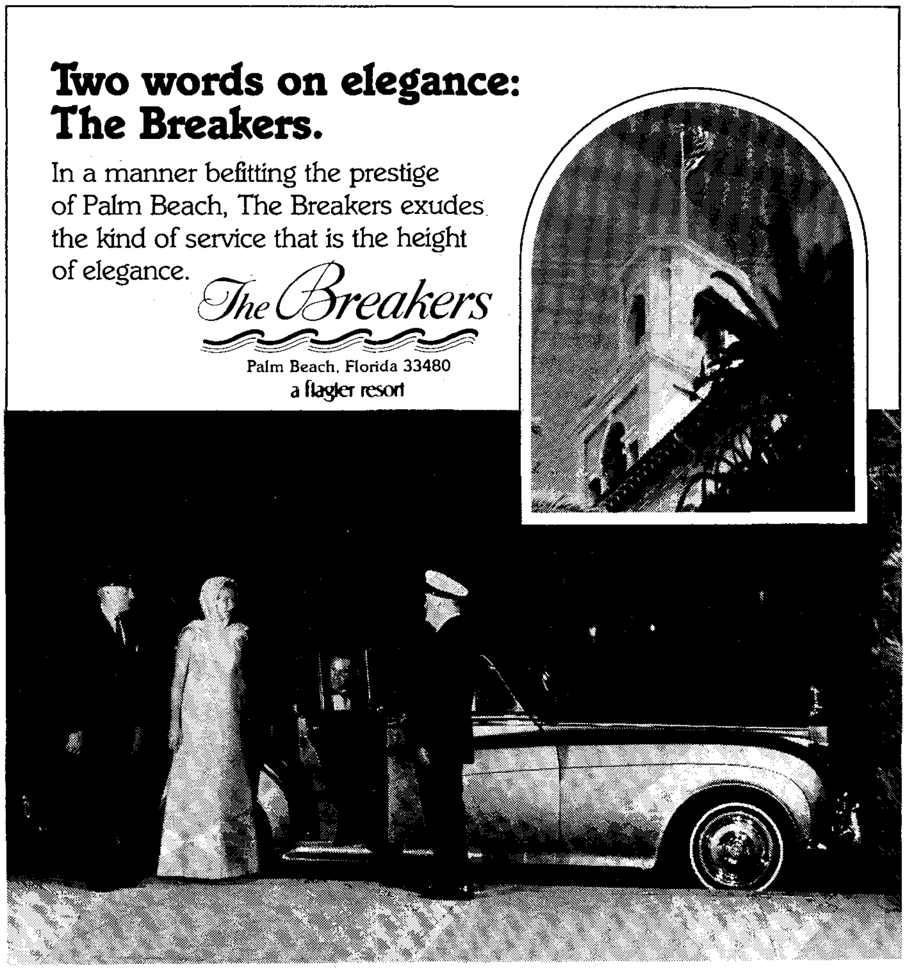

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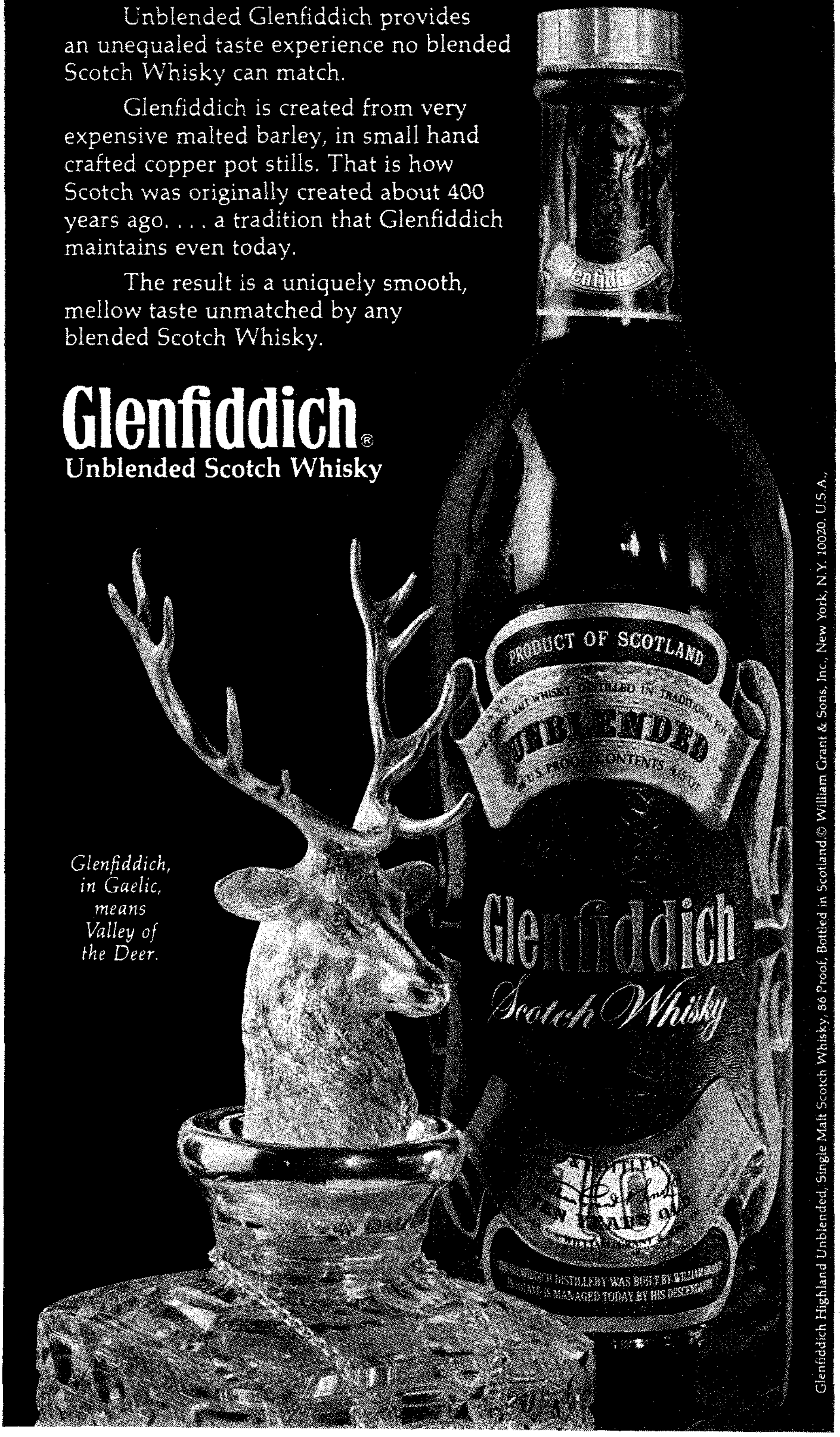
Christmas deadline," but the truth is that the rich kids get the best presents. And why, he demands, are young children encouraged by their parents "to believe that they exist in some magical economy in which a mere letter will produce an abundance of gifts?... Why should parents be so cruel as to mislead their children?" he asks. They do so for the children's own good, he explains—to teach them something that is "essential to economic survival in the United States." He declares that "the child's reaction to the news that Santa Claus is a fiction is almost invariably one of having been swindled, cheated, lied to by parents." The parents, says Farb, are doing their children the favor of telling them that "valuable things will have to be purchased with real money, which will have to be earned in an economic environment where hard work and cunning, not simple goodness, are rewarded. . . . The disillusioned child has thus been given a dramatic lesson in the capitalistic economy of Adam Smith, at the cost of only a few heartaches and a few tears that will soon dry."

Tears? But it's almost Christmas! Aren't there any smiles in this crowd? Did we detect a defiant hoot in the distance—or was that a ho-ho-ho? Maybe this would be a good time to give a perversive vote of confidence to Santa Claus (suitably explained to the children at the proper time, of course, and maybe with some of the Day-Glo toned down) as the spirit of Christmas, past and present. At Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), a snow globe four and a half inches high showing Santa on his sleigh amid some Christmas trees is $5.50, and for $2.50 at the same place Moore's poem, here called "The Night Before Christmas" and illustrated by Arthur Rackham, is $2.50. At Rappaport's, under the same title, Moore's account of St. Nicholas's visit, illustrated by Grandma Moses, is $3.95. Despite Santa Claus's city origins that we've mentioned, the Rackham and Moses illustrations, like all those we've ever seen accompanying the Moore poem, put him in a setting that is aggressively rural as far as the eye can see. At Altman's, for a young family optimist, you'll find an oversize vinyl stocking, twenty-one and a half by nine and a half inches, decorated with a Nast scene of Santa going down the chimney, for $15, and four-and-a-half-inch needlepoint Santa Claus Christmas-tree ornaments, for $8. A four-and-a-half-inch plush Santa Claus who would be a big hit peeking out of a stocking is $3.50 at Polk's. A



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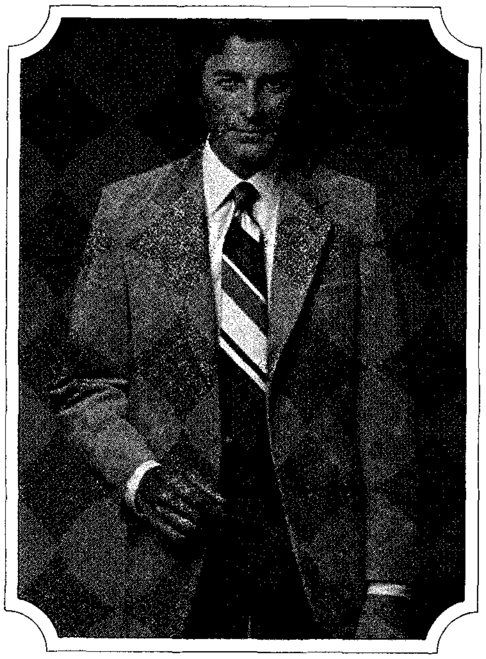
sixteen-inch hand-knit Santa Claus with a luxuriant white yarn beard and mustache is $22.50 at the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). And a giant, six-foot Snoopy at F. A. O. Schwarz, which Schwarz describes as “bigger-than-life”—and we certainly hope so—comes dressed in a Santa Claus costume and costs $384.95. Without the costume, he’s $295. “Haven’t you ever heard of the Christmas beagle?” asks Schwarz—for all we know, starting a whole new Christmas myth.

NOW, about those electronic games. Four Christmases ago, there were no such games on the market. In 1977, there were four, which accounted for about thirty-five million dollars’ worth of toy-business income, and this year there are over a hundred, which are expected to bring in half a billion dollars and make the toy industry a four-and-a-half-billion-dollar business. “This generation is a generation that’s having a love affair with electronics,” said Arnold C. Greenberg, the president of Coleco Industries, which makes the game called Zodiac, at this year’s Annual Toy Fair. “Electronic chips have been the most incredible introduction into the toy business since plastic.” Electronics may, in fact, have to be part of the toy industry’s answer to plastics. The nine hundred toy-manufacturing companies use six hundred and twenty million pounds of plastic a year, or almost two per cent of all plastic produced. And you know what plastic is made from, don’t you? Oil. (A few years back, there was a King Oil game on the toy counters, in which the players tried to discover new sources of oil. Now that we need it, it’s off the market. Perhaps what we were really looking for was a game called King Solar Energy, but we didn’t find that, either, or even a toy windmill.) Of course, there is plastic in the electronic games, but nothing like the amount needed for, say, Barbie’s Dream House (which we’ll get to later). The electronic, or solid-state, chip Greenberg was referring to is a microcomputer that processes information according to digital logic, which, of course, has a vast number of yes-or-no possibilities. The chip, the computer element on which the electronic games depend for their impressive feats, costs less than two dollars, but, of course, that is only the beginning. One of the cheapest such games we encountered was Touch Me, which is $32 with a nine-volt battery at Penny Whistle, 1281 Madison Avenue



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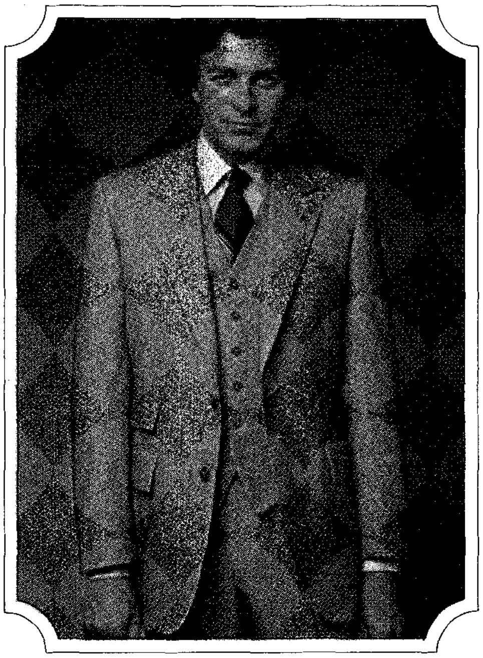
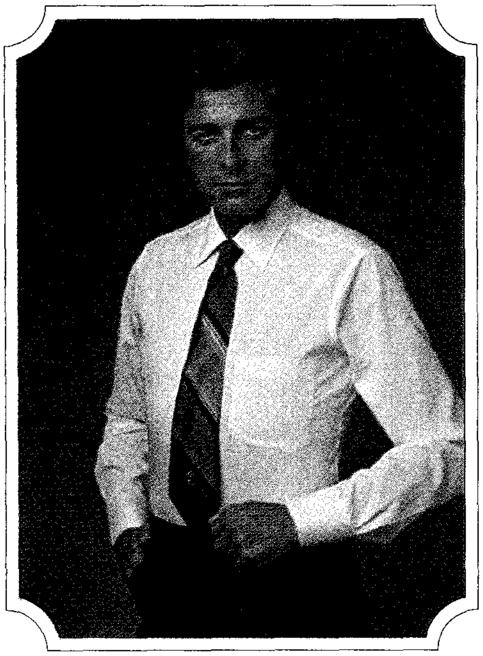


(91st). Touch Me tests the concentration of a player (the prescribed age span, as for most of these games, is from seven on up) by having him try to repeat sequences of sound and colored light even as the computer adds still another color or sound to what he is supposed to be remembering. When the player misses, there's a razzing sound. (Touch Me, by the way, is made by Atari, the company whose slogan is "It's Not How You Play the Game, It's Whether You Win or Lose.") In Touch Me, there are three available variations of the same challenge. Other companies offer a single game at various levels of difficulty, and some of these toys, such as Merlin, offer several different games. Said Robert Doyle, the creator of Merlin for Parker Brothers, "Why shouldn't kids of all ages love this stuff? We're all computers. We're all little adding machines." Merlin ($45 with six AA batteries at Rappaport's) challenges a player to six games involving memory, logic, chance, and skill, including ticktacktoe and blackjack. You may well ask what ever happened to pencil and paper, with which even the most indigent of us used to be able to get up a game of ticktacktoe (or battleship—there's a whole game devoted to Electronic Battleship; $53.91, also at Rappaport's). And with just a deck of cards you and the gang used to be all set for blackjack. One answer is that what these electronic games give you is a partner always at the ready—and don't underestimate that partner and his two-dollar electronic chip. Last summer in Monte Carlo, Luigi Villa, of Italy, defeated the top world-class professional backgammon players—Paul Magriel, Barclay Cooke, Joe Dwek, and Jim Pasco—to win the world championship. While everybody was sitting around afterward, some joker with a public-relations gimmick (as Villa thought of it) came up to him and suggested that he play an electronic opponent called Aristotle in a seven-point match for five thousand dollars. Aristotle beat the new world champion seven to one, rolling two double sixes at the end. Villa immediately claimed that Aristotle had only been lucky. His fellow-Italians crowded around him and hurled insults at the machine. A Washington *Post* reporter who was present noted that for Americans it would have been beneath dignity to insult a machine but that the Italians knew the enemy when they saw it. We have to tell you that Aristotle is not a good bet for your average before-bedtime backgammon game with



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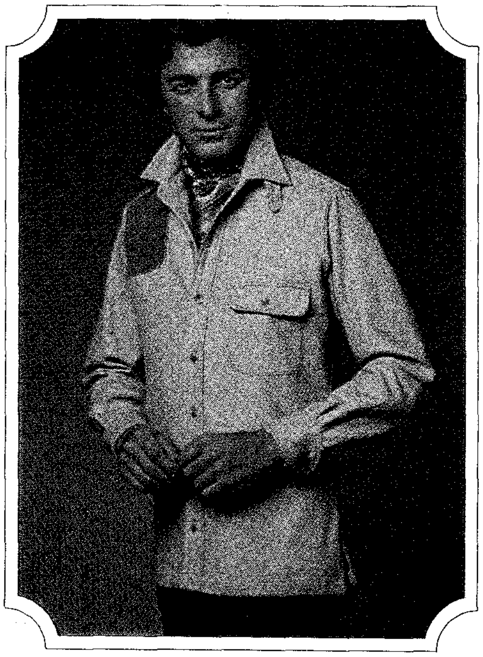
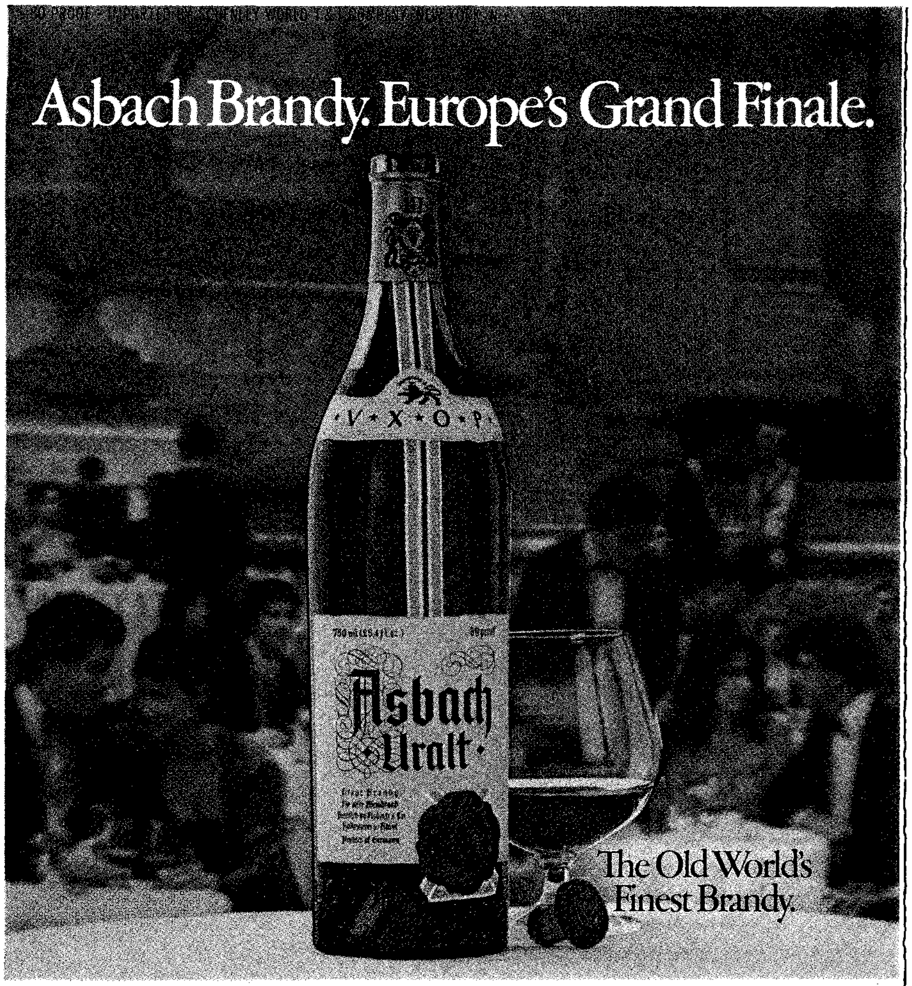


the kids. Gimbels' sporting-goods department will order one on request, but the price is $2,500.

NOT all the new electronic items in the toy department are games. At Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), you'll find Vic the Voice Controlled 'Vette, a seventeen-and-a-half-inch model of a red Corvette, which can be programmed to go into the next room, turn around, come back, spin in circles, and so on—all at the sound of someone's voice; $40.66 with four D batteries. Some of the electronic items are more educational than recreational, including a remarkable one called Speak & Spell—made by the Texas Instruments people, who also produce the all-important electronic chip. Speak & Spell not only asks children to spell words—there are four levels of spelling achievement—and tells them when they are wrong but does it in its own voice; $66.80 for this at Bloomingdale's. "It's really the first robot, if we understand a robot as a computer with certain humanlike functions, notably, here, speech," explains electronics marketing man Joe Sugarman. However, we've never seen flash cards on anybody's letter to Santa Claus, and you'll have to decide for yourself whether this historic item is what some young friend wants to find under the Christmas tree. Well-meaning relatives do tend to hover around the educational-toy counters at this season, despite the fact that, according to some witnesses, there are so many valuable lessons for children that don't come wrapped in tissue and ribbons. Sociologist Farb, with his dissertation on Santa Claus, isn't the only expert who believes the world of toy-giving to be full of educational value for the young. Earlier this year, the Federal Trade Commission held a series of hearings on the quality and quantity of toy and cereal commercials with which children are bombarded during the Saturday-morning cartoon hours. (In some cases, the lineups at the hearings were simplified, since, as you may know, many of the toy companies are owned by cereal companies: General Mills, for example, is not only the nation's second-largest cereal company but, through various subsidiaries, the world's second-largest toy company [after Mattel].) A psychologist from the State University at Stony Brook testified at the hearings that the lesson a child learns from his Saturday-morning experience is to look down on his parents, who, in trying to talk him out of want-



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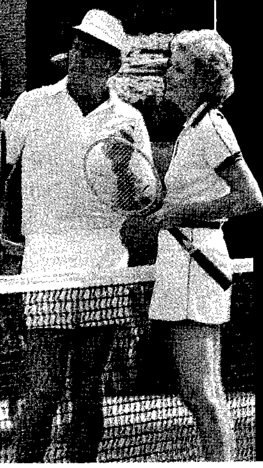

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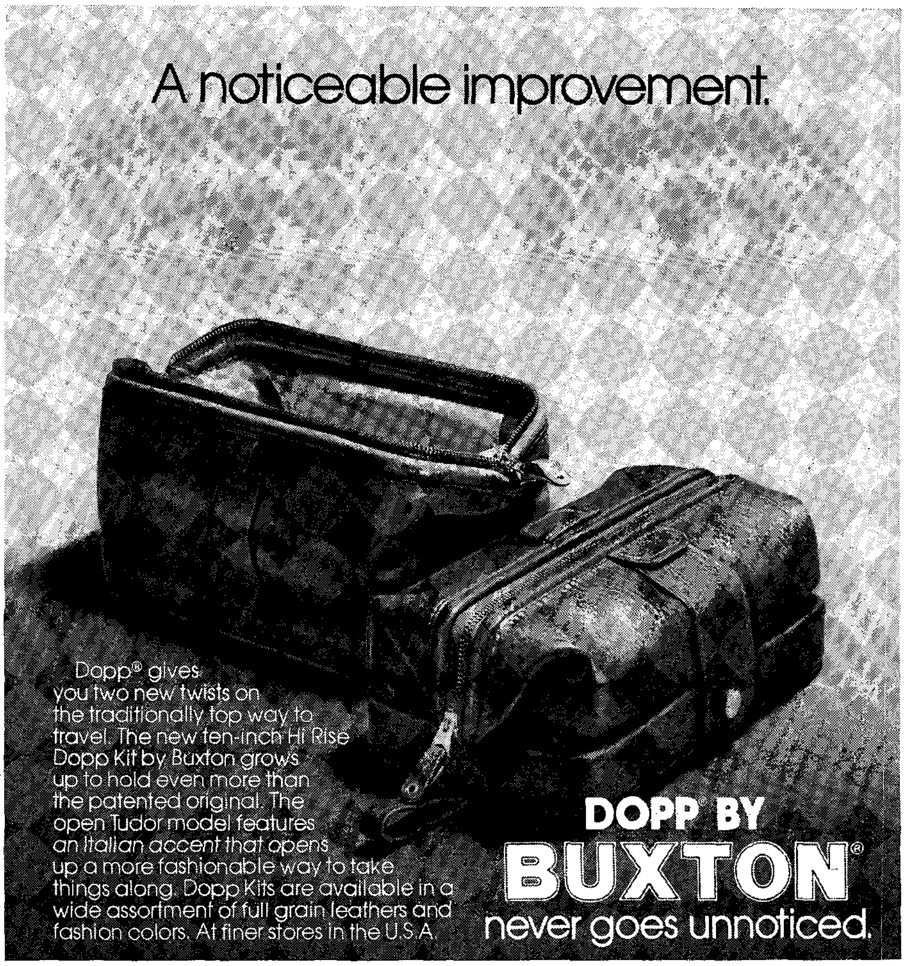
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never goes unnoticed.

ing oversugared cereals and overpriced toys, cannot match "their meagre persuasive technique against the might of television advertising." Since advertising directed at children is a six-hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry, there was also a parade of witnesses from the advertising agencies. Seymour Banks, of the Leo Burnett agency, had an answer for family crises over commercials. "All a parent has to say is 'Shut up—or I'll belt you!' " he told the commission, not sounding very—well—Christmassy. About the same time, Virginia Knauer, then representative of the Toy Manufacturers of America and former director of the federal Office of Consumer Affairs, told an interviewer that the array of Saturday commercials taught children another kind of lesson. "Television enables children to make choices—the first step in consumer education," she said. Banks, the advertising man, also deemed the commercials to be "an educational experience." As he put it, "Children, like everyone else, must learn the marketplace. Even if a child is deceived by age four, what harm is done? He will grow out of it."

Good grief, another downer! This would be just the time to look up the two Activity and Game Songs albums, which are recordings of singer and songwriter Tom Glazer's concerts for children. They're bound to cheer everybody up and also set the children in the house to singing along and dancing around without a thought for the Saturday-morning school of hard knocks. As it says on the jacket of Volume II, the music on the records was "performed by 1200 Howling, Screaming, Delirious, Crazy Kids with some support from Tom Glazer." "Come On and Join in the Game" is the title of the first volume (CMS 657; $6.98), and it includes "Jimmie Crack Corn" and just about our favorite Christmas song, "Little Bitty Baby," who was "born, born, *born* in Bethlehem." Volume II (CMS 658), at the same price, takes its name from "On Top of Spaghetti (All Covered with Cheese)," another favorite, and also features "Haul Away, Joe," a sea chantey in which the children pretend to be sailors.

When everybody's all tired out from all the heave-hoing, how about something furry and soft to hug? A thirteen-inch sleepy-eyed bear who's smiling in his sleep is $6.95 at Rappaport's. Mr. Tubby, a wonderfully fat bear twenty-two and a half inches tall, is $15 at Bloomingdale's. And for $21 Lord & Taylor has a Teddy bear who

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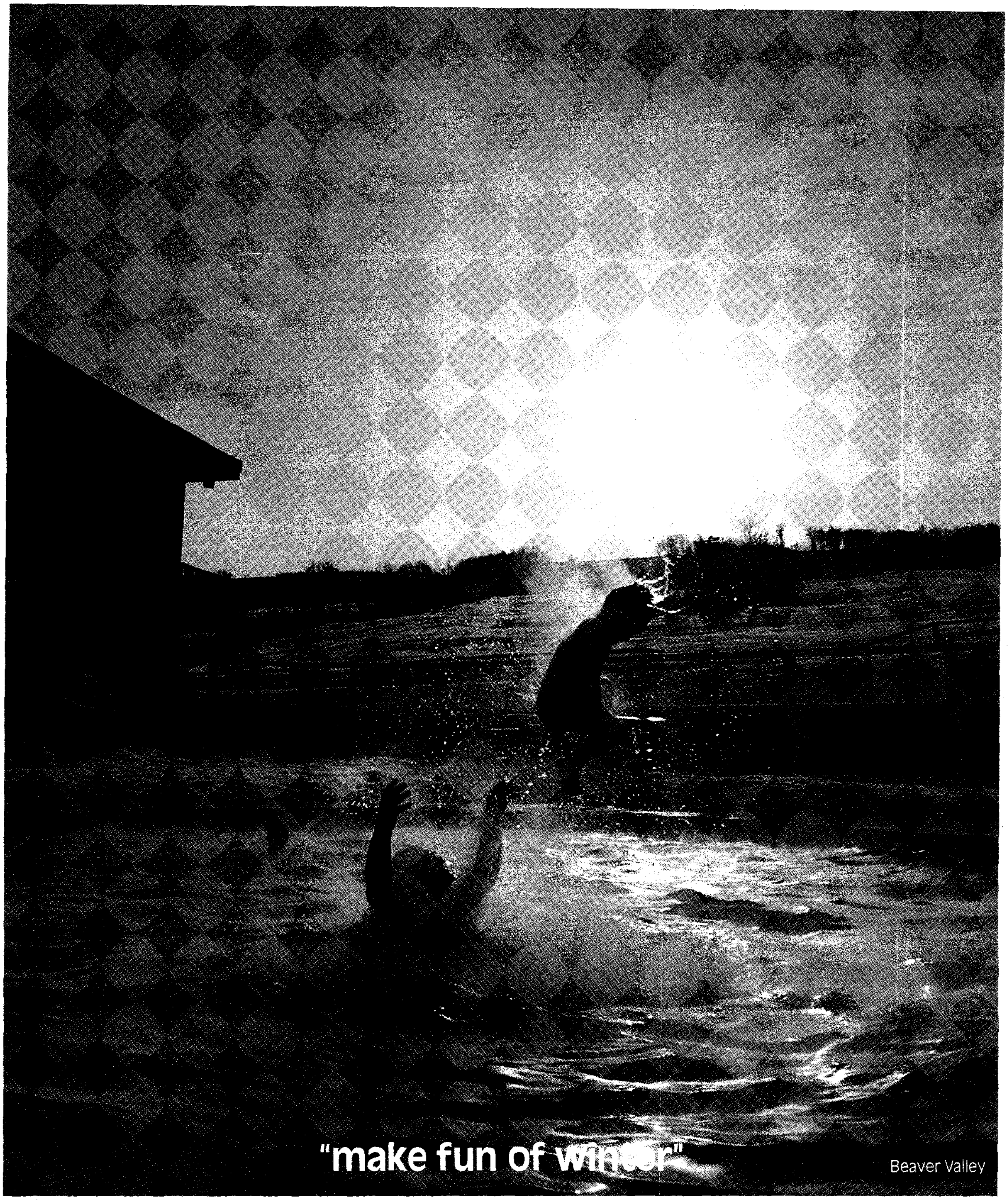

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thinks she is a ballerina. Anyhow, she wears a tutu and white slippers and has a bow in her hair. At Grassy Point Woods, 266 West 23rd, there's a vast menagerie of plush animals, of which our favorites were seven-inch gray-and-white poodles hugging each other (the manufacturer, Dakin, calls them the Huggables), for $7, and, for $9, a nine-inch mother panda clasping her baby. Both pairs come apart (Velcro). Penny Whistle has a black panther twenty-five inches long, for $25. And, of course, Snoopy is everywhere; sometimes it seems that toyland should be called Snoopyland. Snoopy and the other diffident "Peanuts" types are proof that you don't have to be a superhero to make it in the comic strips or on the toy counters—although, no doubt, Lucy would dearly love to be a superheroine. At Bloomingdale's an eleven-inch Snoopy is $9, and he's $18 in the eighteen-inch size. At the same place, a fireman's suit with yellow nylon coat and red plastic hat is $6.25 or $10, according to size, for your two beagle friends. And Schwarz has an eight-and-a-half-inch jointed marionette Snoopy for $27.95. Schulz, the "Peanuts" artist, said recently, "I realized lately that, after all these years, in one sense Snoopy has gone off and is leading a life of his own in certain ways . . . It's kinda spooky, when you think about it."

Snoopy's most familiar pose may be taking his ease on top of his doghouse, but the people who look after the commercial interests of the "Peanuts" crowd have not had a restful time of it lately. Last June, the lawyers for United Features filed suit in federal court in Chicago against the operator of a local maternity-wear store whose advertisement had shown a sketch of a pregnant Lucy, with the caption "She's getting bigger and better every year." Noting that Lucy had "been consistently and continually portrayed . . . as a young, unmarried girl," United Features sought an injunction and fifty thousand dollars in damages for copyright infringement and injury to Lucy's "wholesome image." Earlier in the year, although Snoopy's image was not

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similarly defiled (except in the eyes of those to whom any association with politics is unwholesome), United Features had asked another fifty thousand dollars in damages from Assemblyman Armand P. D'Amato, of Baldwin, Long Island, who had campaigned for reëlection the previous fall by handing out posters and shopping bags and other campaign material decorated with a dog who resembled Snoopy and the line "You're a Good Man, D'Amato"—implying Snoopy's endorsement. United Features charged D'Amato with willful, malicious, and tortious conduct" for this infringement and demanded fifty thousand dollars in damages for each alleged violation, which could amount to a tidy sum. D'Amato told reporters that, seeing Snoopy everywhere, he had assumed that the dog was "in the public domain, like apple pie," and that he had been successfully running in tandem with Snoopy since 1972. You may not have noticed that, in devising games that encourage children to decide what they want to be when they grow up, the industry's designers hardly ever include the option of the law, which is curious, since headlines in trade journals indicate that litigation takes up a substantial part of toy-company officials' time. The newly revised Parker Brothers game of Careers includes the fields of sports and show business, but not law, despite the fact that Parker Brothers has been especially preoccupied with litigation lately. A year or two ago, they waged a successful court effort to keep a game called Anti-Monopoly off the counters, partly on the argument that, as the makers of Monopoly, they had a monopoly on the word in game names. That case is now under appeal. (This year, things did not work out so well for them in the matter of a game called Masterpiece.) Among the electronic games we forgot to mention was one called Stop Thief, a Parker Brothers product in which each player is a detective. "Somewhere on the playing board . . . a crime is committed," the game's description begins. Provided electronically are audible clues—a creaking door, breaking glass, footsteps, sirens, gunshots, and so on—that help the players solve the crime. (Rappaport's has this for $41.93, including one nine-volt battery.) In a case tried in federal district court in Brooklyn earlier this year, a Brooklyn Heights artist named Christian Thee charged that Parker Brothers had committed a "crime" of sorts somewhere on *its* board, having used his ideas to develop Masterpiece, an art-auction board game that had sold more than three and a

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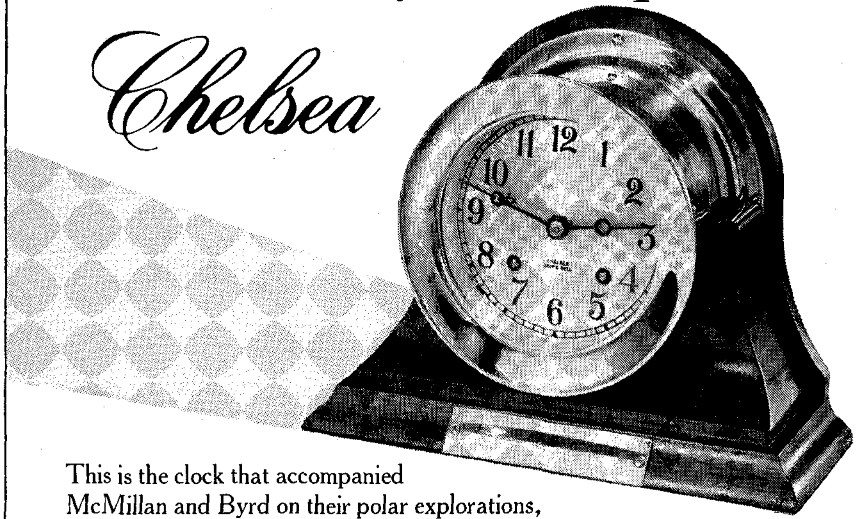
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There's nothing cheap about the Dasher, including the price. But the fit and finish are equal to just about any car made.

The only thing you give up are some old-fashioned ideas about what a car ought to be.

*Dasher Diesel Sedan 0-50 mph in 13.0 sec.

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A.

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aramis
after shave
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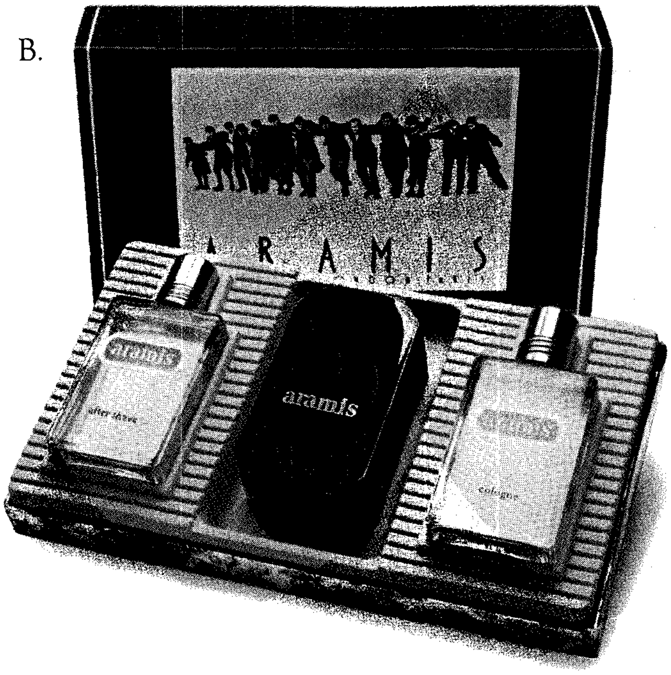
B.


ARAMIS
aramis
after shave
aramis
aramis
cologne

C.

ARAMIS
aramis
aramis
aramis
aramis

D.

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after shave
aramis

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D. 2 oz. After Shave, Soap in a Case, 11.50.

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As his gift is about to be opened, think about snow and tea dances and astrakhan hats. Then play something sleek by Cole Porter.

**aramis**

half million sets. According to Thee, he had submitted the idea some years back. Parker Brothers, however, had put it on the market as an idea offered by Marvin Glass & Associates, of Chicago, the best-known designer of toys and games, with which Parker had a long-standing secret relationship. (Glass & Associates made headlines a few years ago when one of its employees murdered several other employees. Sounds of breaking glass, sirens, gunshots, and so on.) According to Carl Person, Thee's lawyer, working through the Glass people was common Parker practice in order to avoid having to do business with outsiders. Parker would forward ideas to the Glass organization, which would change them "just enough" and then sell them back to Parker. The Brooklyn jury awarded Thee seventy per cent of the royalties paid so far to the Glass company—$427,000. Masterpiece has now been discontinued. There are at least two other cases pending against Parker Brothers, charging the same kind of fraudulent arrangement, and two similar suits against the Kenner Products Company, which, like Parker, is a component of the General Mills organization—the kind of thing that could drive a cereal company back to concentrating on such products as Cocoa Puffs and Nature Valley Granola. To fill that oddly vacant space on the game counters, a Chicago lawyer named James N. Vail has now brought out a game called Trial Lawyer—The Jurisprudence Game. The players move around a board much like that of Monopoly—but that's all right, since, like some three-quarters of all board games, the Monopoly board is itself based on the old Indian game of Parcheesi. Each player is charged with a crime and forced to act as his own lawyer as he tries to win over twelve jurors and gain his acquittal. Hazardous stops on the Trial Lawyer board include Contempt of Court, Stop & Frisk, Mistaken Identity, and Government Misconduct (Government Burglarizes Your House and Bribes the Judge). So far, the only local store that has Trial Lawyer is the New York University Law School Book Store, at 137 Macdougal Street, where it is $9.95. Or you can send the same amount to Professional Games, 900 Golfview Road, Glenview, Illinois 60025.

POSSIBLY because no game such as Trial Lawyer was available, it has been the annual practice of Thomas H. Kramer, a fifth-grade teacher in Jericho, Long Island, to have his pupils

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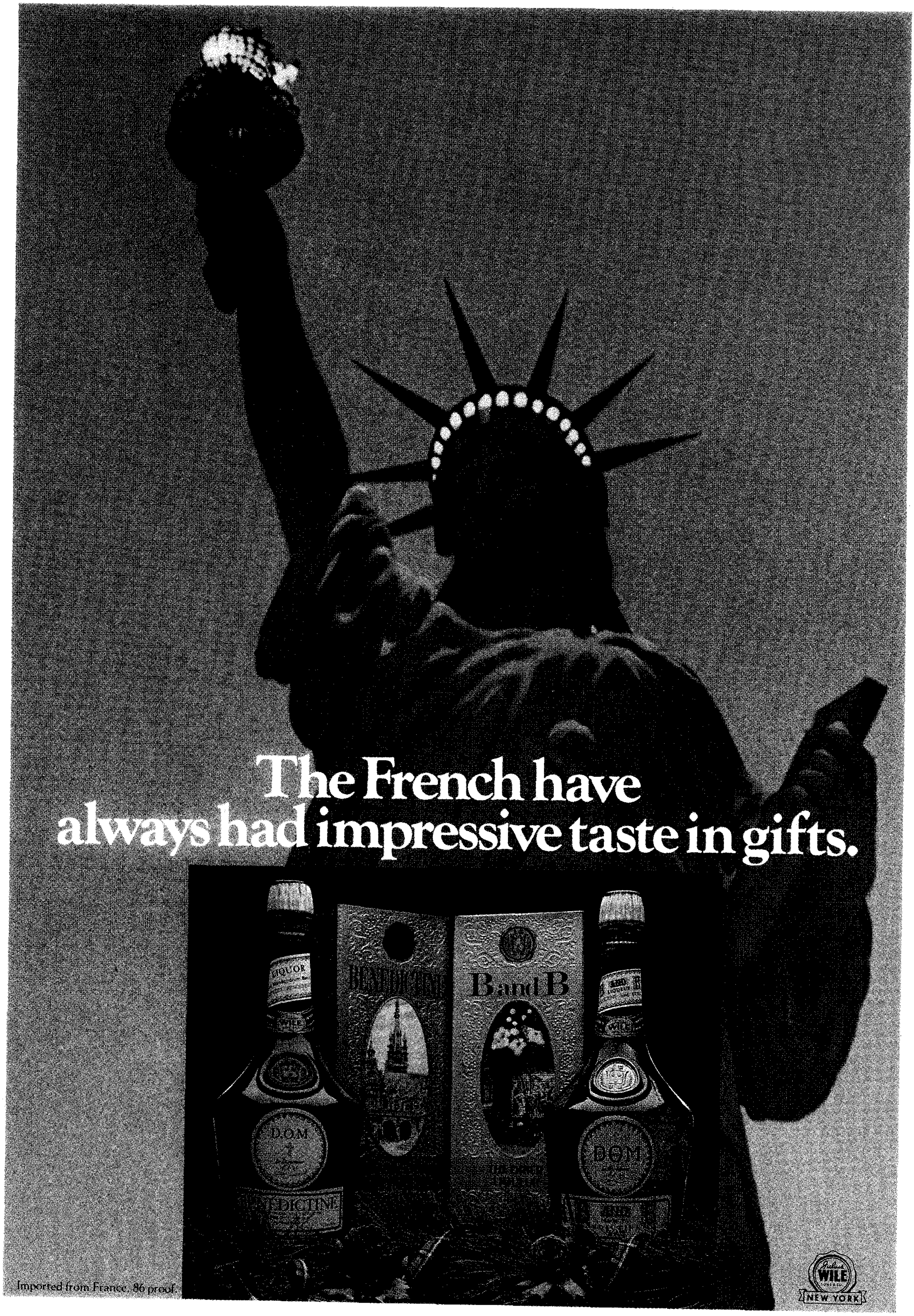
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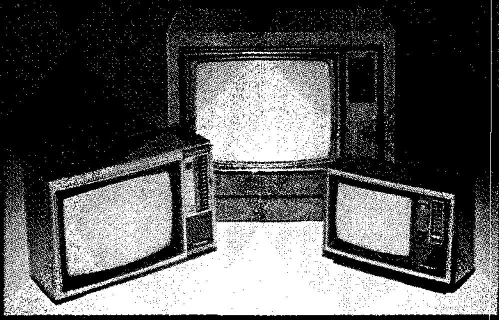

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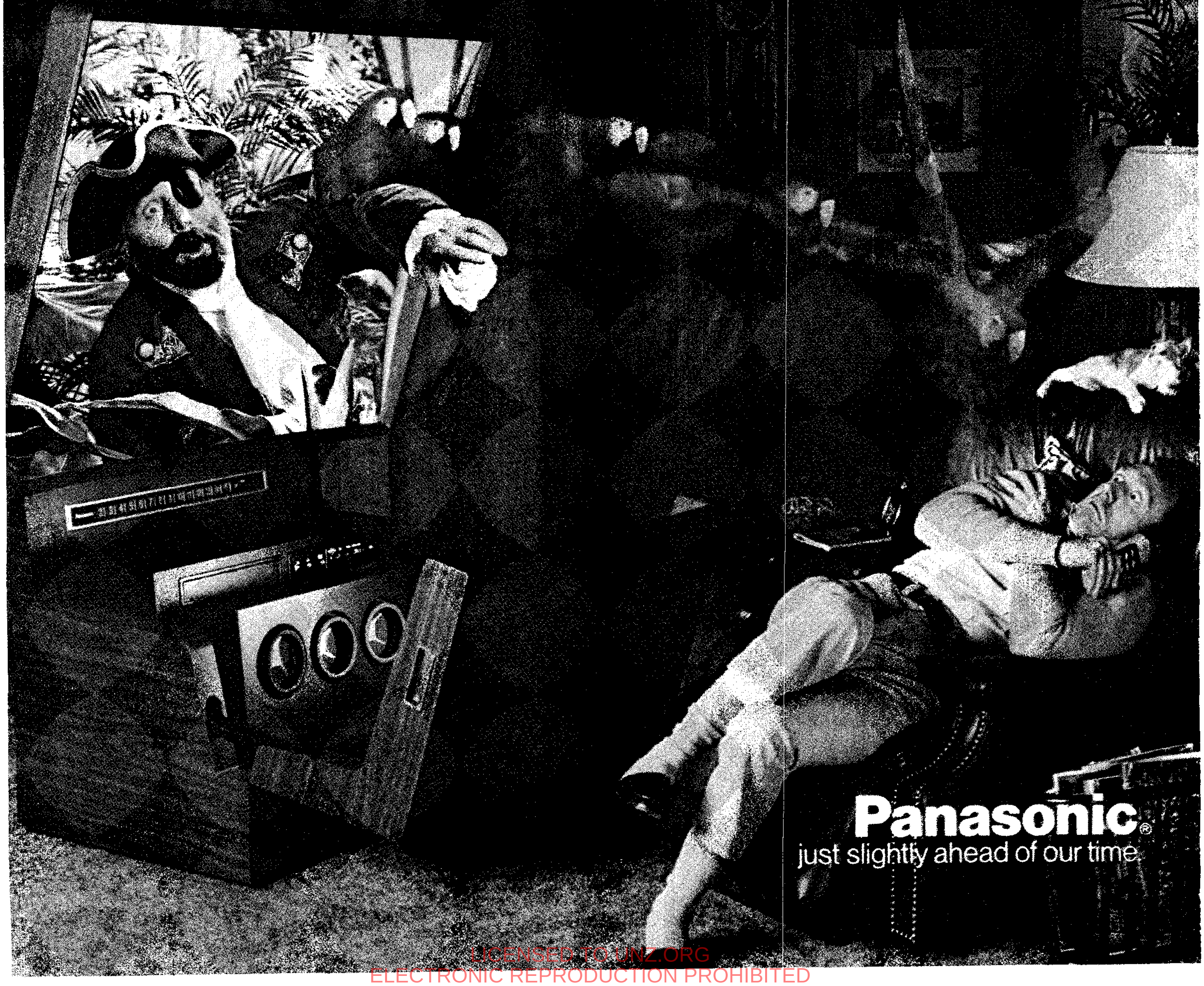

stage a mock trial in a real courtroom in the Nassau County Courthouse to demonstrate to them how the justice system may actually work. The defendant in the case is Goldilocks, who is tried to determine whether she broke any laws and whether civil damages are due. In the most recent such proceeding, last spring—it was complete with bear costumes and judicial robes, and the lawyer father of one of the class members served as judge—Goldilocks admitted having entered the Bear home, eaten some porridge, and taken a nap on the smallest Bear bed, but claimed that the bed had not been made in the first place and that she did not break Baby Bear's chair. Defense witnesses declared that the chair hadn't even belonged to the Bears, Papa Bear having swiped it somewhere, and that the Bears had hit Goldilocks with sticks when they found her, which the Bears denied. A member of the class impersonating a parole officer testified that Father Bear had a criminal record. The defense attorney then quickly asked whether Papa Bear hadn't once been convicted of molesting children. The jury of fifth graders and their mothers found Goldilocks guilty of trespass and ordered her to pay the Bears for a box of porridge. However, they absolved her of any liability for replacing the broken chair or of having to make Baby Bear's bed. Of course, you'll hear quite a different version of the story on a Disneyland record called "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" (Dis. 1250; $2.98). Or perhaps you have some young friends who'd like to stage such a trial in their own toy corner. In that case, the Elder Craftsmen shop has a three-bear family for you. These are handmade stuffed bears of bright calico. Papa Bear is about fourteen inches tall, to give you an idea; $21 for the three. For your defendant, a nine-inch Goldilocks doll by Madame Alexander is $23.99 at Gimbels. Her eyes open and close—ready for that nap, no doubt—and she wears a blue dress with lace at the throat and a black vest. Suspiciously dressy for an innocent walk in the woods, the prosecution may want to point out.

Before we go on to dolls in general, we'd like to tell you about some that reflect a special association between cereal-product companies and toys: dolls that celebrate company trademarks. A few years back, the Pillsbury people branched out from cake mixes and such to put on the market a Pillsbury Poppin' Fresh Doughboy doll, modelled on the animated figure who struts around the

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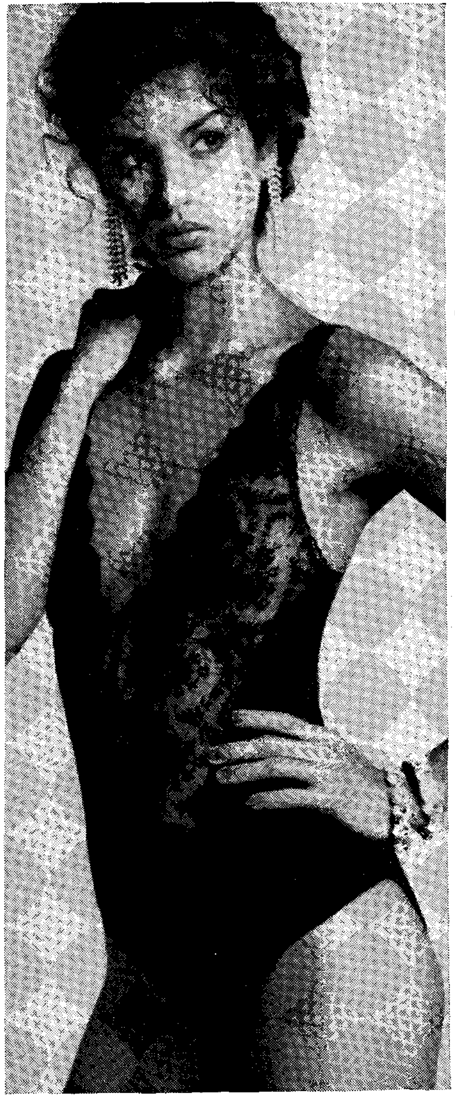

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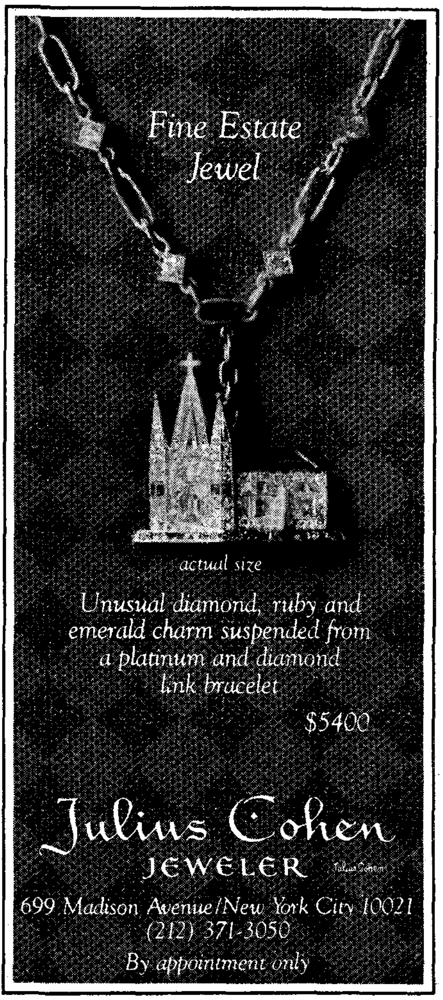
television commercials for the company's products. Later, they provided him with a female doll friend called Poppie Fresh. Recently, however, Pillsbury decided to get out of the doll business after they found themselves having to bring a million-and-a-half-dollar suit against a porn magazine because of certain improper implications made by the magazine as to the possible nature of the relationship between the famously wholesome Poppin' and Poppie. (More business for the lawyers.) The Pillsbury people own the Burger King company, but they have no plans to bring out a Burger King doll. However, their rival, McDonald's, is drumming up further trade by way of a twenty-one-inch Ronald McDonald doll, made for them by Hasbro. Ronald, who is a clown type with yarn hair, real shoelaces, and a real zipper, blows a whistle when someone hugs him, and costs $19.99 at Gimbels. Some people think the peculiarly close relationship between food and toy companies had its beginnings back in 1912, when the Cracker Jack people, now the largest users of popcorn in the world, began putting prizes in their boxes. This year, Vogue Dolls brought out a fifteen-inch vinyl boy doll in a sailor suit and cap who has a small stuffed dog with him for company. The reason they look so familiar is that they are the spit 'n' image of Jack the Sailor and his dog, Bingo, who have been decorating the Cracker Jack box since 1919. When you come across Jack the Sailor and Bingo ($18.95 at F. A. O. Schwarz), you'll find them packed in a reasonable facsimile of a Cracker Jack box. The newest doll based on a trademark is the Gerber Baby Doll, who is a reasonable facsimile of the winsome baby in the sketch on Gerber baby-food jars and boxes. Last year, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance of the sketch on Gerber products, the company commissioned one of its subsidiaries, Atlanta Novelty, which makes plush animals, to design a doll to match the drawing. The vinyl head was molded by Neil Estern, who did the head of John Kennedy for the Kennedy Memorial in Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn. The result is a very nice sixteen-inch doll with a soft body. Her eyes move from side to side, like those of a real baby who's watching someone move around a room. Dressed in blue-and-white checked rompers, she also wears a white eyelet bib and skirt, which come off in case more informality is in order. The Gerber Baby is $20 at Schwarz. So far, there is no plan to bring out a



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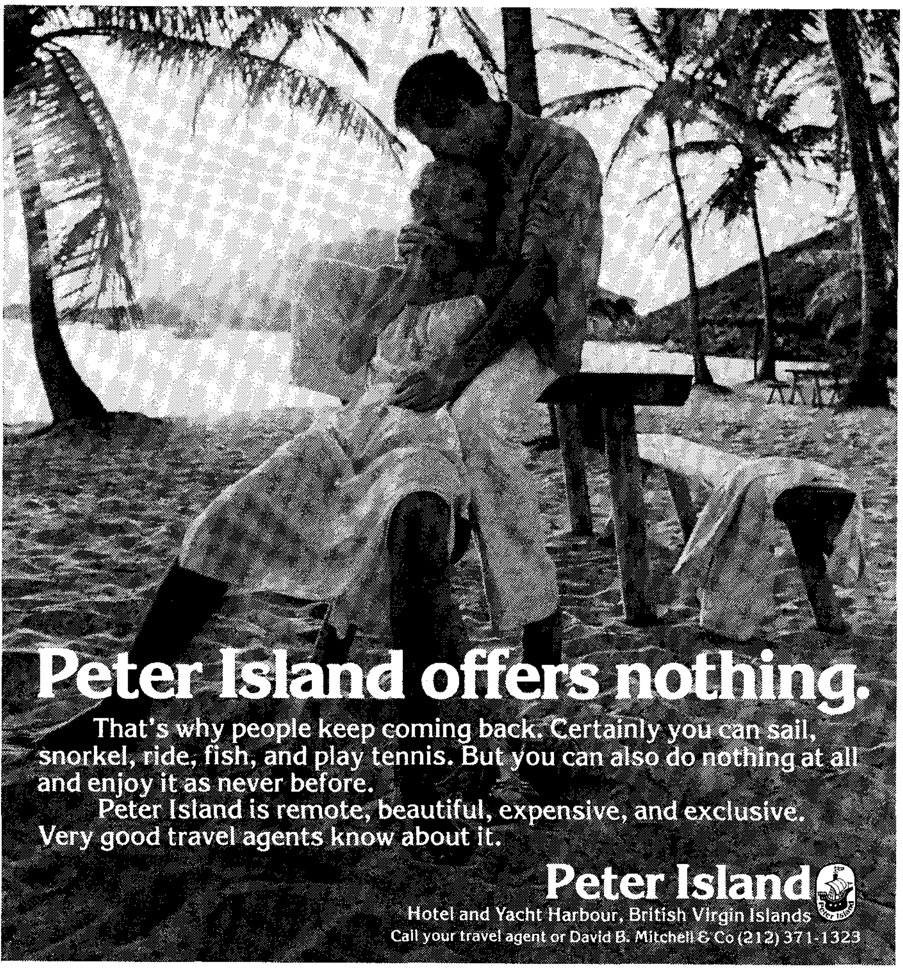
doll to match the twinkling-eyed figure on the Quaker Oats box. You may remember that he used to be quite a dour-looking fellow. Then Quaker Oats bought into the toy business—Fisher-Price Play Families and such—and suddenly the Quaker Oats trademark was all smiles. There's also no move to bring out a new doll that looks like Aunt Jemima on the pancake-mix box, another Quaker Oats product. In this racially conscious era, there was some criticism of Quaker Oats for its stout, mammylike trademark. The company stayed with it, but Aunt Jemima, much slimmed down (having eaten fewer of her own pancakes, perhaps), now occupies a less prominent place on the box. Not all blacks regarded Aunt Jemima as an ethnic embarrassment. At a store called Born Yesterday, 1193 Lexington Avenue (81st), handmade black dolls—some new and some antique—including Aunt Jemima, start at $15. Willi Smith, the black fashion designer, who is a collector of Black Americana, says, "Aunt Jemima is a classic American figure. What should I have on my table? A sixteenth-century European madonna?"

Many of the most popular dolls on the toy counters come in black as well as white versions, including two we found at Herald Square—Rub-A-Dub Dolly and Snuggles. Completely waterproof, Rub-A-Dub is a seventeen-inch doll with rooted hair who arrives wearing a smart romper suit, which soon comes off, of course, since she goes right into the tub with her new owner; $17 at Gimbels. There are three versions of Snuggles, which have vinyl heads and soft stuffed bodies. A black Snuggles arrives with a pillow to hug. There is also a blond Snuggles with a blanket, and a red-headed Snuggles who holds a Teddy bear. When someone pulls a string at Snuggles' back, her head rolls—snuggles—against whatever she's holding or whoever is holding her; $10 for Snuggles in any complexion at Macy's. If it was a Chinese doll you were looking for, dollsandreams, 454 Third Avenue (31st), has a handsome one called Ling Ling, with silky black hair. She's eighteen inches tall and comes wearing a romantic-looking lace-trimmed dress. From another world and time are two dolls in sunbonnets and pinafores that are modelled on the little girls in the "Little House on the Prairie" television show. Carrie is eleven inches tall, and her big sister, Laura, is twelve and a half inches. Both girls are at the Gin-



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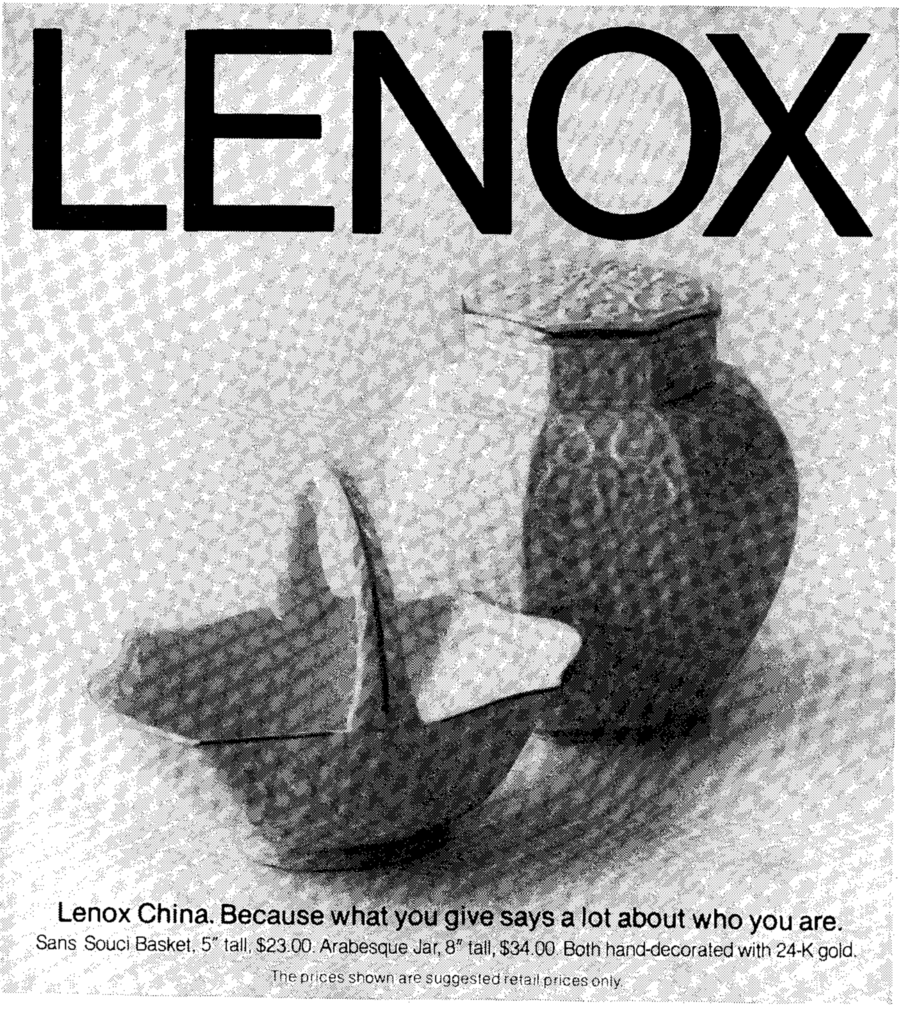

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gerbread House, 9 Christopher Street, for $10 each.

If children you know want to find out even more about the "Little House" family, a boxed set of the nine volumes that Laura Ingalls Wilder wrote about her family's experiences on the American frontier in the last century is $19.95 in paperback (Harper & Row). Toy-company officials who feel they were given a hard time this year by such government agencies as the Federal Trade Commission may relish the fact that some of the profits from "Little House" items find their way to the Libertarian Party, which favors an end to almost all government interference in American private lives. Roger MacBride, who inherited the rights to the "Little House" books from Mrs. Wilder's daughter, is a substantial supporter of the Libertarians and was their Presidential candidate in 1976. A doll named Darci Cover Girl, who has no political affiliations that we know of, is twelve and a half inches tall, can be posed this way and that, and comes dressed in a lacy white leotard. "She's for young girls whose imaginations go beyond the ordinary and who aspire to a lifestyle that is extraordinary," the manufacturers explain; $8 at Macy's. To help Darci along in her aspirations, there is a Darci Disco, a standup multicolored discothèque background that includes a mirrored ball, a pretend pinball machine and jukebox, and a nonpretend spotlight. In the center is a circular disco floor to which Darci's feet can be attached, so that when the floor is rotated she seems to move around to some handy disco record. With this set comes a stunning silver jumpsuit for Darci. With two D batteries for the spotlight, it's $18 for all at Macy's.

In honor of Barbie's birthday, there is a Barbie doll on the market with a new accomplishment. She's called Kissing Barbie, "the doll who kisses and leaves her mark in 1979." Press her back, and she tilts her head and puckers her lips. Liquid lipstick is provided, so that she can then be made to leave her mark (removable) on her boyfriend, Ken. Ken does not kiss back, you may be relieved to know. Kissing Barbie, in a long pink dress decorated with a kiss-print design, is $12.50 at Altman's. Barbie accounts for more than half of all fashion-doll sales, and, perhaps in celebration, she has a new roof over her head: the Barbie Dream House. This is a very large establishment for an eleven-and-a-half-inch doll: about sixteen inches deep, three feet high, and four feet wide. There

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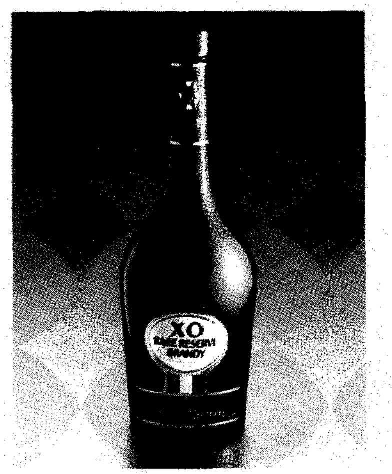

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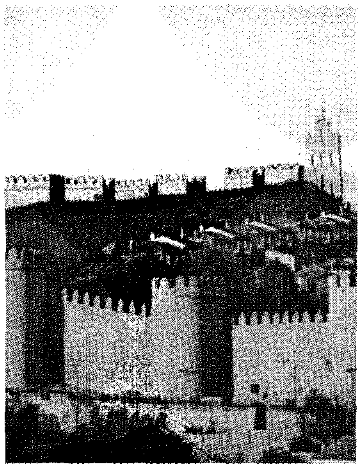
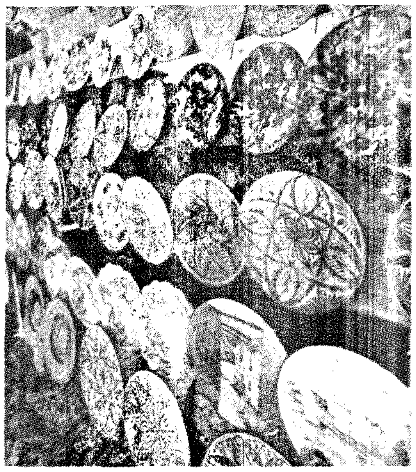

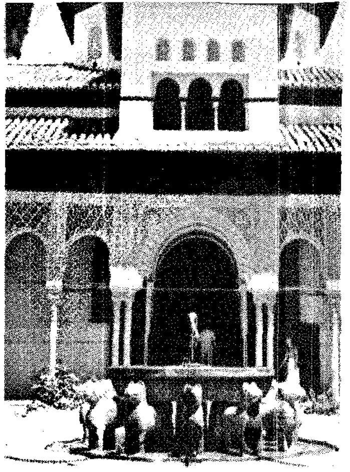
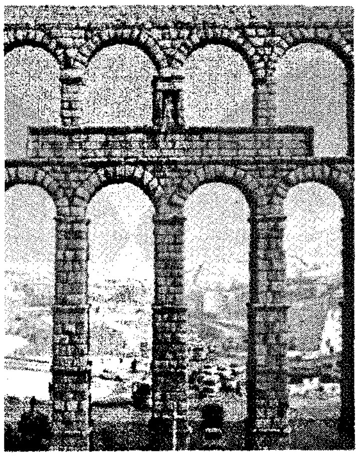
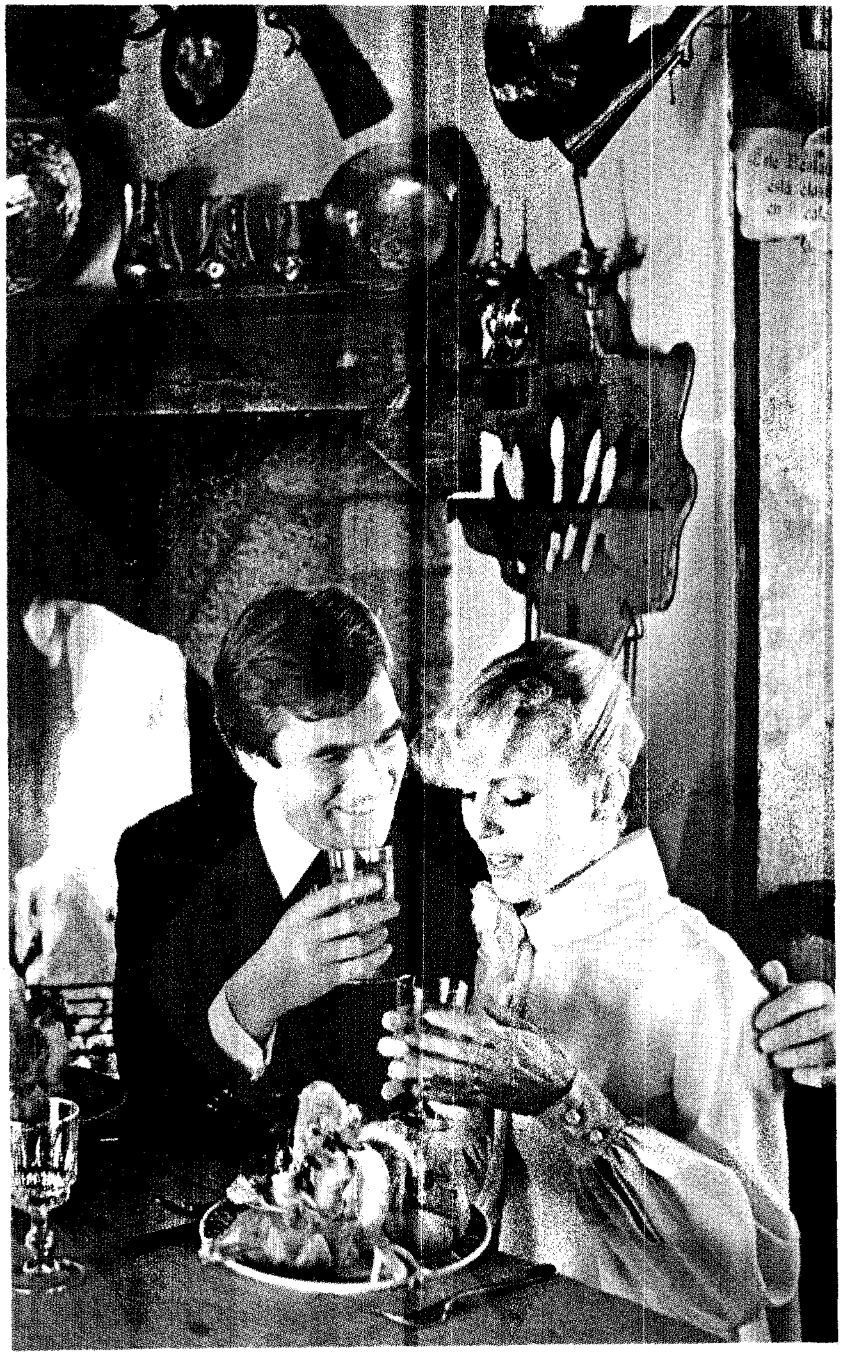
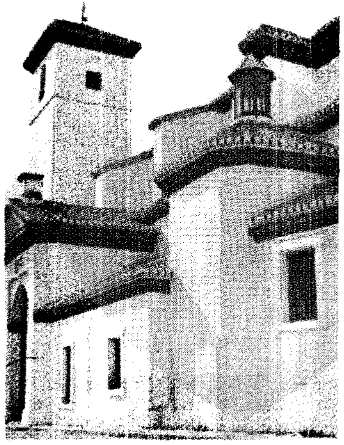
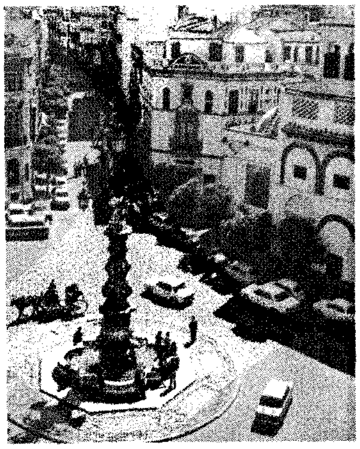
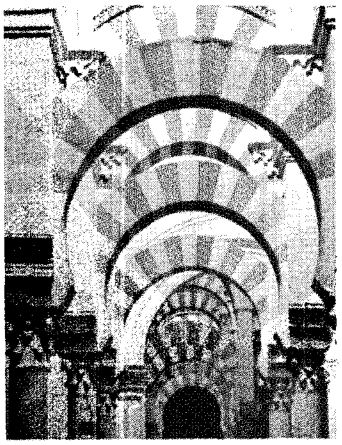

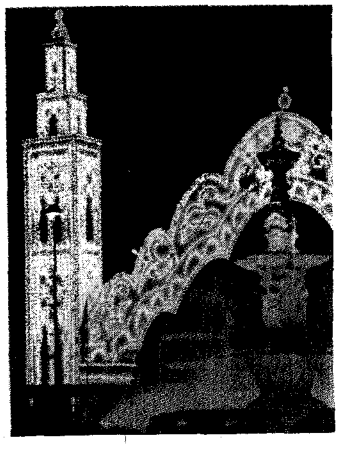

# In America, we go to Europe for great food. In Europe, they go to Spain for great food.

Ever since the 8th century, when the Moors occupied part of Spain, spices have occupied a large part of Spanish cuisine.

In fact, spices have even played a big part in Spanish history. Because it was the search for new ways to get spices from the East that led to Columbus' sailing west.

However, with all the importance that spices have, Spanish food isn't spicy or hot at all. Just slightly seasoned. It's this delicate blending of spices, such as costly saffron (and the use of olive oil) which makes Spanish food distinctive. And at the same time distinguishes it from the foods of other Spanish speaking countries.

## THE ONLY WAY TO GET A REAL TASTE OF SPAIN IS TO DINE THERE.

In Spain, because the portions are so large and the food is so delicious, it's tempting to stretch one meal into three meals. It's even tempting to make the delicious hors d'oeuvres called *tapas* into a meal by themselves. But don't. Otherwise you won't have time to sample many of Spain's great dishes: *paella; chorizo* (spiced pork sausage); *gazpacho; cochinillo* (roast suckling pig); *tortilla española;* partridge; pheasant and almost any fish. Trout and salmon are caught in nearby streams. While *mariscos* (shellfish) are caught offshore.

Part of the flavor of dining in Spain, though, comes from things you can't taste. Like restaurants with handsomely decorated interiors. And even more handsomely decorated food platters. All with courteous service that's enough to make the mouth water of any maitre d'.

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In addition to house wines, there are excellent wines from the Rioja, Panadés and Ribeiro regions among others. While there are some sparkling wines from the area around Barcelona which rival champagne. Just for fun, you might even order a cool pitcher of sangría.

For an apéritif, you might try a *fino,* which is a nice dry sherry. And the way the Spanish usually start their meals. You might even want to visit Jerez, where the best sherries in the world come from. And sample some at a *bodega.*

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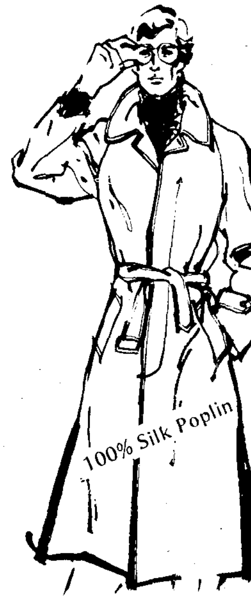
are three two-story sections that can be played with separately, and—you might as well know—it's delivered unassembled. (One toy company, the Tomy Corporation, has its own way of dealing with this awkward problem in its television commercials. "*You* put it together!" the announcer says enthusiastically, trying to make the chore sound like one of the toy's added attractions.) In many of the toy displays of the Barbie Dream House, Ken is shown lolling on the sundeck, but apparently he doesn't live there; there's only a single bed. The furnishings, which include a fake-mirror cocktail table, a vanity stand, and, of course, a big armoire for all those fashion clothes, are all of bright-colored plastic. The price is $111 at, among other places, Polk's.

It's just as well that Barbie has a place of her own, because we can't see her fitting well into the décor available at Mini Mundus, 1030 Lexington Avenue (73rd), where the furniture runs to polished-mahogany Hepplewhite reproductions, and so on. One of Mini Mundus's noted customers was Mrs. August Belmont, the patron of the Metropolitan Opera, who died in October, a few weeks short of her hundredth birthday. (There's another centennial.) Mrs. Belmont's account of her life, "The Fabric of Memory," contains one of our favorite quotations in all autobiography. Explaining how she had felt as a young actress, newly married to a multimillionaire banker, she wrote, "A private railroad car is not an acquired taste. One takes to it immediately." A while back, when she was only ninety-seven, Mrs. Belmont had herself wheeled to Mini Mundus on an afternoon outing and announced that what she had acquired a taste for was a doll house. Since her wheelchair wouldn't go through the door ("mini" is the right word for this establishment), she sat outside while the proprietors hurried in and out with doll-house plans, furniture, rugs, wallpaper, etcetera. After the house was delivered—the cost was about twelve thousand dollars—she called up all her younger friends (all friends are likely to be younger, of course, when one approaches a hundred), and from time to time some of them would stop around for an afternoon of opening and closing the drawers of the tiny breakfronts, turning on the minuscule chandeliers, and other delights. The world of miniatures is such a flourishing enterprise nowadays that Mini Mundus has a second store, the Mini Mundus Lumber Yard, 970 Lexington Avenue (71st), where ambitious young doll-house



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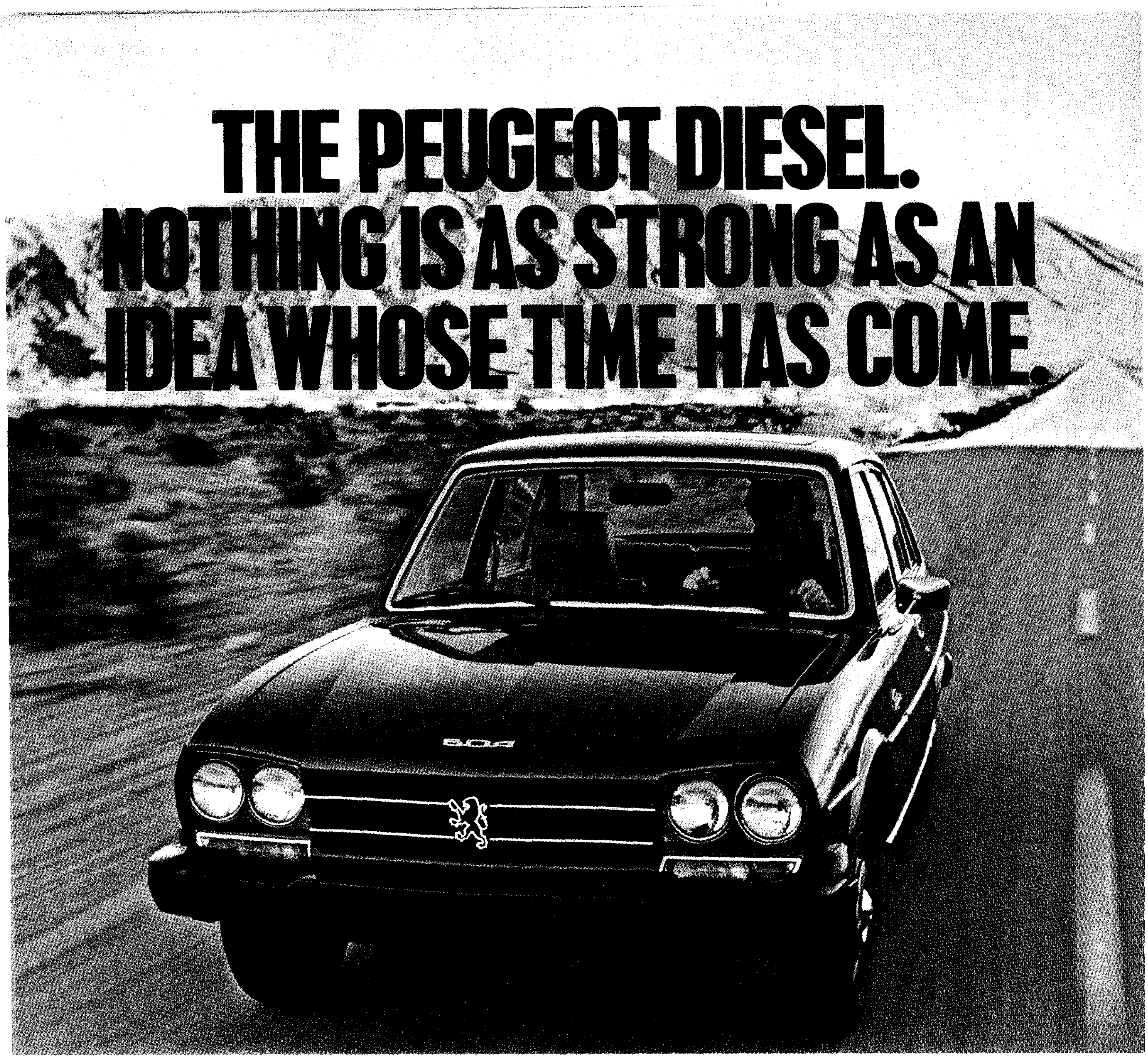

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*Peugeot 504D, transmission M-4, EPA estimated MPG: 28. Remember. These are estimates for comparative purposes. You may get different mileage depending on driving speeds, weather conditions, trip length, and the condition of your car.

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architects or their relatives can invest in lumber, wallpaper, electrical equipment, and other doll-house essentials. Doll-house construction kits there are priced from $100 to about $5,000. Although small comes high these days, from downtown at Federal Smallwares you could emerge with slightly less sense that before you're through you may have to take out a mortgage on the doll house and your own house as well. An all-wood house there—they call it a Colonial Manse—is $112, including shipping. Forty inches wide, sixteen inches deep, and nearly two feet high, it has two stories, plus an attic, and the staircase comes already carpeted. The manse arrives knocked down, with what the store describes as "easy-to-follow instructions for assembly." Federal Smallwares has also gone to the trouble of locating a cherrywood Sheraton-style desk that's a replica of the one George Washington used in this city when New York was the nation's capital. Its five drawers open and shut; it's four and three-quarters inches wide, two and a half inches deep, and a little over three inches high; and it costs $5. At the same place and at the same price, there is a hardwood doll house for a doll house, three inches high (two stories), with four furnished rooms, including a kitchen and bath. There is no doll house for the doll-house doll house.

NO matter what miniature furnishings you decide on, you can't have what is said to be the world's smallest record. It's one and three-eighths inches in diameter, plays "God Save the King," and was part of a doll-house collection given to Britain's Queen Mary in 1925. Now it's in the custody of Norris McWhirter, the editor of the Guinness Book of World Records, who carries it around with him to show off to interviewers. Probably just as well: you may not have access to a turntable three and three-eighths inches across. In spite of all the hoopla over electronic games, there are still quantities of old-fashioned board games around. The Guinness Book of World Records game, for example, is $8.95 at Rappaport's. It's always a surprise when a new game comes along, settles onto the game counters, and seems to have been there always, as was the case with Monopoly in the nineteen-thirties and Scrabble in the forties. Othello first reached the market in Japan in 1973, and arrived here three years later. A few weeks ago, the third international Othello championship tournament was held in Rome. In

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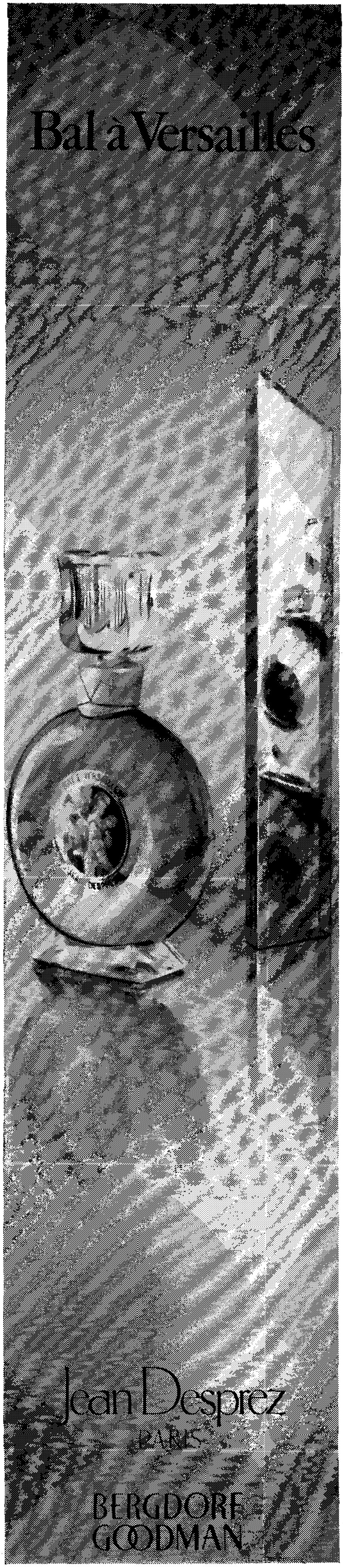
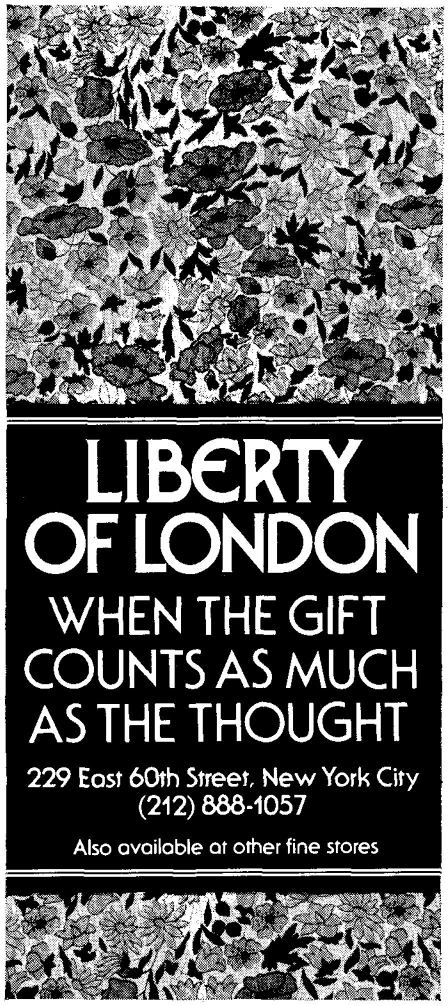


this game, two players take turns placing white or black discs on a green grid of sixty-four squares. When one player has two of his discs flanking one or more of his opponent's discs, he can overturn the trapped marker, reversing its color. The winner is the player who has the most discs of his color face up when the board is filled and the game ends. This is $12 at Polk's. The American Othello champion, who came in second in the Rome tournament, by the way, was Jonathan Cerf, son of Bennett. A few years ago, the winner of the world-singles-freestyle-championship Frisbee tournament, which is held annually in the Rose Bowl before fifty thousand spectators, was Kerry Kollmar, son of Dorothy Kilgallen. The children of some celebrities will evidently go to considerable lengths to succeed in fields entirely different from those of their parents. A Moonlighter Frisbee ("Glows in the Dark for Night Time Play") is $3.98 at Rappaport's. The next time you feel like complaining about American toys that encourage violence, or get tired of dodging the Frisbees in Central Park, consider the experience of an American diplomat stationed in Peking, who sent his ten-year-old child to a Chinese school to learn the local customs. The boy announced proudly one day that he had won an athletic event at his school and had been chosen to compete in a citywide tournament. What event, he was asked. The grenade throw, said the ten-year-old.

Have we been overlooking the very newest names on your list? At Polk's, for $22, there's a Fisher-Price Music Box Mobile to hang over a crib. Five bright-colored agricultural types—a farmer and four animals—revolve as Brahms' "Lullaby" plays for ten minutes on one wind of the attached music box. At Childcraft, for $11.95, six cloth blocks, three and three-quarters inches square, have abstract designs and pictures of nursery toys on their sides and, in two cases, a chime or a rattle inside. At Schwarz, for $12.95, there's a train top. As the top spins around, so does a tiny train inside, while a railway signal moves up and down. Or, speaking of miniature railways, take a look at the hand-knit stuffed train at the Elder Craftsmen. There's a blue locomotive with a red smokestack, and three other cars, measuring about sixteen inches over all. If the new owner wants to pick it up and throw it at a sibling, no harm done. And what other kid on the block will have a hand-knit train? $19.50 for this. For a preschooler who can be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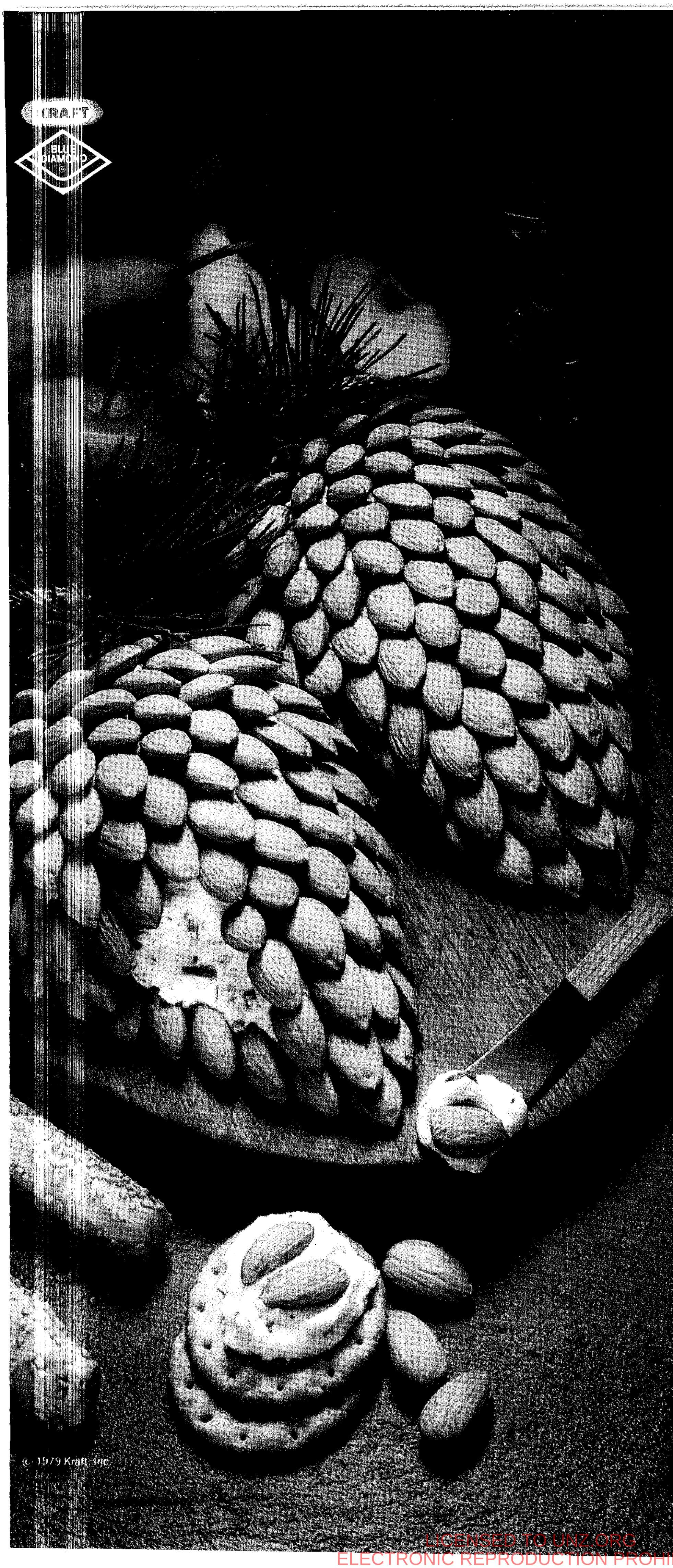

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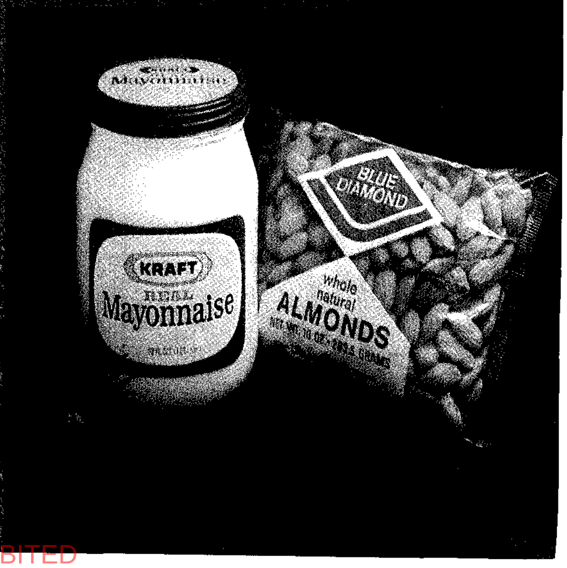
## ALMOND PINECONES

1-1/4 cups BLUE DIAMOND® Whole Natural Almonds
1 8-oz. pkg. PHILADELPHIA BRAND Cream Cheese
1/2 cup KRAFT Real Mayonnaise
5 crisply cooked bacon slices, crumbled
1 tablespoon chopped green onion
1/2 teaspoon dill weed
1/8 teaspoon pepper

Spread almonds in a single layer in shallow pan. Bake at 300°, 15 minutes, stirring often, until almonds just begin to turn color.

Combine softened cream cheese and mayonnaise; mix well. Add bacon, onion, dill and pepper; mix well. Cover; chill overnight. Form cheese mixture into shapes of two pinecones on serving platter. Beginning at narrow end, press almonds at slight angle into cheese mixture in rows. Continue overlapping rows until all cheese is covered. Garnish with artificial pine sprigs. Serve with crackers. 1-1/2 cups.



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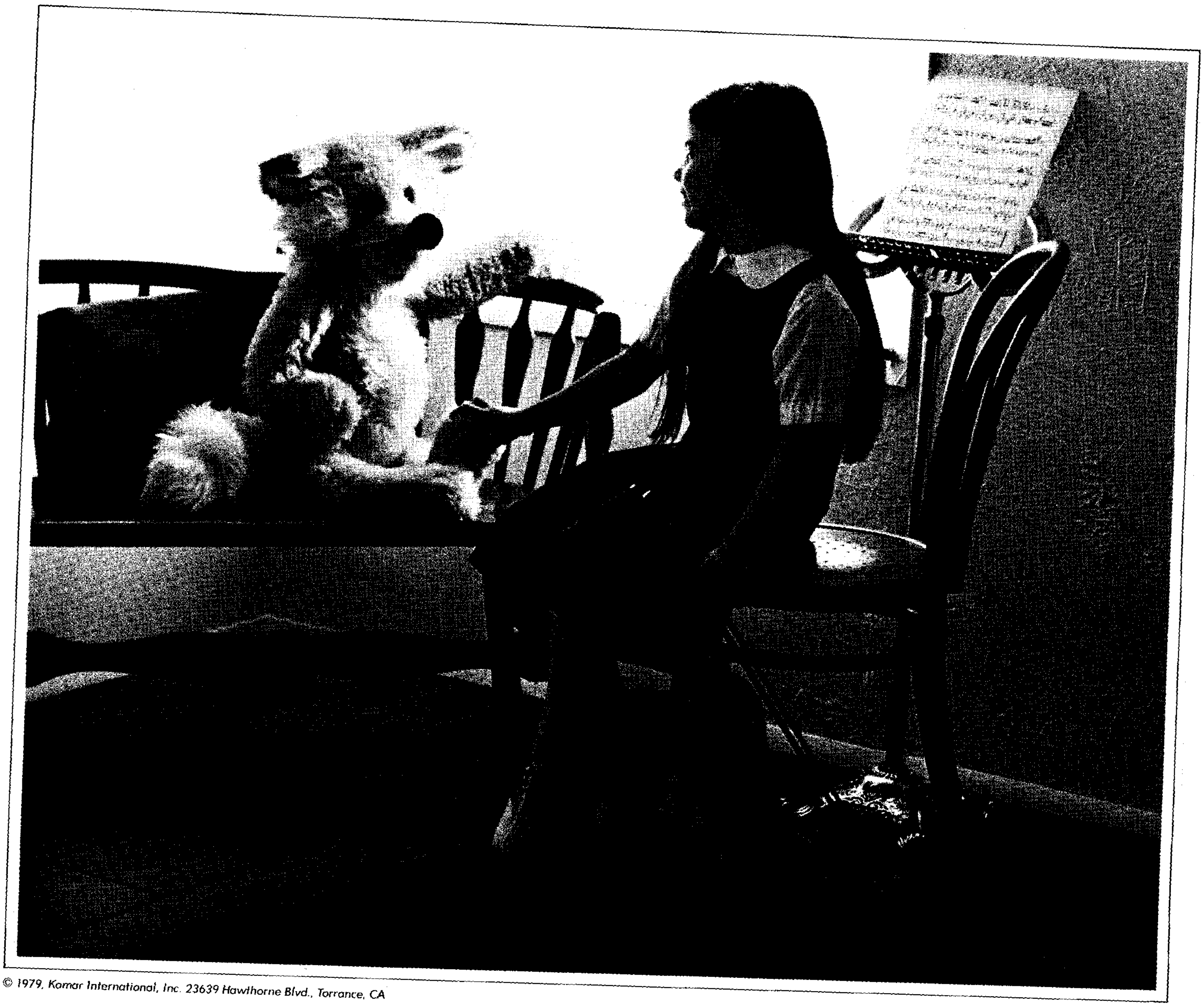

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trusted with something more substantial to handle, dollsandreams has a wooden Brio train set: a locomotive and three cars, a station house, and enough wooden track to make a circle two feet in diameter is $16.75. Just as with the big kids' trains, there are various available accessories; a switching track, for instance, is $7.30 more.

Of interest to another age group entirely is an HO-gauge train, offered by Tyco Industries (which is now owned by Consolidated Foods). Taking note of the price of gold, the Tyco people this year sponsored a train called the Clementine, the alleged property of the Clementine Gold Mining Company. There's no sign of the famous Clementine's Forty-niner father, but the train has a fine nineteenth-century look. It comes with what is described as an operating gold mine—really just a big bin with an attached chute and a dazzling supply of what look like gold nuggets. With the set comes a supply of Nite-Glow that can be applied to the cars, so that they shine in the dark. There is a real headlight on the locomotive, which also gives off some pretend smoke. Forgive them: they hadn't heard about diesels in those days—or pollution, either, for that matter. Besides the locomotive and tender, the set has five other cars and a receiving bin for the gold. No private railway car, unfortunately. With power pack and enough track to make a thirty-six-by-forty-five-inch oval layout, the Clementine is $61.62 at Polk's.

If your friends are aeronautical sorts, intent on putting together model warplanes, you could have a problem. As you may know, the Second World War is the "in" war in the toy-and-game business. Earlier this year, Julius Schatz, director of the Commission on Jewish Life and Culture of the American Jewish Congress, entered a public protest against the manufacture of model planes that display what he called the "odious symbol"—the swastika, which, of course, was the insignia displayed on the side of Luftwaffe aircraft under Hitler. Concern for toy safety, said Schatz, included concern for "safeguarding young and vulnerable children from . . . playing war games that will simulate the murderous Nazi war machine." Lewis Polk, the head of Polk's Hobby Department Store, argued that serious model-plane builders and collectors put a high value on authenticity. "Nobody builds a model airplane because he believes in Hitler," Polk insisted, and he added, "Banning the swastika is more likely to lead to an unnatural interest in Nazi Ger-

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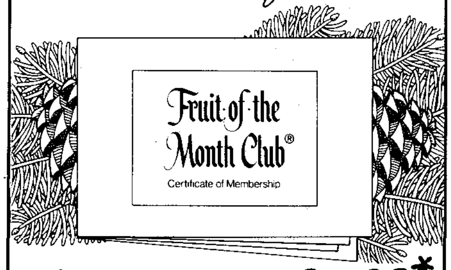

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many just because of the prohibition." Schatz predicted that the next step for collectors would be to start collecting lampshades made out of human skin. In the end, a compromise was struck with the manufacturers. Most of the more expensive, more complex models, which are of interest to older children and adults, and are usually made of wood, retain the swastika: for example, a $20 Stuka dive-bomber with a thirty-six-inch wingspread at Polk's. For the cheaper, plastic snap-together models favored by younger children, the swastika has been removed. From putting together a model of the Messerschmitt BF 109E, a standard Luftwaffe fighter plane—$4.50 at Polk's—a child would never have an inkling that the Luftwaffe flew under the odious symbol.

If it's transportation by water that you're interested in, there are no political or moral problems with a Fisher-Price Play Family Ferry Boat. This double-decker vessel, just under fourteen inches long, has wheels, so that it can be pulled along the floor. It is also water-worthy. There is a ramp for loading, a double steering wheel, and a whistle, plus two vehicles, two passengers, two life preservers, a dinghy, and a rather mad-looking captain (so mad that he apparently doesn't feel the need of a life preserver); $18.50 at Penny Whistle. A much faster vessel is an old-fashioned polished-hard-wood paddleboat, six inches long, that skims through tub or pool by replaceable rubber-band power. It's $4.50 at Federal Smallwares. Unfortunately, the solid-silver paddle steamer made in 1913 by Fabergé as a present for the young Russian czarevitch is unavailable. As it glides along, its lights gleam, and it plays "God Save the Czar" and "Sailing Down the Volga." If you happen to be in Washington, D.C., a fine present for some young sailors would be to take them to the National Geographic Society's Explorers Hall, where this and about two hundred other toy boats, assembled by Robert Forbes and his father, Malcolm, the publisher, will be on exhibit until the end of the year.

Still available as a wonderful present for some child who has tickets for "The Nutcracker" at Lincoln Center during the holidays would be a "Nutcracker" mobile that can be ordered (two weeks) for $52.50 at the Elder Craftsmen shops. This is a three-tiered affair in which eleven figures from the ballet circle around the splendiferously dressed Nutcracker himself. One reason their outfits all seem so perfect is that the mobile is made by a former wardrobe mistress for the

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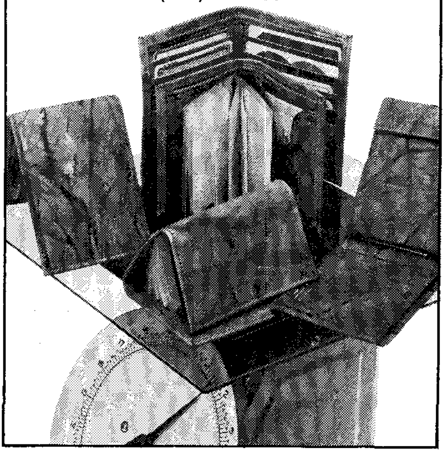

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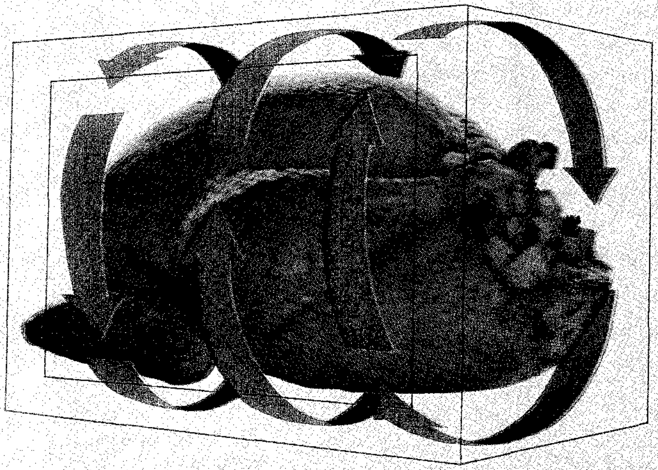

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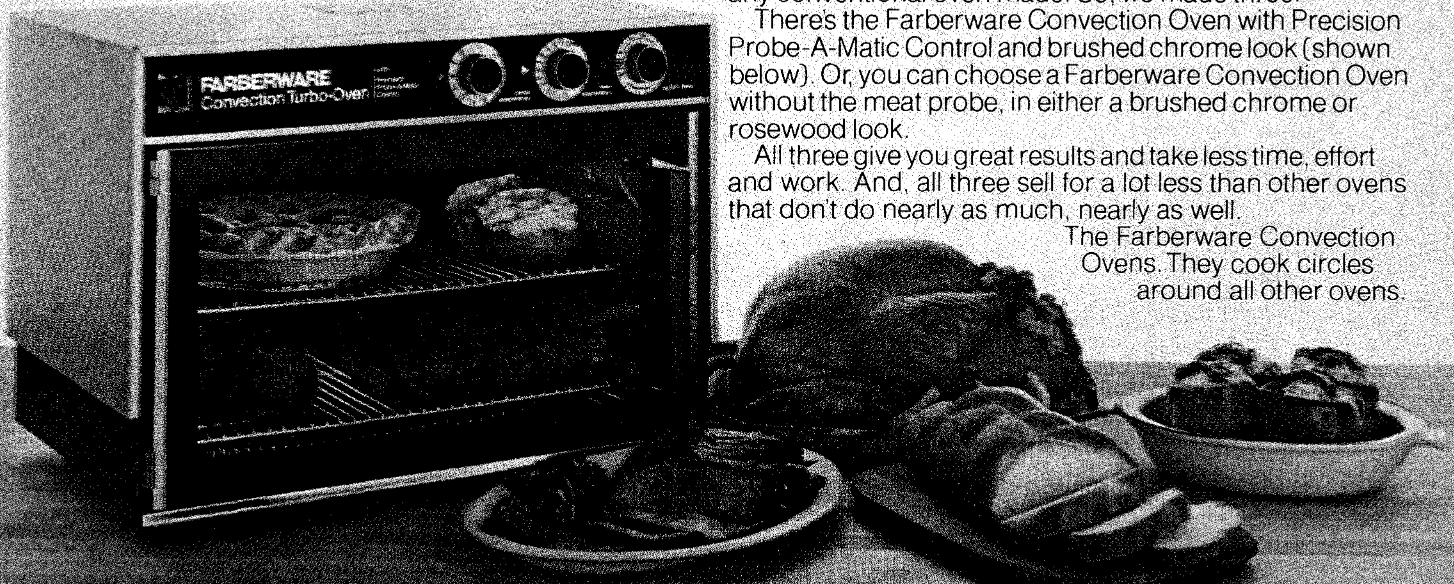

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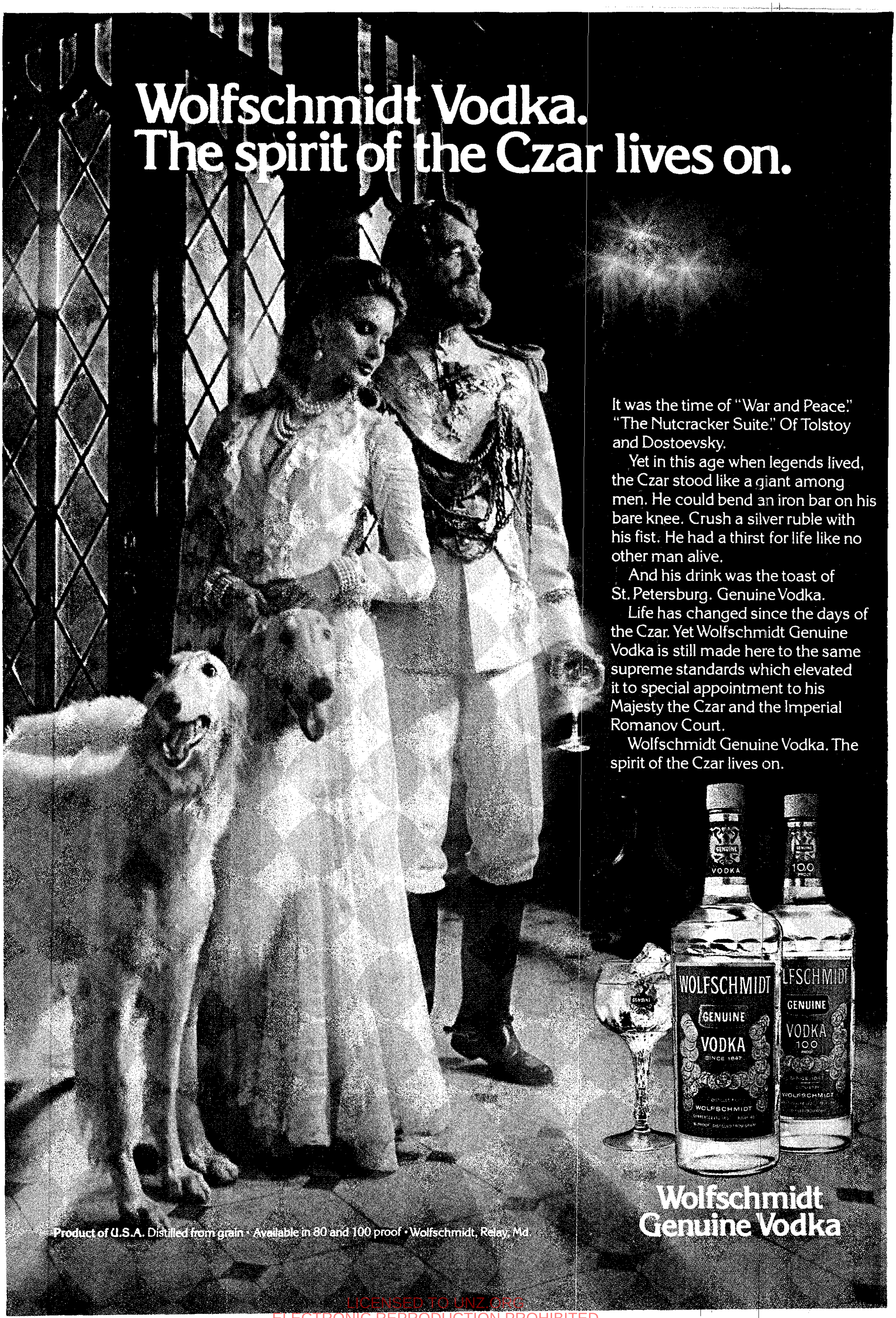
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Metropolitan Opera. Speaking of the Metropolitan, "The Story of Babar," as presented by the Metropolitan Opera Guild with Metropolitan personnel, will be given later this month at the annual White House party for children of the diplomatic corps. This is the story of the little elephant who became king as set to music by Francis Poulenc and designed for a narrator accompaniment. No matter what your young friend's diplomatic status, he may enjoy the Poulenc version played by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, with Peter Ustinov as the narrator (Angel 36357; $7.98). Recently, Laurent de Brunhoff, who took up where his father, Jean de Brunhoff, left off as Babar's biographer, explained why he thought the little elephant was so popular with children: "He's heavy, he's slow, he's secure, and he is funny. Babar's world is a society of elephants and reflects human society." The Muppets—for whom this has been an especially big year, what with the success of "The Muppet Movie"—don't pretend to reflect anything, but of course they do. Hasn't everyone known a Miss Piggy somewhere? Not long ago, two Cincinnati businessmen established an organization called CAMPO, standing for the Committee to Award Miss Piggy the Oscar, because, they said, she was "far better than the other turkeys who will be nominated." (A spokesman for the National Academy, getting into the spirit of things, warned them against conducting a pork-barrel campaign for their favorite.) The original-soundtrack recording of "The Muppet Movie" (Atlantic SD 16001) is $7.98. It includes a poster showing Kermit the Frog being carried in Miss Piggy's arms as he says, "Frankly, Miss Piggy, I don't give a hoot!" Of course, there are hand puppets everywhere representing the Muppet characters and many of their Sesame Street friends, with whom some of them get together from time to time. The newest such puppet is Miss Piggy, fifteen inches tall, in a lavender satin dress and wearing a simper that, as everyone knows, means she's about to do or say something outrageous. She's $17.50 at Mary Arnold Toys, 962 Lexington Avenue (71st). Or there's Ernie's Rubber Duckie, five inches high, for $3.25 at Mary Arnold.

About those disco records: They do get the children up and stomping around instead of watching, glassy-eyed, as their cartoon superheroes do the stomping around the television screen. There's "Sesame Disco" (CTW

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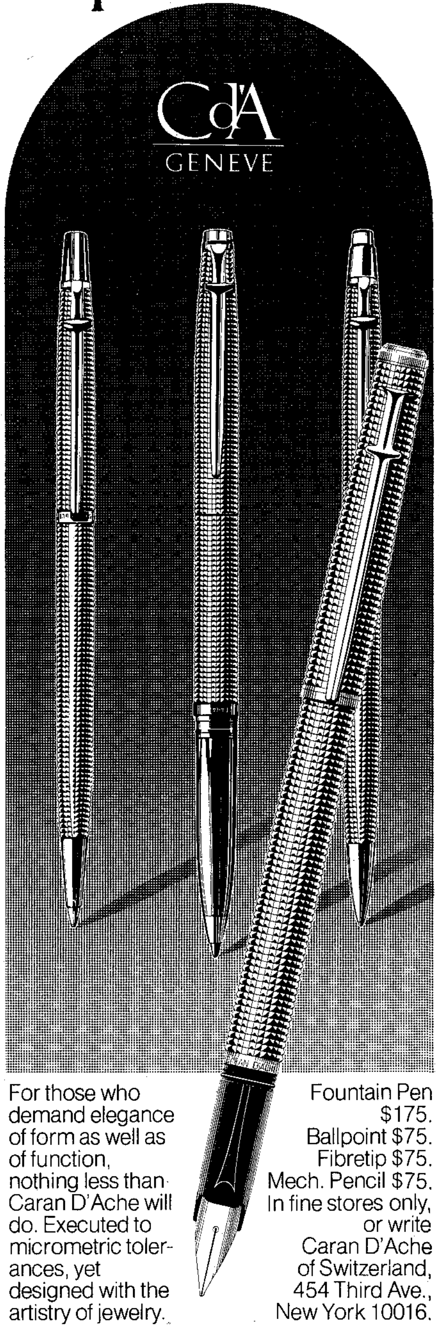

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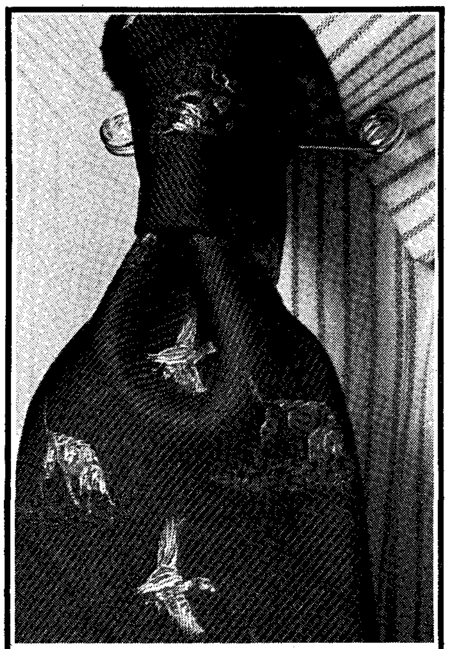
79008; $7.98), which features a number of the old Sesame Street favorites, played at a disco beat. One of these is Oscar and the Girls singing "Doin' the Trash," which presumably explains why credit is given on the jacket for "Sanitation Effects by Epstein of Forest Hills." On "Mickey Mouse Disco" (Disneyland 2504; $3.98), the number you'll probably like best is "Macho Duck," in which Donald Duck vainly tries to be a big macho type. And, of course, there are Christmas records. A particularly nice one is "A Christmas Together," in which John Denver convenes with our Muppet friends (RCA AFL 1-3451; $7.98). On this sing-along are many of the traditional favorites; "Silent Night" and "We Wish You a Merry Christmas," for instance. Other numbers, however, are a real surprise, such as "Christmas Eve, 1913" and "The Peace Carol"—one that is especially welcome this Christmas. On "A Christmas Together" there is little of the frenetic tone often associated with the Muppets. (Frenetic is fine, too, much of the time.) It's mostly gentle and quiet and melodic, and wonderfully easy to listen to from the next room; probably you'll find yourself coming closer to be sure you get all the words. And then there's "A Charlie Brown Christmas" (Buena Vista Records 3701; $6.98). On this one, Charlie's little sister, Sally, who seems to have learned her Adam Smith lesson only too well, explains what she wants in her letter to Santa Claus, but adds, "If it seems too complicated, make it easy on yourself. Send money. How about tens and twenties?" Well, tens and twenties do come in handy at this time of year. But then, on this record, Linus reads the part of the Christmas story from the Gospel According to St. Luke about the shepherds watching their flocks by night and bringing tidings of great joy, to remind Sally of what Christmas is about. Linus doesn't mention Santa Claus, but there's a Pickwick record (Pick. 1504; $2.98) —and you do remember what a great one Dickens was for Christmas, don't you?—called "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." Yes, he is! Merry Christmas!

•

Time has a way of overriding the functional values of an object which outlives the artist who designed, crafted and used it. When this happens, such objects are honored for their own sakes, for they art.—*Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot & Ledger-Star.*

Art what?



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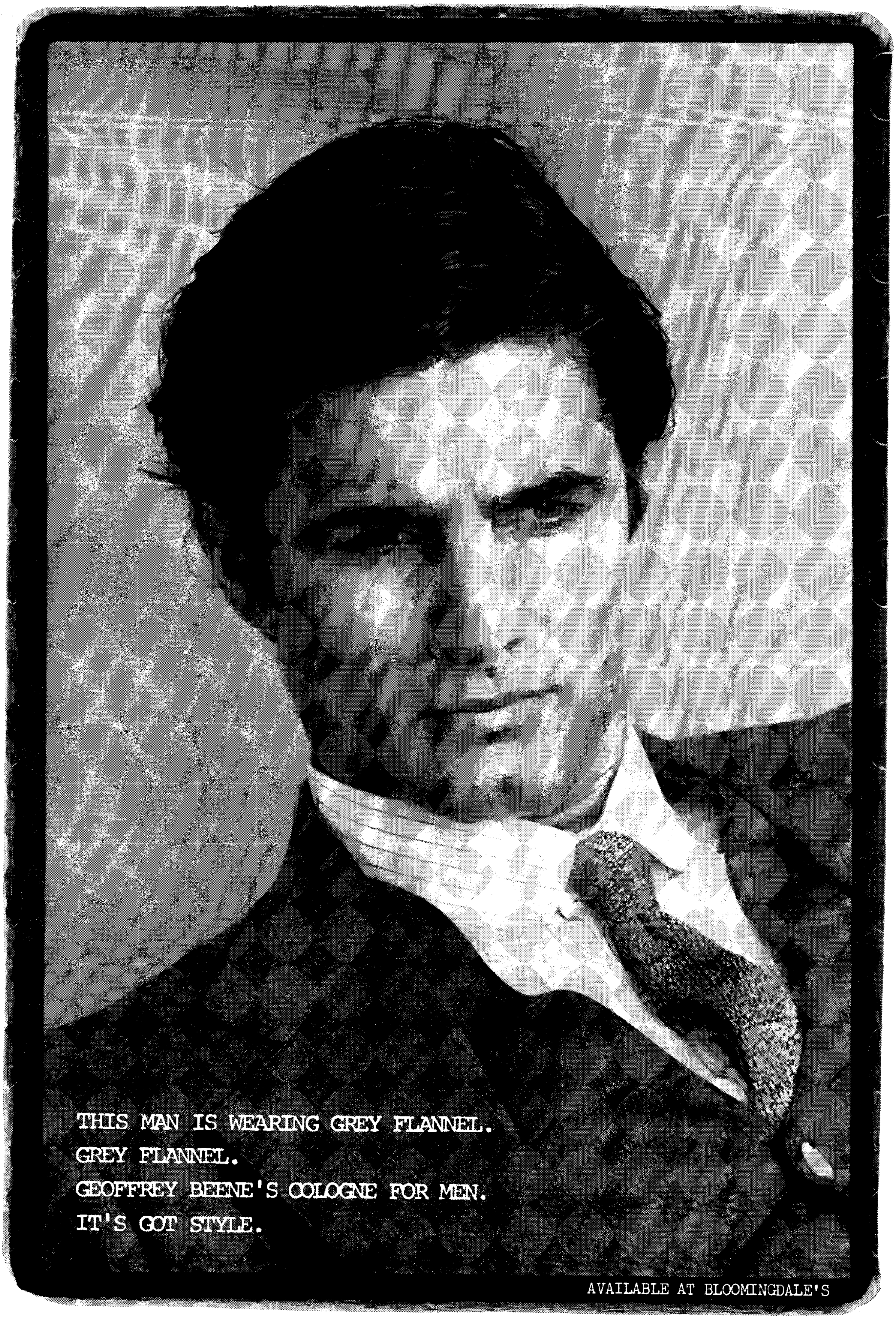
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# U.S. JOURNAL: EMMAUS, PA.

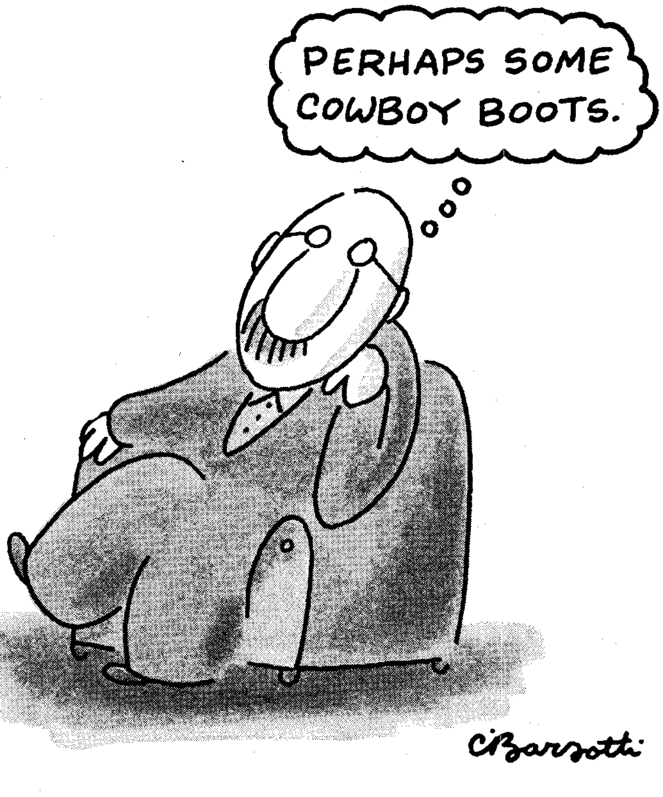
## MOWING THE LAWN

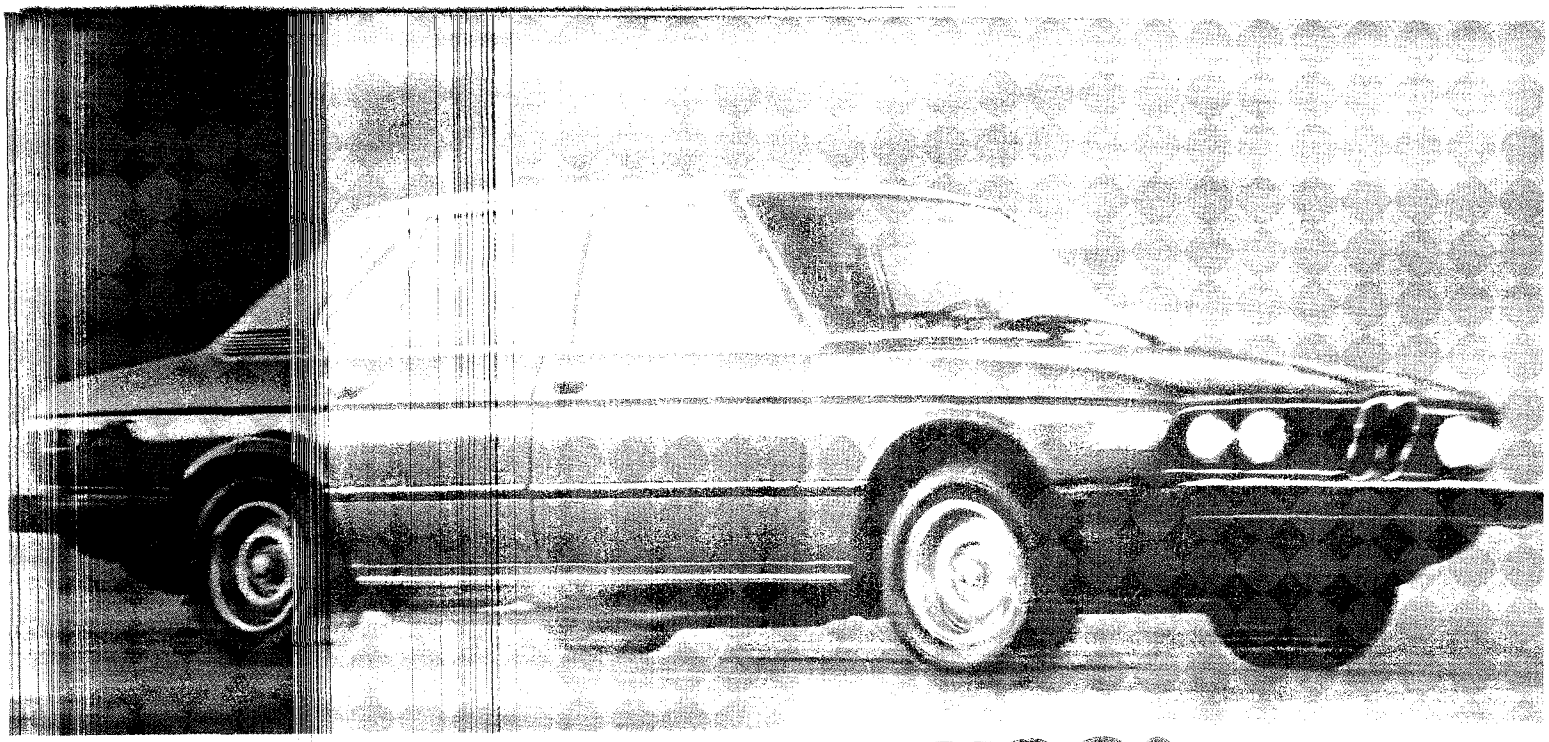
I SHOULD have known that if Marvin Rich neglected his lawn long enough somebody would come up with a way to justify it philosophically. Marvin, a childhood friend of mine in Kansas City, grew up to be the owner of the sorriest lawn in Mission Hills, Kansas. As it happens, Mission Hills, a suburb of Kansas City, is the sort of place where homeowners tend to use lawnmowing as a gauge of responsible citizenship, much the way some Plains Indian tribes once used buffalo hunting. Under the circumstances, Marvin can probably consider himself fortunate that his lawn has provoked the neighbors to make threats about calling the police only once—when they spotted in the scabrous expanse of crabgrass and weeds and brown patches that surrounded Marvin's house what seemed to be poison ivy. A specialist who was called in made short work of the poison ivy but, according to Marvin, managed in the process to kill a forty-foot pine tree that happened to be standing next to it. The removal of the dead pine left another brown spot. At one point, Marvin did bestir himself to hire a professional lawn-maintenance man, but six months later the man committed suicide. Some of the lawn man's other customers concluded sadly that he must have had some problems they were unaware of; Marvin accepted the suicide as an understandable, if lamentable, human response to six months of attempting to take care of his lawn. Once in a while, Marvin mutters something about all of his lawn's problems having been caused by a neighbor's dog—any neighbor, any dog. Normally, though, he makes no excuses. As far as I know, the closest Marvin ever came to putting the condition of his lawn in a positive light was a statement he made at a time when a particularly lush growth of crabgrass happened to coincide with the return of his wife's brother from military service in Vietnam: Marvin said that the lawn might help ease his brother-in-law's transition to civilian life, since it bore a strong resemblance to a Vietnamese rice paddy. Marvin has quarrelled with the answer those who have known him longest give when asked to explain what might possess him to treat his lawn so shabbily: sloth and sullenness.

In the past few years, though, a number of people around the country have come forward to challenge the notion that good citizenship can be measured in inverse proportion to lawn height. People began quoting authorities who said that the manicured lawn treasured by so many Americans is a "botanical absurdity" or a "living fossil"—a vestigial artificial carpet left from the days when the grass around a farmhouse was gnawed short by tethered livestock. They said that the average American lawn was not simply unproductive but unused—"a place where absolutely nothing happens." They said that despite a world shortage of commercial fertilizers Americans use as much fertilizer every year to grow strictly ornamental lawns as a country like India uses to produce its entire annual crop of foodstuffs. They said that the weekly ritual of lawnmowing used up an enormous amount of energy to produce an enormous amount of noise and cut off an enormous number of toes. (Power mowers cause sixty to seventy thousand serious accidents every year.) They said that manicured lawns, being completely unnatural, were maintained only by the application of herbicides and pesticides in appalling quantities. "To cap the irony," a pamphlet from Rodale Press called "Ornamentals for Eating" said in 1975, "we lug the 'fruit' of our labor out to the curb in costly one-use plastic bags, throwing away at considerable expense the valuable nitrogen in the grass clippings." A strong case was made, in other words, for the proposition that Marvin ought to be calling the police on his neighbors.

Arguments that the national interest is not necessarily served by having every suburban homeowner spend Saturday morning behind his power mower seemed to me to raise questions that went beyond the strictly environmental. For instance, if suburban homeowners do not spend Saturday morning tending their lawns, just how are they expected to spend Saturday morning? Whatever else might be said about the annual process of pouring a couple of billion dollars' worth of fertilizer over a couple of billion dollars' worth of Kentucky bluegrass, no one denies that it keeps a lot of people off the streets. When I first heard about the anti-lawn movement, I could envision clots of bored middle-aged men hanging around suburban shopping centers on Saturday morning—leaning up against the wall of the Burger King making smart-aleck remarks to respectable citizens and fingering their hedge clippers and grass whips in anticipation of the arrival of someone whose gang controlled some other shopping center. If the anti-lawn movement made any serious inroads, I figured, there might be an increase in weekend wife beating, or at least a broad-based movement to have major-league baseball games telecast at ten-thirty on Saturday mornings. I worried about the disappearance of some pop sociology that has become comfortably familiar—explaining the carefully trimmed lawns of a Denver suburb as an extension of the American pioneer myth of conquering the wilderness, say, or describing a Shaker Heights dentist who is mowing his lawn as a primate marking off his territory.

These concerns, though, turned out to have been based on a misapprehension—the idea that the anti-lawn forces were arguing for Marvin-like neglect. They were not. The alternative to a





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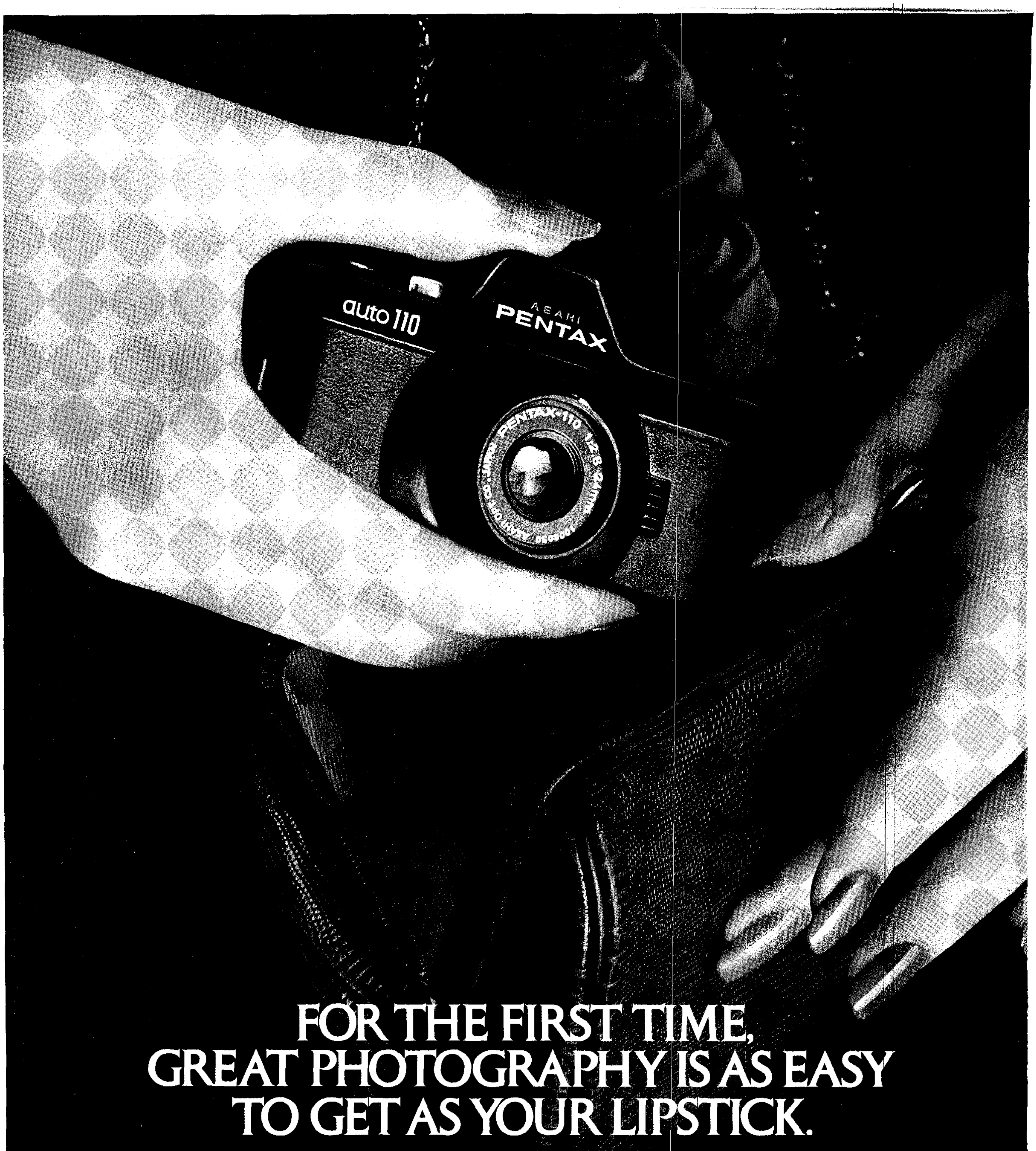

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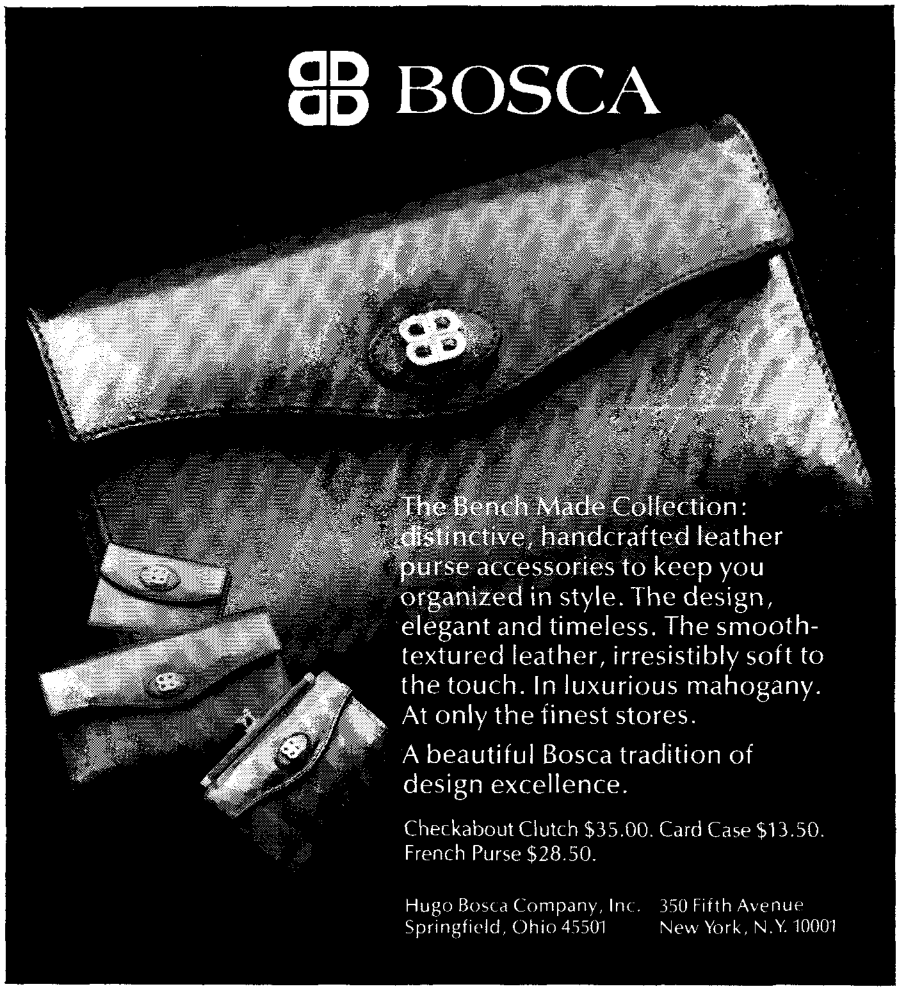
manicured lawn they have been proposing—sometimes called a meadowscape or a natural landscape or a native-plant community—is not simply a matter of letting the jungle take over. Noxious weeds are removed. Wild flowers are introduced. Various parts of the lawn are set aside for various uses: even natural-lawn advocates tend to believe that the grass around the barbecue pit ought to be short enough so that a chef who drops a hamburger patty can bend over and find it. A natural lawn can entail what Marvin would consider an unnatural amount of work. Some critics of the manicured lawn—the people at Rodale Press, for instance—even see the meadowscape as a transitional step toward the use of the lawn as garden space. Rodale has become interested in such projects as a method of gardening without plowing—a method that could result in stalks of corn poking right up through the clipped grass next to the front walk. After studying the proposals of the lawn critics a bit more closely, I had to report to Marvin Rich that, whatever he might have been led to believe by early press accounts about the natural lawn, its components do not in fact include large, irregular brown patches.

RODALE PRESS, of Emmaus, Pennsylvania—whose "Ornamentals for Eating" lists twenty-four species whose harvest can be consumed rather than carried to the curb in plastic bags—might be expected to be a source of information for people who are interested in what it calls "a more functional front yard." For a number of years, the founder of Rodale Press, a remarkably energetic and contentious man named J. I. Rodale, seemed to be carrying on the movement for organic gardening—a natural form of gardening that eschews chemicals—almost single-handed. Rodale, who died in 1971, had come to Emmaus in the thirties as the co-proprietor of an electrical-switch factory. One of several forays he made into magazine publishing produced a magazine called *Organic Gardening & Farming*. An allied interest in the effect of vitamins and natural-food supplements resulted in *Prevention*—a health magazine that grew fat with advertisements and is now mailed to two million three hundred thousand people every month. After years of being considered a crackpot food faddist, J. I. Rodale lived to see a lot of Americans come around to his way of thinking—on the value of natural gardening, at least, if not on the efficaciousness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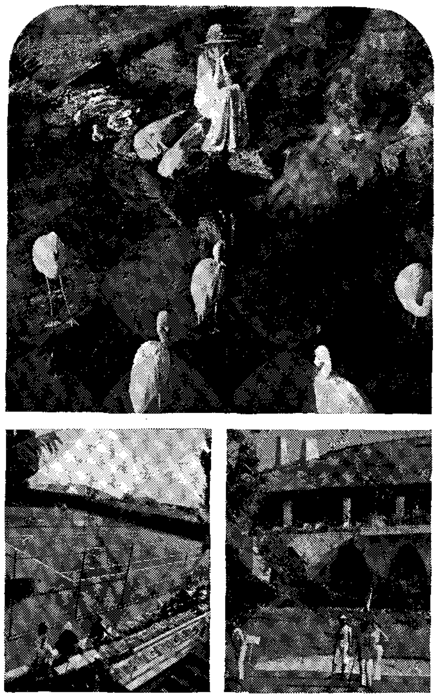

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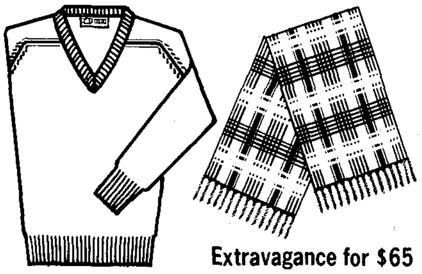
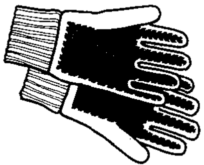
of daily doses of bone meal and rose hips. Rodale Press had grown steadily through it all. By the time "Ornamentals for Eating" was published in 1975, J. I.'s son, Robert Rodale, was presiding over a company that maintained two experimental farms, ran a research-and-development operation that concerned itself with such projects as pedal-powered farm equipment, published four or five magazines and an entire line of health and gardening books, and employed several hundred people. In Emmaus—a quiet town of twelve thousand people in the Lehigh Valley just south of Allentown—Rodale Press maintained several buildings in addition to its corporate headquarters. The corporate headquarters was surrounded by three acres of carefully manicured lawn.

Robert Rodale's office overlooks the lawn. The founder's son is a thin, bearded, soft-spoken man in his late forties. Although he is obviously not by nature a zealot, he has shown himself willing to spend time and money on projects that he believes reflect the Rodale philosophy of organic living—schemes to raise fish that feed on lawn clippings, say, or devices that require a television viewer to power the set through peddling. Watching the lawn outside his window being mowed every week, Robert Rodale eventually succumbed to the notion that Rodale Press ought to practice what it preached. At first, the lawn crew was instructed simply to mow less often—with a result that satisfied nobody. Employees who liked to picnic on the lawn or throw around a Frisbee at lunch hour missed the short grass. The gardener in charge, Rudy Keller, thought the lawn looked not natural but simply unkempt—"like a vacant lot." Last spring, it was decided to have three distinct sorts of lawn—carefully divided and labelled with wooden signs. About two-thirds of the lawn would be mowed conventionally. Two patches amounting to something slightly less than an acre would be mowed once a year and maintained as meadowscapes. A thirty-five-hundred-square-foot section in the corner—a section that in an absolutely just world would have been called the Marvin Rich Lawnscape—would remain untouched except for poison-ivy control.

Rudy Keller explained the project in the Rodale Press house organ—describing the variety of grasses and wild flowers that would make the natural sections "an interesting low-maintenance alternative." Reading the article in the house organ, the borough officials





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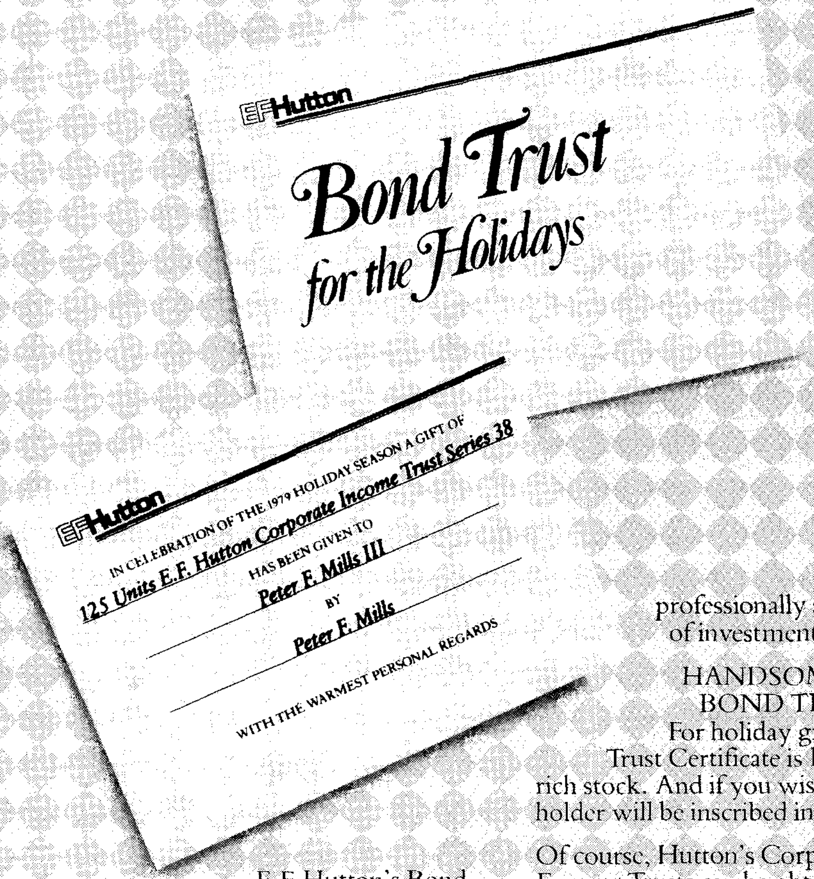

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of Emmaus found the plan interesting, but not because of its low maintenance or the variety of wild flowers it might produce. Emmaus, like most municipalities, has what is known as a weed ordinance. The ordinance prohibits vegetation—except edible vegetation or vegetation "planted for some useful or ornamental purpose"—that is more than fifteen inches high. After meeting with Rodale representatives, who explained the educational and experimental usefulness of the Rodale lawn—the plans to study it for a chapter of a book on natural landscaping, the opportunities it presented to study the natural weeds and grasses of the Lehigh Valley—the borough council announced that no exception would be made for Rodale Press. Rodale would have to mow the lawn or go to court for an injunction against enforcement of the ordinance or expect to be cited for an offense that could result in fines and a short stay in the Emmaus jail. Rodale went to court.

BEFORE the trial, some employees of Rodale Press bicycled through the town to take pictures of lawns as shaggy as Rodale's. They had trouble finding any that were shaggy at all. Emmaus is a notably neat town, even compared with Mission Hills, Kansas—whose own weed ordinance happens to set a ten-inch maximum. Emmaus was founded in the eighteenth century as a sort of religious commune by Moravian Brethren from Germany. German names and the property-maintenance customs associated with German burghers still seem dominant. I was told that it is common to see the owners of brick row houses in Emmaus scrubbing the outside of their front porches with cleanser—a sight that would probably cause Marvin Rich to take to his bed. The borough does send out about fifty notices of weed-ordinance violation annually, but they tend to go to the same people year after year—tenants rather than owners, usually, or absentee owners of vacant lots. Until Rodale Press went to court, the only serious compliance problem had been with ConRail. Once, after a number of stiff letters to ConRail headquarters had got no results, Gates B. Stern, a retired Army colonel who serves as the secretary-coördinator of the borough of Emmaus, had himself photographed by a local paper at a particularly unkempt section of the railroad cut.

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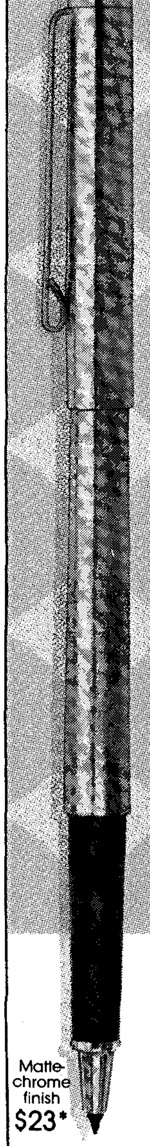
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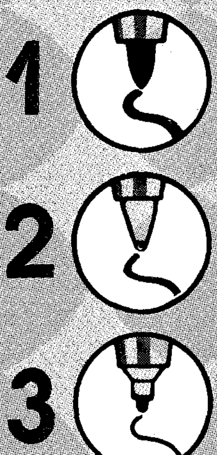

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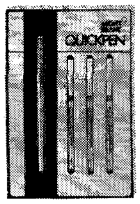

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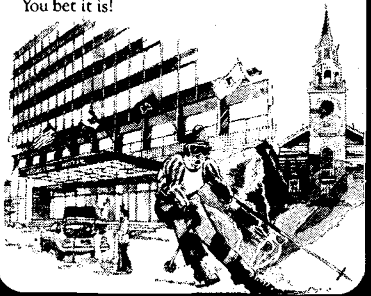

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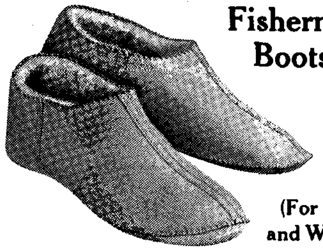

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nated from Emmaus, but it has not touched many people on the way out. Emmaus does not have more than its share of organic gardeners or devotees of zinc supplement. Rodale Press is known in town as an admirable corporate citizen—a donator, a coöperator—but its cultural impact seems almost nonexistent. Some Rodale executives and editors live in Emmaus, but many live in Allentown or in more rural parts of the valley. Although people who walk around Emmaus in work boots and down vests and rimless glasses are assumed to be employees of Rodale Press, there is no neighborhood of such people. There are school tours of the research operation, of course, and Rodale Press once had the school dietitians visit the company dining room for some tips on nutrition. It may be, though, that the first time one of the more controversial of Rodale Press ideas rubbed up against any part of Emmaus besides the post office was when Bob Rodale decided to make a meadow out of part of the corporate headquarters front lawn.

One of the objections Emmaus borough officials had to Rodale's lawn plan was that they had to read about it in the company house organ. Even if they had been approached diplomatically, though, some of them might have been reluctant to grant Rodale what amounted to a variance. If an exception were made for Rodale Press, a large employer and town benefactor, wouldn't a lot of citizens assume that the council was kowtowing? What was to keep some other citizen from saying that his failure to cut his grass—heretofore explained by his neighbors as the product of sloth and sullenness—was based on some philosophical objection to lawnmowers? If Rodale Press wanted to experiment, officials like Colonel Stern said, why didn't it experiment on its experimental farm rather than in the middle of town? For that matter, why was the front lawn of Robert Rodale's own house, just outside the borough limits, so carefully trimmed?

Not many citizens of Emmaus seemed engaged by the argument between Rodale and the council. There are only a couple of private houses anywhere near the headquarters lawn. The man in charge of the one building with a splendid view of the Marvin Rich Lawnscape, the Emmaus Water Works, made no secret of how he felt. Ray Erb, who considers it one of his duties to keep the acreage around the waterworks impeccably clipped, testified for the borough in court. "I saw it

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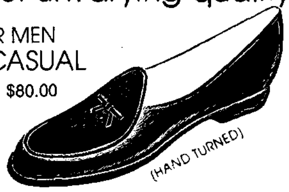

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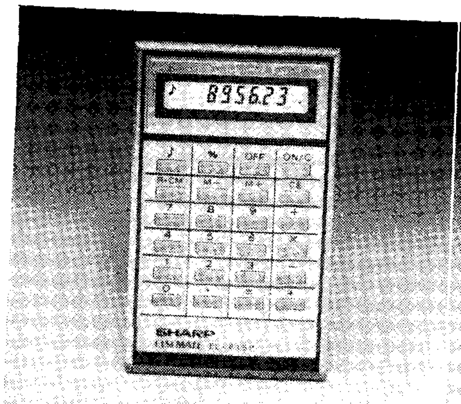

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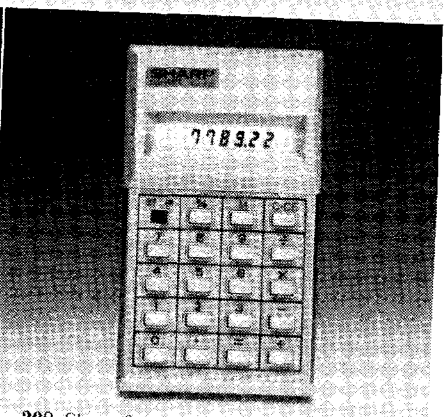

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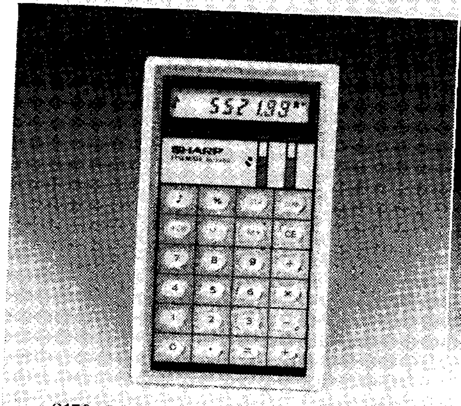

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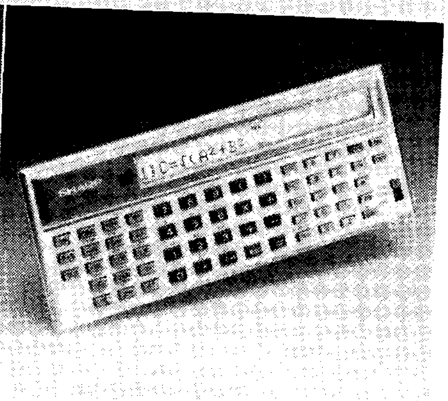

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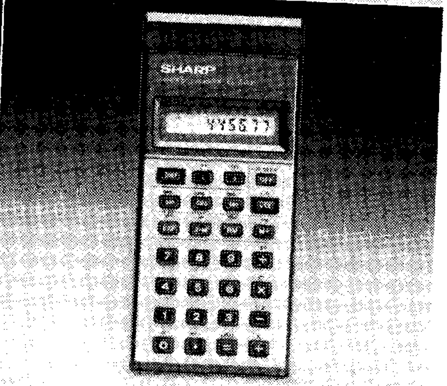

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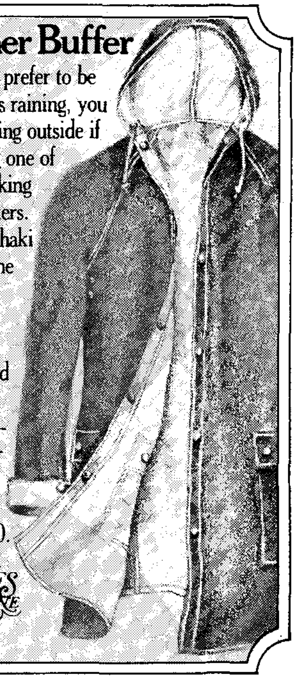

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grow," he told me when I asked him about the Rodale Press lawn. "And it's a mess."

Officials like Colonel Stern also believe the lawn to be an eyesore, but the borough's case in court was based less on messiness than on fire and health hazards. In the borough's view, the natural area is an attraction not for wild flowers but for "trashy deposits," and the small animals that Rodale Press is so proud of protecting in the underbrush are likely to be rats. People on both sides believe that the judge or an appeals court will probably let Rodale Press keep its lawn, under the "useful or ornamental" clause of the ordinance—a clause that Stern believes was obviously intended to describe shrubbery. The anti-lawn forces have won most of their court cases across the country—at least one of them on the argument that the natural lawn in question was a constitutionally protected expression. No court decision is likely to have much effect on the appearance of Emmaus. It is not force of law, after all, that keeps Emmaus lawns tidy. Bob Rodale hopes that the case will inspire people to experiment with a natural lawn, but, as usual, the inspiration is likely to leave town quietly through the mails. Next spring, even if Rudy Keller is busy putting up signs that identify ox-eye daisies and Queen Anne's lace—and Ray Erb is staring balefully from the Water Works—most Emmaus residents will be behind their lawnmowers. In Mission Hills, Kansas, Marvin will be gazing over his brown patches and his crabgrass muttering about the neighbor's dog.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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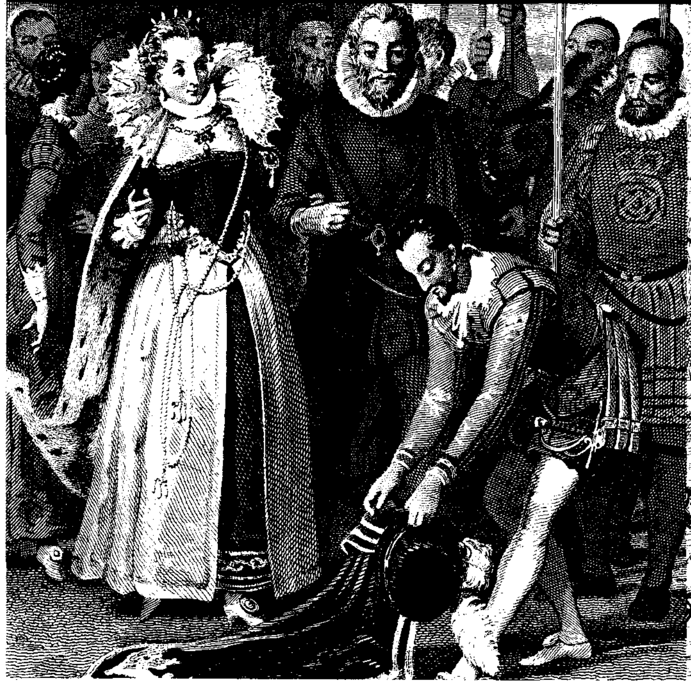
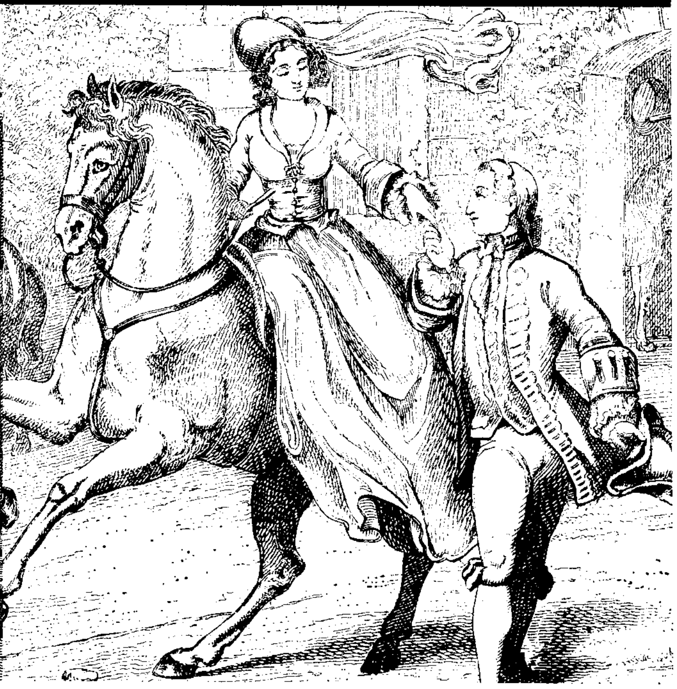


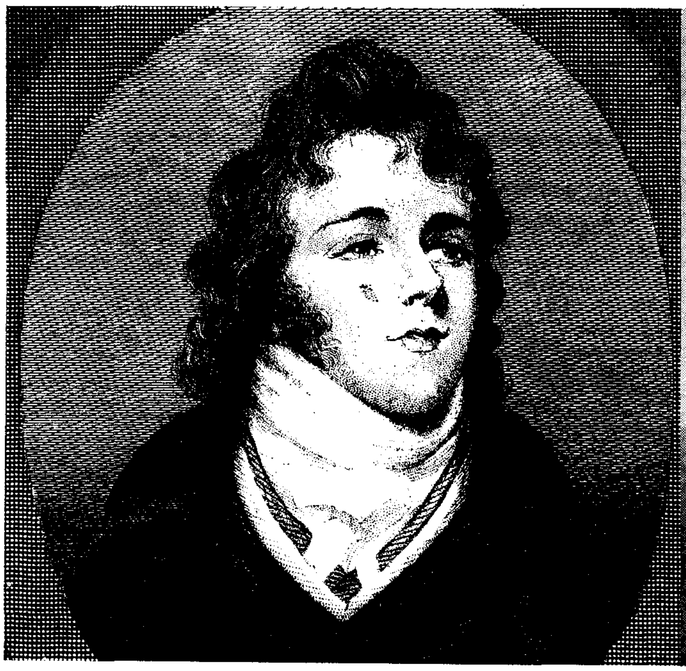
## 16th Century/Sir Walter Raleigh

In Sir Walter's time, all it took was a few acts of chivalry to be considered a gentleman.



## 18th Century/Giovanni Casanova

Casanova became known as a gentleman through his devilish charm and savoir-faire.



## 19th Century/Beau Brummell

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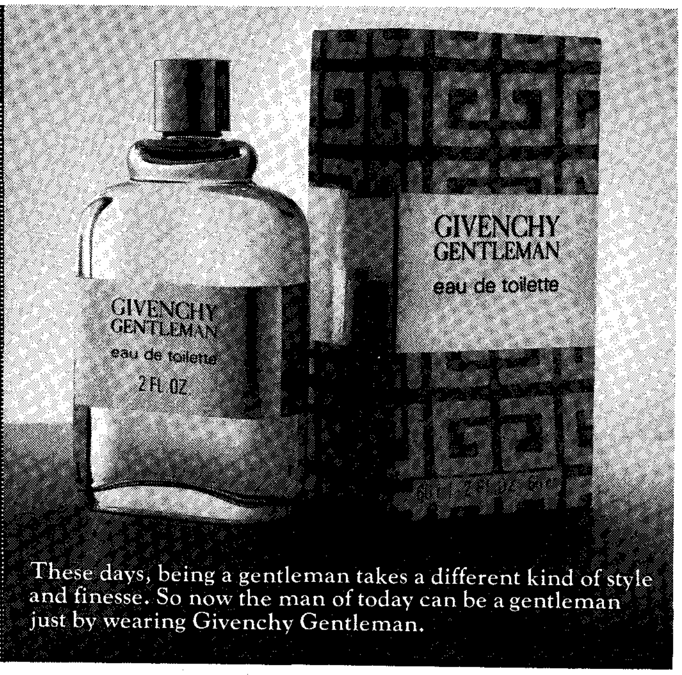
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

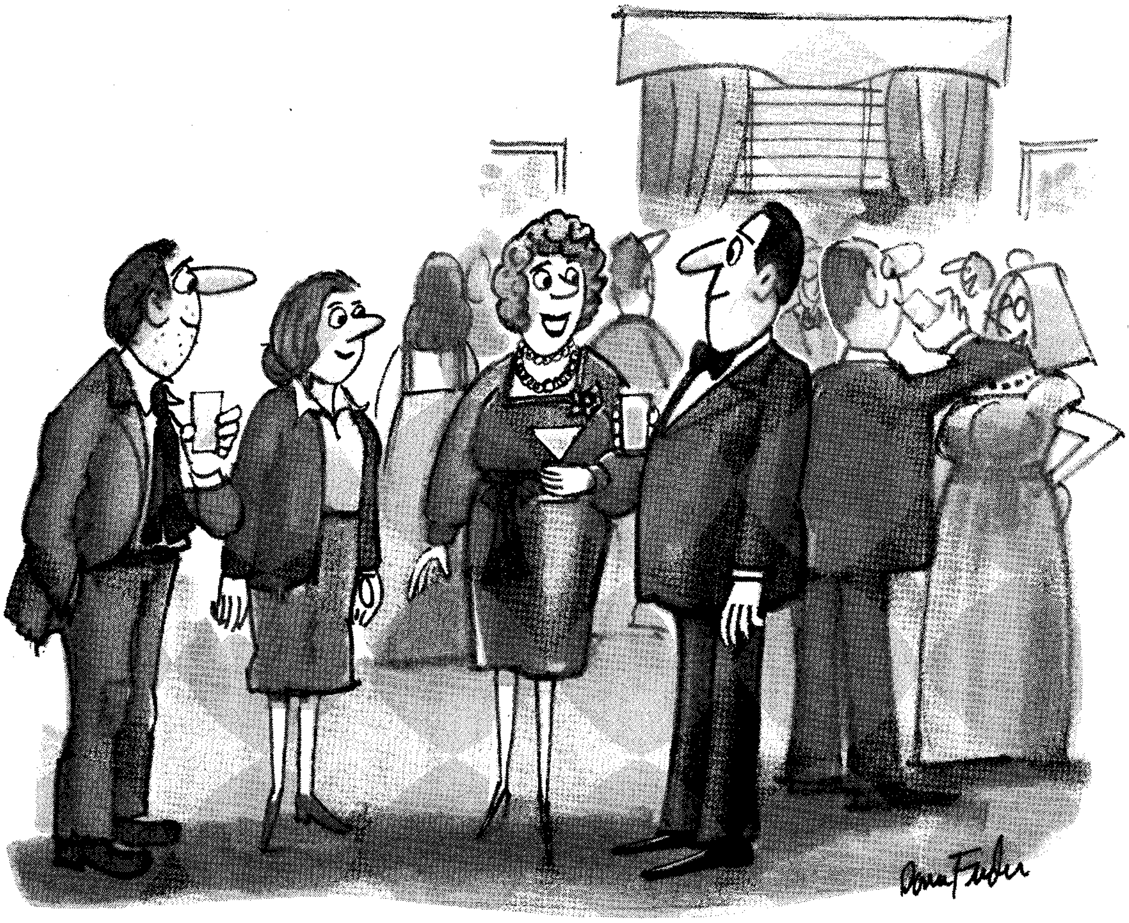
## *Two by Two*

Claude Lelouch's "Robert et Robert" has arrived from France garlanded with favorable notices and reports of large box-office grosses *là-bas*. Watching it, one is pleased at first that such a mild, cheerful comedy should have done so well, but then M. Lelouch (who gave us "A Man and a Woman") begins to pluck on our heartstrings like a veteran shipboard orchestra leader/violinist, and we sense that we have been sweetened and set up for a predictable response: "*Garçon, encore du* some champagne here!" The movie concludes with all the principals dancing with one another at a wedding feast to the theme music from "A Man and a Woman," which suggests that M. Lelouch has *chutzpah* (chutzpah) as well as a deep and self-defeating instinct for the banal.

The two Roberts are Robert Villiers (Jacques Villeret), a fat busboy with pudgy, indecisive hands and baby eyelashes who wants to become a Paris cop, and Robert Goldman (Charles Denner), who is a cabdriver. M. Denner (he was one of the terrified patriots in Costa-Gavras's "Z") has a fierce, tired, frightened face, with an aggressive nose and a wobbling Adam's apple. His Robert is almost beside himself with anxiety and loneliness, and the irritation and self-pity and foolishness in his voice are barely under control. He is a Sanka drinker—a Sanka drinker in Paris. His cab, a little Renault, is a museum of fussiness, with a lamb's-wool cozy on the steering wheel, a tea-and-coffee dispenser, admonitory signs ("It's safer not to talk to me while I'm driving"), and a little cash register under the dash—the same edge-of-madness accoutrements that I find in half the cabs I ride in these days. Driving along, Robert Goldman picks up the day's horoscope over his radio (he is obsessed by weather and secret messages), and it has bad news for Leos; he is a Leo, of course. Instantly, he pulls over to the curb and informs his woman passenger that their journey is over. She: "You must be joking." He: "I never joke when it comes to safety."

Our first views of Robert Villiers are also rewarding. Trying out as an *agent*, he directs traffic with shy, apologetic half gestures. After he waves a car past his little pedestal, we hear a smash and tinkle of broken glass, and the apprentice departs his podium in a guilty, head-down scurry. He is stripped of his whistle by an inspector, like Dreyfus being dishonored before the troops. The two Roberts meet as customers at a sleazy dating-and-matrimonial bureau operated by a M. Millet (Jean-Claude Brialy, who played the bemused intellectual in Eric Rohmer's "Claire's Knee"), a sleek cynic—a *concerned* cynic—who affects a dashing scarf in his office and points out the photographs of bridal couples on the wall with a murmured "Our recompense." He is assisted by his sensuous-looking wife and a bogus-looking *ordinateur* (computer), which grinds out dates for the widows and loners and guppy-faced wallflowers in his waiting room. These three strong comic performances, and some sterling backup work by the dragonlike mothers of the Roberts (Robert Villiers's mother, a dragon in red hair, is played by Régine, the night-club *entrepreneuse*), would seem to have M. Lelouch home free, but his intention, we soon find out, was never simply to amuse.

Things begin to slip during a scene at a dance hall, when Robert and Robert are discovered among the circling couples, each holding a snapshot of the date who has stood him up, and flecks of light from a rotating overhead mirror ball streak their stiff, desolated faces. They are still there at the very end of the dance, in the almost empty room, for M. Lelouch cannot resist pathos. The Roberts become partners in the cab business and partners in loneliness. They visit a low *boîte de nuit*, and the camera concentrates on their shocked faces while they watch a staged sexual performance—a passable moment, perhaps, except for its yuckily sweet background music, which tells us that hearts are breaking here. Matters disimprove further during Le Weekend Célibataire—a visit by bus to the Waterloo battlefield, organized by the



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matrimonial bureau—during which M. Lelouch abandons any pretense of comedy as he hovers on the frightened expressions of the arbitrarily paired couples at an inn, who are suddenly faced with the terrors of intimacy. On the trip home the next day, the men and the women still sit apart from each other on the bus; nothing has happened, except to "Robert et Robert," which died during the night.

In the end, sentimentality distracts even M. Lelouch and defeats his own abilities as a filmmaker, which can happen sometimes to artists who are obsessed with effect instead of content. At a wedding party (one couple have been brought together by Le Weekend), the guests rise, one by one, to deliver impromptu songs or speeches. When his turn comes, fat Robert Villiers lurches up unhappily and mumbles that he cannot sing or tell jokes; instead, he essays a mimed imitation of his own first visit to the bureau and his reception there by M. Millet. Suddenly, amazingly, he is funny. Everyone begins to laugh and applaud, and there is a riveting shot of Robert Goldman's face at this instant. He is thunderstruck. What! Is one of us two going to be good at something after all? Is he going to *succeed*? How can he desert me like this? It is a terrific moment—one that almost might have saved the picture, if it had ended right there. Instead, we are taken away into an extended, tiresome, and confusing flight of fancy, during which Robert Villiers experiences an overnight national *succès fou* as a comedian, and becomes a total celebrity, a Gallic Woody Allen (Boissy Alain?), who marries a famous TV interviewer. The fantasy ends, and we return to the wedding dance for the moral. There is happiness for all of us in this world, no matter how ugly or alone we may be—for all of us, I think, except most of us in the audience at "Robert et Robert," who have divined by now that our early laughter has somehow been used against us, and that we have been bullied into silence or witless tears.

"HAMLET" proves that it is possible to write a great drama about indecision; "Each Other" proves that it isn't easy. The latter is a modest new film about a four-year unconsummated (or perhaps consummated; it's hard to be sure) lesbian love affair between an Israeli writer named Yola and a Frenchwoman named Anne, who meet on a train going to Jerusalem. Yola, we quickly discover, has a hard time actually getting words on

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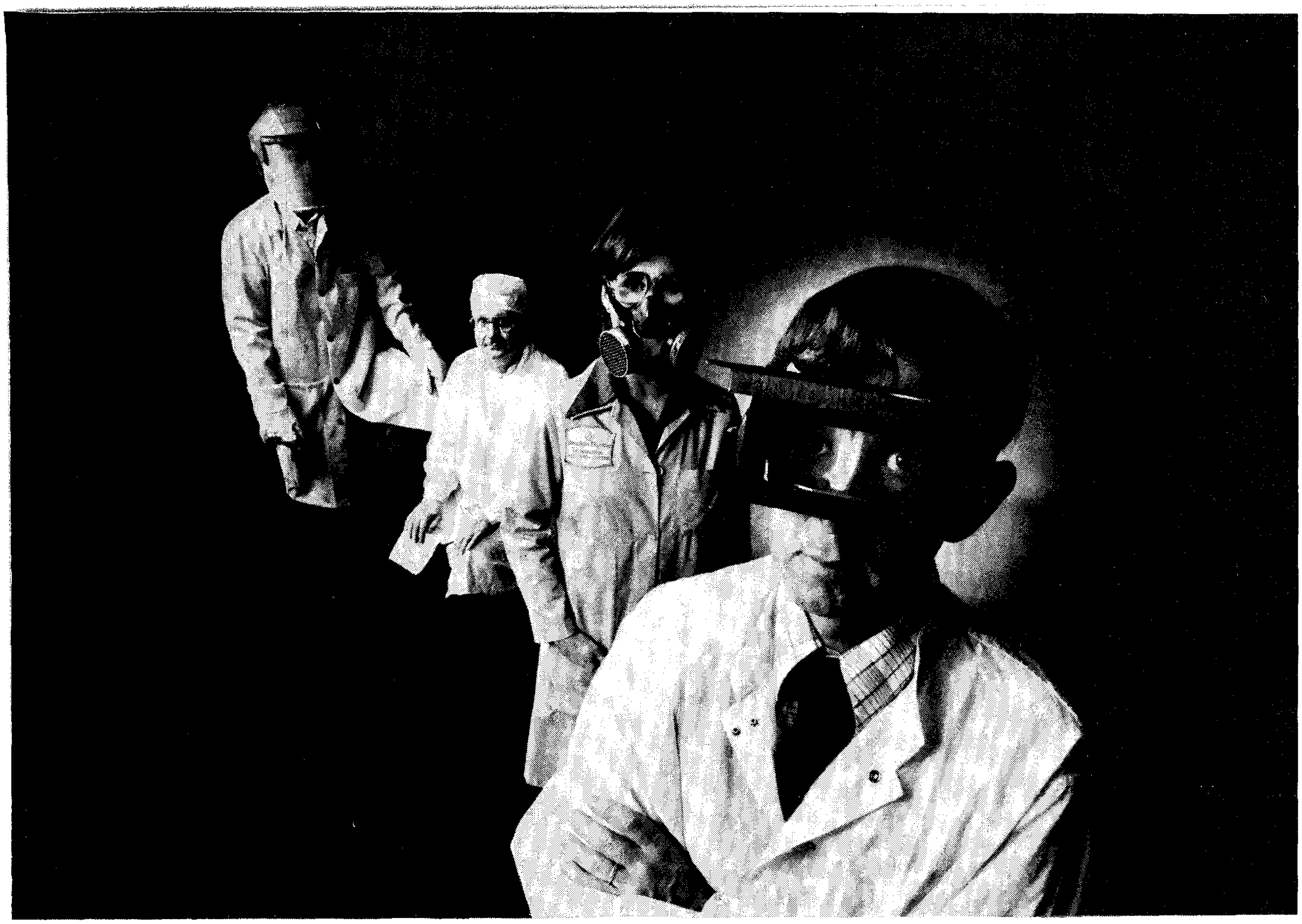

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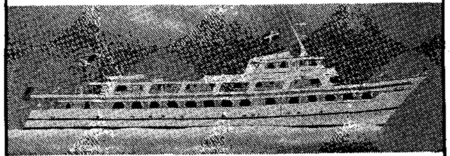

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paper, but she thinks a lot about writing; this should have warned us about other aspects of her life. Yola has a boyfriend, Avi, and Anne is a divorcée. Later (or, rather, earlier, since most of the film is a long flashback, or trudgeback), Yola and Avi get married and have a son. For most of the first half of the movie, Yola and Anne stroll and sit about on the rocky hillsides of Jerusalem, regarding history and thinking about their Problem. (I lead a sheltered life, and it came as a surprise to me that such matters are discussed these days along the Via Dolorosa.) Yola, on an impulse, grabs a cab to Tel Aviv; on another impulse, she grabs another cab and returns to Jerusalem, all in the same night. Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and this is the only rapid, decisive movement in the flick. Yola and Anne and Avi get drunk and go to bed together. Afterward, Yola looks miserable and says, "It's never happened before." Avi says, "*What's* never happened before?" Again, one isn't quite sure.

Four years later, Anne comes to visit Yola and Avi and their little family. At night, Yola goes to Anne's room and knocks on the door. Anne wakes up. Yola enters the room. Anne: "What are you doing?" Yola: "Nothing." And so it goes. In the morning, Avi knocks over his coffee cup, apparently in pique, and Anne packs and goes home. In a voice-over, Yola says they will continue to write each other. Then she thinks, If only I could express what I'm thinking now.

"Each Other," an Israeli-French film, was written and directed by Michal Bat-Adam, who also plays Yola. Her intention, I believe, was to explore the complex territory between friendship and passion, and while I admire her delicacy and reticence, I am also sorry for the sizable crowds that have been flocking to the movie here in New York, evidently in hopes of some real action. Brigitte Catillon is Anne, and Assaf Dayan plays Avi. The camerawork, by Yves Lafaye, is also low-key and forgettable.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

A summary of AOT's accomplishments is definitely in order since the repertoire history has not been printed in the opera program:
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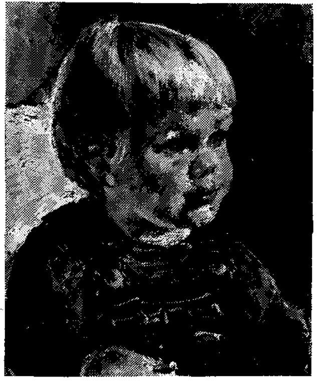

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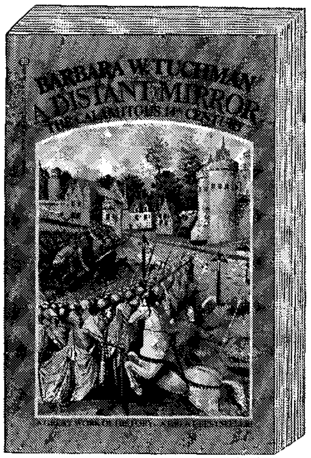

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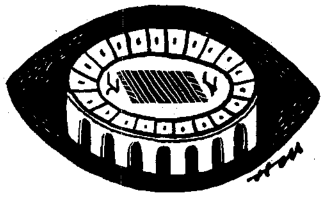

THE depletion of one of our great natural resources is increasingly manifest, especially in the Northeastern states. What were once termed "scouts"—a word this department prefers over the more current and pejorative "recruiter"—study our high schools, and even our junior colleges, not for raw material but for refined goods that can, at the university level, be converted into jewelry of an exceedingly high grade. Some of these men (they represent a trade into which the matter of equal rights has not yet intruded) can instantly attribute the qualities of character and scholarship and leadership to any male in the possession of sturdy, well-muscled legs, great weight, great speed, and a low center of gravity. Football as a sport, rather than as an industry, might be better off without the ministrations of these characters, but football has now become almost wholly industrialized—a source of income, especially when the disposition of television rights comes up, that is far in excess of the compensations granted the young men who are improving their character and scholarship and leadership.

Well, there we are. It has been reported to this observer that there was rather a battle to acquire the services of Ed Meyers, whose grandiose performance in the match that put Navy above Army, at 31–7, last Saturday bedazzled all of us. Particularly bedazzling was his performance when, at fourth and thirteen, Navy opted not for a long pass or a try at a field goal but for Meyers to go off tackle. He did, not for the requisite thirteen yards but for some thirty and a touchdown. Meyers' older brother, Charlie, was already a defensive back for Navy when Ed had to choose an alma mater. That was an excellent reason for Ed to come on in. But their father had been a noncom in the Army, and that was an excellent reason for him to consider West Point. West Point thought so, too, and wanted him for its wrestling squad. But Ed, a doughty wrestler and a doughty footballer as well, wished to be both, and so Navy, which even in its recent troubled years has at least had speed in its backfield, acquired a runner who added misery to an Army whose backs, slow afoot in its own recently troubled years, sorely needed a companion of Ed Meyers' skills. What's more, he'll be on hand for another two seasons.

Like most of us, this commentator has been troubled for a considerable while by the frangibility of some of our best performers. The Ivy League and both Army and Navy have this fall been vastly hampered by the problem. On Saturday, Army had to draw upon a junior-varsity quarter whose inexperience was immediately noticeable; Navy, still doing without such valuable properties as Milo at roving linebacker and Sherlock at tailback, had been improvising for weeks. One of the improvisations moved Callahan, a sterling tailback, to split end after Ed Meyers, by comparison a newcomer, had demonstrated his own possibilities, and on Saturday this alteration made the team look like what it had been during the first six weeks of its campaign, when it was all-conquering. Saturday's events were a fitting conclusion and reward for the difficulties Navy has dealt with this season.

In other decades, Army and Pennsylvania and Columbia were ranking exponents of the manly art of self-defense and offense, and were often comrades-in-arms, too. This fall, the triad was involved, altogether, in twenty-nine matches. In only three of them could their forces carry the day. It does seem improbable that Army is to relax its standards so that its football team can be industrialized. Army is almost by itself in that even during a flawed season it is a box-office attraction. Were it to persist in its new scheme of more plausible—and sociable—bookings (such as Princeton and Harvard in time to come), it should remain a hit show and, in addition, maintain its athletes in a more reasonable state of health. We shall see for ourselves as early as next year.

—J. W. L.

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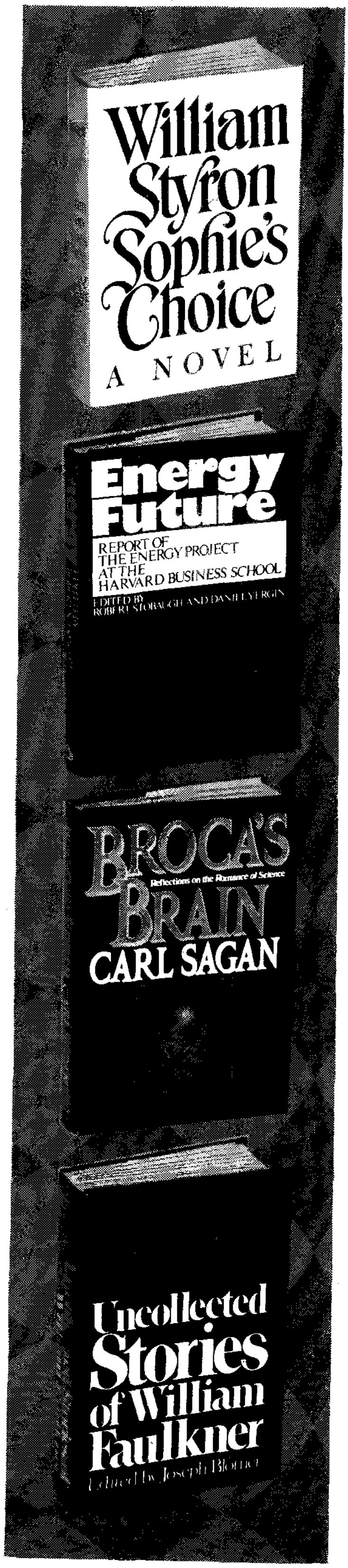

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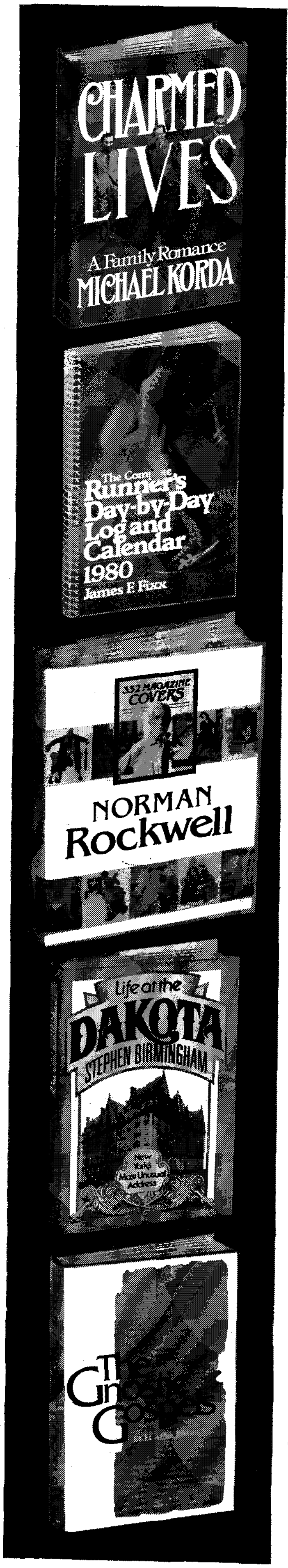

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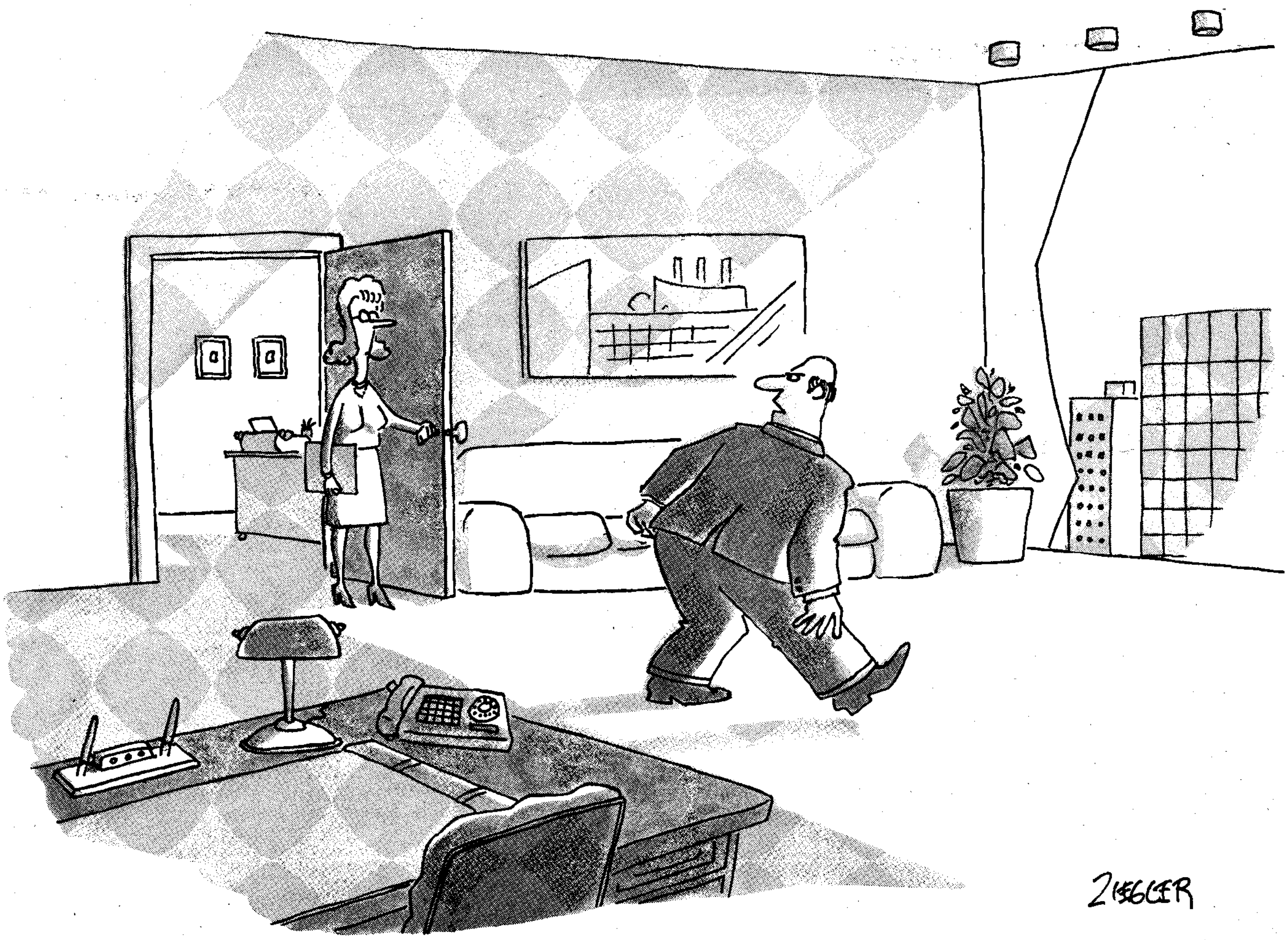
# LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 28

IN spite of the deeply worrying headlines from which Britons can take their pick these mornings—Iran, the dangerous state of the cliffhanging Zimbabwe-Rhodesia conference, trouble at British Leyland, the black forecasts of the economic weather expected this winter—it seems that one piece of purely national bad news has dominated the press, the air, and everybody's talk this last fortnight. With astonishment, and sometimes with pain, people studied the new diagram of treason appearing on their television screens—the long, mild scholarly face, the long, slightly stooped, distinguished figure of the guardian of the Queen's marvellous pictures, who could not, even by the wildest effort of the imagination, have been recast as a servant of Moscow. To find that this was so has made the ground quake slightly under many feet.

By a strange chance, some weeks before the name of the still not officially identified "fourth man" to be added to the old British espionage triangle of Burgess, Maclean, and Philby was freely going the rounds in Fleet Street and dinner-party gossip, the unsuspecting public had been given a useful background briefing on the events to come. The BBC's big autumn drama offering, much drummed up in advance, was a serial adapted from John le Carré's "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy," with a cast headed by Alec Guinness, in brilliant command of the role of George Smiley, veteran operative of the British intelligence "circus," in the depths of which a "mole"—professional jargon for an unsuspected traitor quietly burrowing away beneath the surface—is known to be working. In spite of the excellent acting all around, the complexities of the story proved too much for many befogged viewers, who dropped out of the mole hunt early. Since the old nursery jingle has come down so shatteringly on "art historian," most ordinary citizens have found the reality just about as confusing as the fiction. It has now been said that in academic and museum circles there were some sharp-eyed observers who, knowing the dangerous company that Anthony Blunt kept in his Cambridge days and after, had long ago come close to guessing the truth, or part of it. The readers of *Private Eye*—the insulting, bitingly funny little fortnightly that informs them of nasty truths that other journals deem too risky to print, and that occasionally gets haled into court by an infuriated victim—also received some advance warning. To the uninformed majority, however (including the large section that had never heard tell of him), the naming of Anthony Blunt seems to have come as a shock even more alarming than the disastrous flitting in the fifties and sixties of his friends the Cambridge spies, which still rankles as a costly bit of official bumbling. The extra edge of anger over this late, sad postscript to the sordid tale of their treason was, of course, sparked by the unbelievable fact that Blunt, instead of flitting, had penetrated to the highest place in the land and been allowed to remain there. In agitated private discussions after the news broke, arguing groups often sounded as though they were exchanging the name of a newly discovered Trollope novel, "Did She Know?" Even now, after the Prime Minister's long statement to the House of Com-



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mons and the testimony of the central figure, the chronology of the answer is not clear. Constitutionally, the Queen may express no views, but to many of her subjects an opinion seemed to be communicated tersely enough in the swift, guillotine-like snap of the Buckingham Palace announcement that the former Sir Anthony's knighthood would be struck from his shoulders "at midnight." By thoughtful daylight, some people felt that a snatch-back after fifteen years was late and a shade shabby.

The general opinion is that Mr. Blunt got off remarkably easily. In his own statement, he proposes to return *to the consolation of work and* of friends—who, to judge by their letters to the press, regard his defection as not much more than a youthful, idealistic peccadillo, light in the scales compared with his monumental labors for art. In his television interview, he paid it a slight, wry obeisance of "regret," as though for a letter that unfortunately had been mailed to the wrong address. Many uninvited journalists as well as readers were wrathful that the interview took place in the offices of the *Times*, which signalled its return in refreshed health as the top paper of the top people by producing him for a select little party of handpicked press and television men, with lunch served in the boardroom afterward, as though for an honored guest. Mr. Blunt subsequently went back on his firm statement to the interviewers that he had had no dealings with Soviet intelligence after 1951, saying that there had been contact as late as 1956 but that he had been flustered by the questioning into giving a false date. To go by what was said afterward, fluster was not the impression that anyone who watched him had received. There was a moment at the beginning when, sitting relaxed, resting his papers on his knee, he allowed his composed gaze to flicker coldly over the journalists, some of whom were squatting on the floor as though they were a bunch of students come to hear him lecture on the Holbein drawings in the Royal Collection. A sharp division of opinion has been exploding in the letters columns of the newspapers between those who are appalled and disturbed by the affair and those who appear to feel that treachery absolved by confession is an "irrelevant" part of a man's life, as one correspondent amazingly put it, compared with the true moral business of being—as Professor Blunt unquestionably is—a brilliant scholar, a kind and inspired teach-

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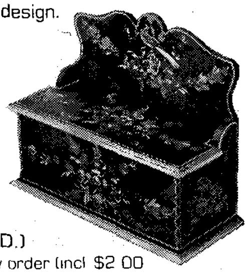

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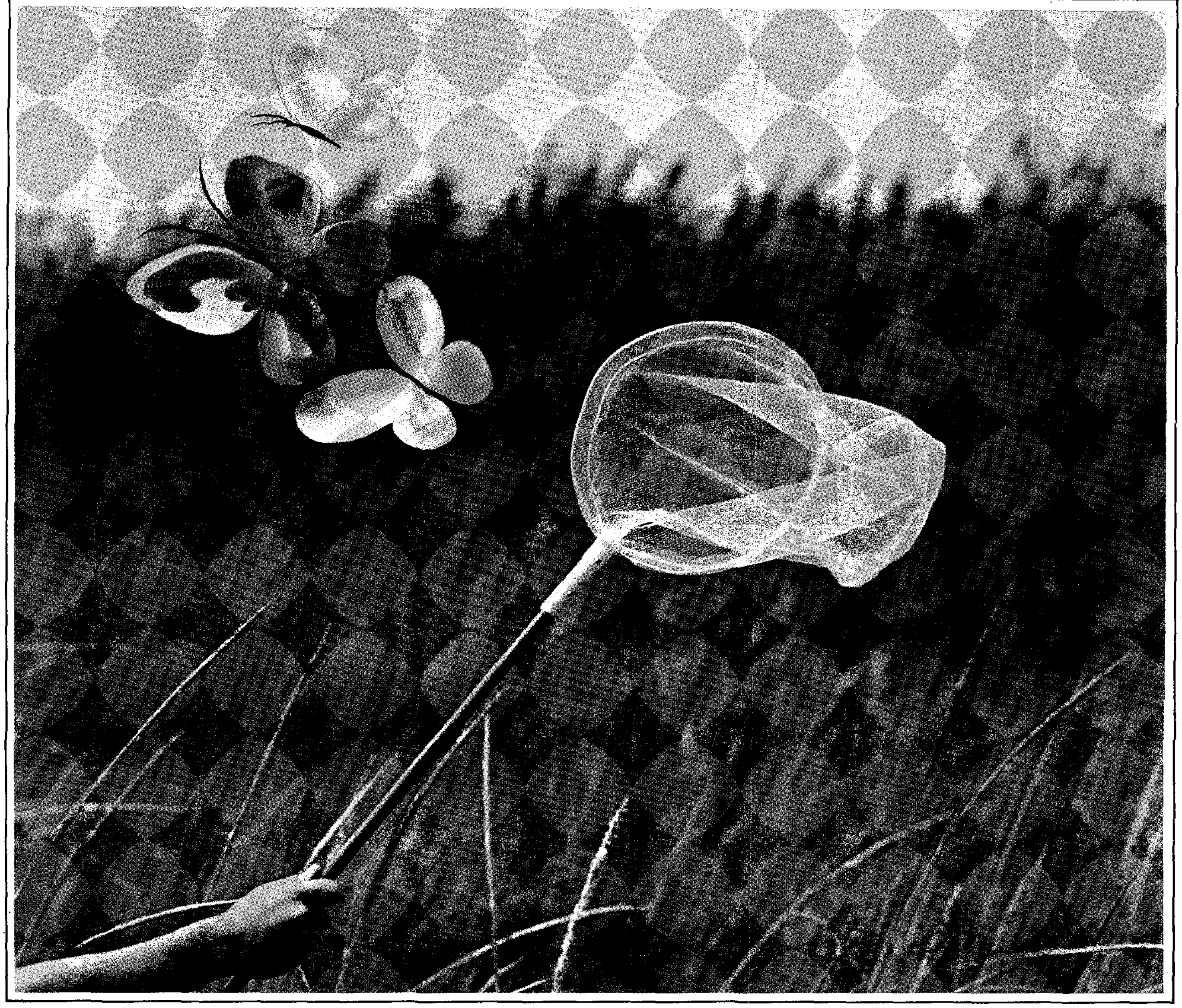

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er, an affectionate brother. However, the mass of downright opinion, untroubled by any distressing efforts to equate the good and beautiful with the evil, appears to have had no difficulty deciding what to think about the Queen's late servant.

The House of Commons debate last Wednesday, to which the Government had agreed instead of the inquiry for which some Labour voices were clamoring, turned out to be a strangely dead, wintry affair: a sorry telling of one old man's treachery and of official incompetence long ago, and an apologia for the blank spaces in the memories of other old men—the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary of the day, who have stated that they do not recall being informed of Blunt's confession. Mrs. Thatcher crisply assured the House that she had seen to it that such things could never happen again. The speed and determination with which she opened the long coverup seemed peculiarly feminine, like the energetic broom-banging of a good housewife bent on making a really thorough job of sweeping out the dirty corners, and people in all parties give her credit for it. After her first six months in office, her supporters seem to think cautiously that she is doing well.

THE Hayward Gallery is drawing big crowds to a huge, rambling exhibition oddly called "Thirties," with the definite article dropped. It is, for all its size, only a partial portrait of a decade in Britain that began to the melancholy shuffle of the unemployed rattling money boxes on street corners and ended in the war, which gets only a sketchy, inadequate showing of a few pictures of barrage balloons and air-raid precautions. It concentrates mainly on the arts and crafts and architecture of the period. There are rooms of photographs and beautiful architectural drawings of the new vertical blocks (thought hideous at the time) that were beginning to rise above London's muddle and of fine avant-garde country houses built for rich clients. There is a reconstruction of the bathroom that was commissioned by Edward James, the owner of a great collection of Surrealist art, for his wife, the dancer Tilly Losch—a lush little affair of peach-colored mirrors, stippled cathedral glass, and black porcelain plumbing. The more humdrum, everyday things are evocative—the bulky wireless receivers around which families gathered of an evening; models of the familiar prototypes of London's double-

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decker buses; Allen Lane's splendid, revolutionary Penguin paperbacks, which were yours for sixpence; the first jolly Post Office designs for greetings telegrams; the chrome coffee table on the pale rug. The show includes many examples of the steady, stimulating cross-fertilization that went on in the thirties between artists and architects and commercial patrons—handsome textiles by Duncan Grant, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth; splendid carpets by Marion Dorn, Serge Chermayeff, and Frank Brangwyn; Vanessa Bell's lustre dishes; Paul Nash's wineglasses. The interesting literary portraits include Henry Lamb's dangerously bright-eyed, squirrel-like Evelyn Waugh and Wyndham Lewis's 1938 Stephen Spender, whose copper-red face appears to have been cut out of metal sheeting. Though the exhibition might be expected to appeal mostly to the nostalgic elderly and middle-aged, it is packed with students armed with sketchbooks and young couples going around with their babies slung on their backs, gazing in fascination at the world, recognizable but utterly remote, before their parents', or even their grandparents', war.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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Thunderstorm phobia is very common in cats and dogs, and it is unfortunate that there is no simple cure for it. I suggest the following steps: (1) Resolve your own fear of thunderstorms, if you have any, because this anxiety could well aggravate your pet's problem. (2) Obtain a tranquilizer, such as Thorazine or chlorpromazine, from your veterinarian; when a storm is forecast, give your pet a sufficient dose to make it sleepy but not unconscious or staggeringly weak on its feet. (3) Switch off all lights, radio, television, etc., since crackling and flashing sounds of electrical interferences could disturb your pet. (4) Do *not* allow the animal to hide in its usual place when the storm comes. Hold it, or restrain it with leash and collar if needed, and talk to it gently and reassuringly. Five or six repetitions of this treatment will probably suffice. Cut out the medication for the seventh storm.

There is a more accelerated therapy that takes time and patience, but it is worth the effort—since a pet suffering from thunderstorm phobia can become a pathetic wreck. At weekly intervals, for five to six weeks, simulate a storm for about 20 minutes, beginning half an hour after you have lightly tranquilized your pet. Restrain the animal and speak reassuringly to it as you flash the lights on and off, beam a flashlight against the walls, and play a tape of loud cracks and bangs, or have a friend make loud banging noises outside.—*Dr. Michael W. Fox in McCall's.*

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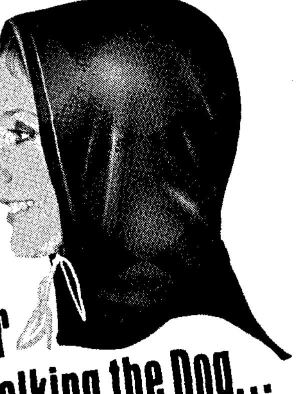

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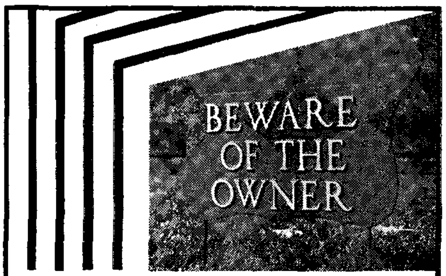

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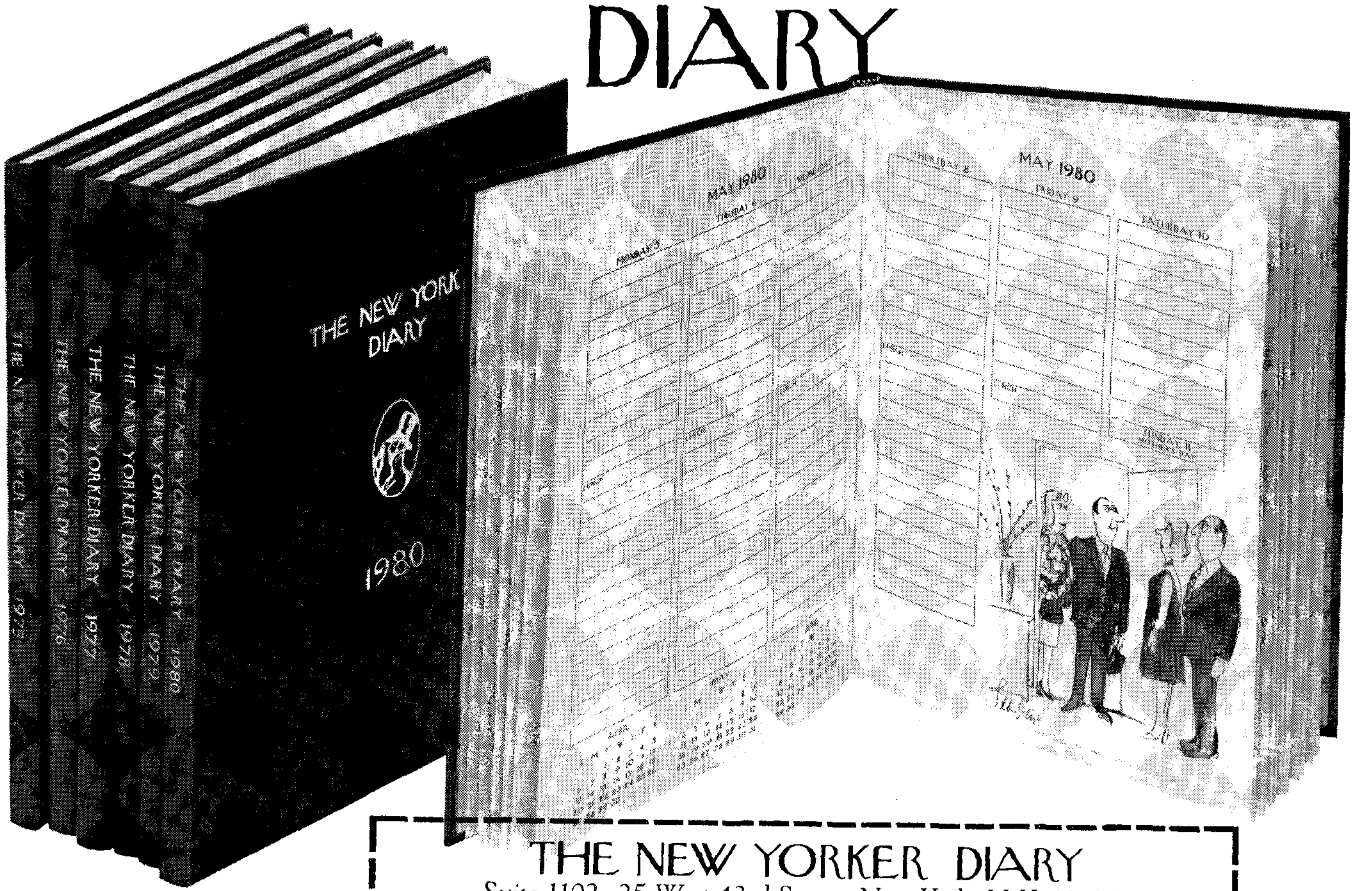
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Old Hall*

MUSICOLOGICAL congresses are not always musically productive. The forty-fifth meeting of the American Musicological Society, which took place at the beginning of November in the Biltmore Hotel (or, more precisely, on the first, eighteenth, and nineteenth floors of the hotel, while participants spent their time in unpredictable elevators somewhere between the various venues), was an exception. There were practical musical insights in many of the papers: a session on early-seventeenth-century Italian music included a performance of vocal monody which demonstrated a precise use of expressive portamento through the rise of a semitone (a technique that might horrify "pure" singers of early music but is substantiated by specific instructions from the composers of the period). There were sessions on old instruments and on Italian Renaissance dance (in which the Cambridge Court Dancers gave some attractive, simple demonstrations of choreographies). There were some less successful "lecture-recitals," which occupied the lunchtime periods of the meeting: an impenetrable guide to ensemble improvisation by the Brandeis University Renaissance Wind Band; a shockingly amateurish attack on the virtues of a fortepiano (built by Robert Smith, of Boston, after a Conrad Graf instrument of around 1810); and an explanation of the working methods of a madrigal consort which served only to emphasize the gulf that remains between the precision of much musicological inquiry and the purely instinctive response of most performers.

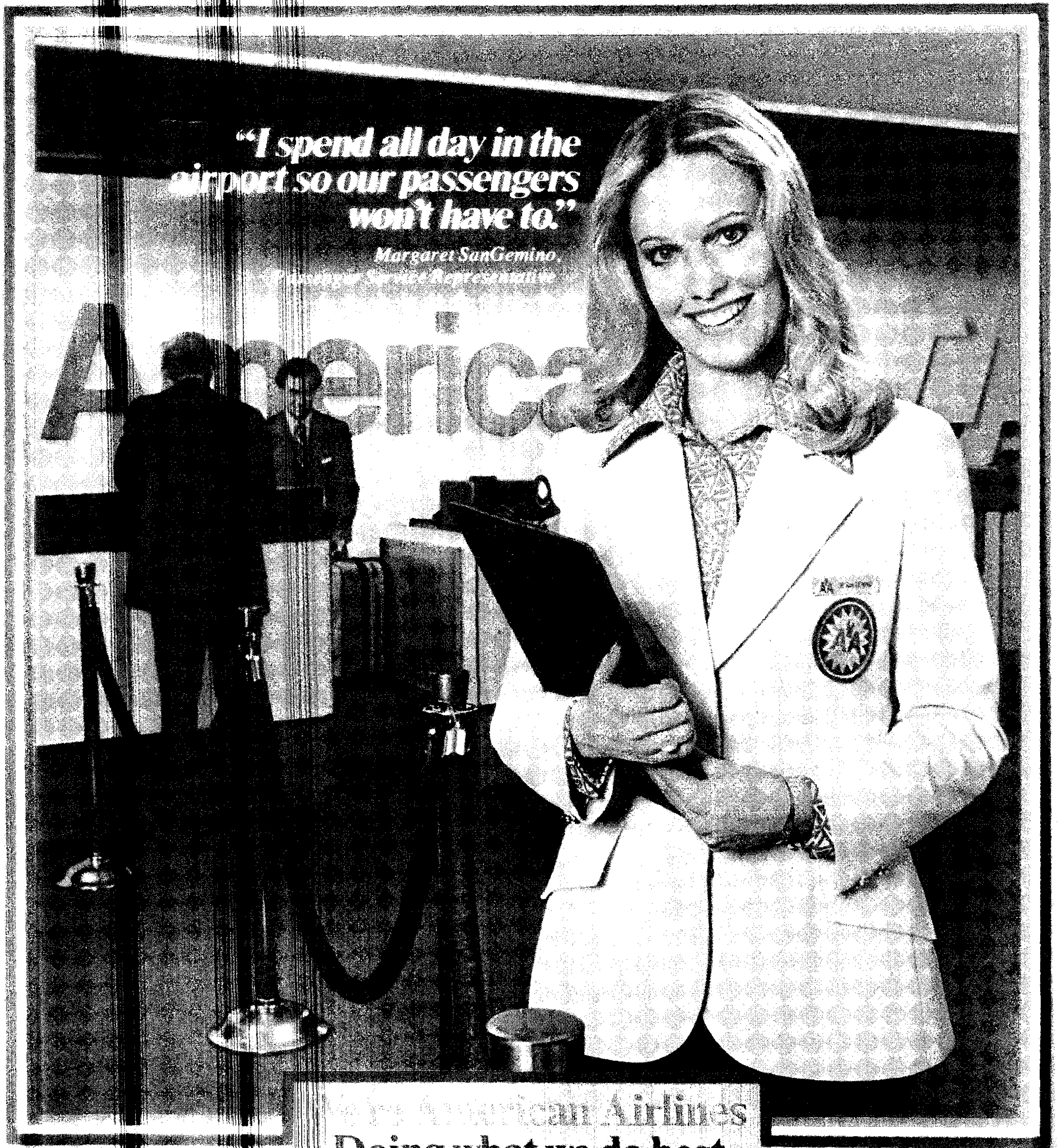
On a different level were two evening concerts designed for congress participants, which took place in the nearby Church of St. Mary the Virgin and brought together eight New York ensembles specializing in medieval and Renaissance music. The first concert presented the Ensemble for Early Music, Schola Antiqua, the New York Consort of Viols, and Cappella Nova; the second, Music for a While, the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, Pomerium Musices, and the New York Renaissance Band. The two that impressed me most were vocal groups: Pomerium Musices specializes in music of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; Cappella Nova has a repertoire of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century sacred choral music. Both groups gave concerts later in November, on the same day. Pomerium Musices appeared in the lively and varied Sunday-afternoon series called "Music Before 1800," in Corpus Christi Church, near Columbia University, on 121st Street; Cappella Nova began its own series of concerts, in St. Joseph's Church, in Greenwich Village. Both concerts featured English fifteenth-century sacred music: at the center of Pomerium Musices' program were pieces from the so-called Old Hall Manuscript; framing Cappella Nova's sequence "An English Renaissance Lady Mass" were pieces from the Eton Choirbook. These two collections are the most important musical documents to have survived from fifteenth-century England; the story of the former, in particular, shows how musicologists' developing knowledge and understanding of sources can provide a wealth of new material for performers.

The Old Hall Manuscript—an informal title, but one that seems to have stuck—was from 1893 until 1973 in the possession of St. Edmund's College, an English Roman Catholic school and seminary at Old Hall Green, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. It is a rebound hundred-and-twelve-sheet manuscript, evidently not quite complete, containing groups of settings of texts from the Ordinary of the Mass (a group of Glorias, then one of Credos, then settings of the Sanctus, and, finally, of the Agnus Dei, but no Kyries). In addition, there are groups of Marian antiphons and motets. Some of the pieces are fragmentary. The collection—a hundred and forty-seven items in all—might not be so important had not so many other musical manuscripts of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries been damaged or destroyed. We know of many of them through fragments—some were cut up for book bindings, leaving parts of pieces or occasionally whole pieces. Only the patience and skill of scholars can restore any of what is missing in these cases. (In a delightful intervention in one of the A.M.S. medieval sessions, Professor Ernest Sanders, of Columbia University, described how he had hypothesized a *cantus firmus* that must have been cut off the bottom of an Agnus Dei; his idea was rewarded when he discovered a millimetre-long stroke on the bottom edge of the page just where the highest note in the musical phrase should have occurred.) The Old Hall Manuscript is the first nearly complete collection of English polyphony to have survived since the Winchester tropers of around 1000 (and those are at present impossible to transcribe reliably); it is the only medieval English collection of music for the Mass; it is the first source to name any large number of English composers.

The manuscript was presented to St. Edmund's by one E. W. Tordiffe—rumor had it, in part payment for his children's school fees. Whether or not it came to Old Hall for monetary reasons, it certainly left there for those reasons: auctioned at Sotheby's in July, 1973, in order to raise funds for the school, it failed to reach its reserve price and later in the month was bought by the British Library. One immediately no-

Bernard Schoenbaum

*"Try and stop me if you've heard this one."*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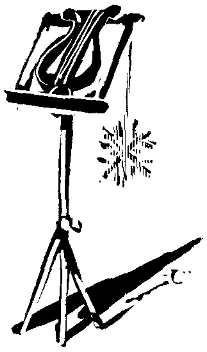
ticeable feature of the manuscript is that nineteen of the splendid large illuminated letters at the start of the pieces have been replaced by copies. The originals must have been cut out, and artists more skilled in orthography than in music have provided substitutes (and some misleading musical notes, where those were missing). This mutilation of the manuscript must have taken place when it was more esteemed for its antiquarian interest than for its musical importance. Mr. Tordiffe had the book from his father, who inherited it in 1851 from an aunt, Gertrude Stafford Smith. It is probable that at some point in her ownership of the manuscript she removed the initial letters for ornamental purposes. Gertrude's father is likely to have treated it with more respect: he was the well-known collector John Stafford Smith, a musical antiquarian. Smith bought the manuscript on February 16, 1813, at a sale where it was described as "a curious Antient Mass Book, finely written on vellum, illuminated, 224 pages." (So no sheets have disappeared since that date.)



Musicological interest in the Old Hall Manuscript may be traced to the last years of the nineteenth century, when the almost untouched remains of English medieval and Renaissance music were explored for the first time by scholars and by some performers. W. Barclay Squire published the first serious description of the manuscript in 1901, in an article called "Notes on an Undescribed Collection of English Fifteenth-Century Music." The first scholarly edition was prepared during the nineteen-twenties, originally by the Reverend Alexander Ramsbotham, an experienced amateur paleographer; following his death, the work was completed by H. B. Collins and Dom Anselm Hughes, two leading English medievalists. The first volume, Ramsbotham's work, appeared in 1933; the third, and last, was published in 1938. At this point, it seemed natural to presume that a collection of such importance, unique among early surviving sources of church music, was intended for use at the Chapel Royal of the time—there are compositions attributed to "Roy Henry" which seemed to support this idea, and the association of at least some of the composers with the Chapel Royal of the fifteenth century led Ramsbotham to say that the collection was "a sample of what one great musical establishment could produce from among its own members . . . the local homespun of the Chapel Royal." But this conclusion did not take into account what Ramsbotham had already noted: that the compilation was the work of two distinct sets of people—a first scribe, working independently, and a group of scribes who inserted music among the first man's uncompleted work. While the music in the "second layer," as it is now described, shows connections with the Chapel Royal, that in the "first layer" has almost no such connections.

The Ramsbotham-Collins-Hughes edition, published by the Plainsong and Medieval Music Society, was discussed in great detail by Manfred Bukofzer in *The Musical Quarterly* in 1948 and 1949—a review that was reprinted in Bukofzer's seminal collection "Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Music" in 1950. This magnificent essay marks, perhaps, the transfer of the Old Hall Manuscript from the province of the amateur scholar-enthusiasts to that of the scientific musicologists. Bukofzer made an important general point about the dating of the collection:

> We must distinguish between two points of time which do not necessarily coincide: when the repertory was composed and when it was actually assembled in the manuscript. The latter date can only be fixed by such external features as handwriting, illuminations, etc. These suggest a date of c. 1420, but . . . the scribe may have been old and may therefore have retained the paleographic characteristics of, say, 1410, when he was actually writing about 1440 or even later.

On musical, internal evidence, Bukofzer thought that the mixture of styles in the collection indicated the first two decades of the fifteenth century as the most probable date. He also made use of the researches of the historian John Harvey to show that two composers represented, Thomas Damett and Nicholas Sturgeon, were associated with Henry V's chapel music just before 1420, and to note that one of the most important composers of the Chapel Royal, John Pyamour, was not represented.

During the nineteen-fifties, the work of Bukofzer and of a whole group of distinguished medievalists, among them Brian Trowell, Frank Harrison, and Thurston Dart in England, helped to place English fifteenth-century music in the context of Continental music of the time. Harrison's book "Music in Medieval Britain," published in 1958, described in detail the liturgical and institutional background against which a

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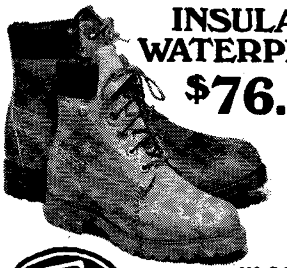
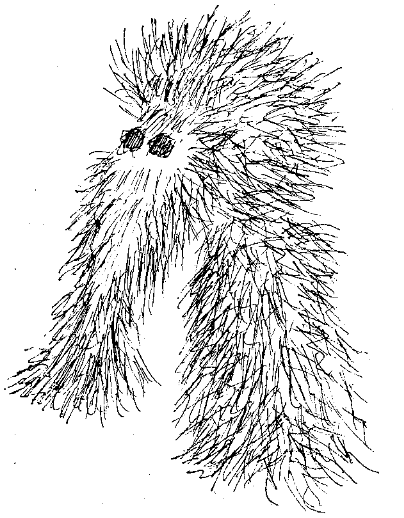


collection such as Old Hall could properly be understood. Harrison advanced the possibility, which "has not previously been put forward," that "it was under Henry IV (1399-1413) that the greater part of the manuscript was planned and written." The second layer could be dated "between 1413 and 1432."

In the early sixties, a new edition of Old Hall was planned for the series "Corpus Mensurabilis Musicae;" in an odd attempt at collaboration, the scholars Andrew Hughes and Margaret Bent worked together from opposite sides of the Atlantic, discussing points by letter. (When the first volume went to press, in 1967, they had not met.) It is scarcely surprising that many questions about the manuscript remained open at the end of this exercise. Perhaps the time was not ripe for a complete new edition. But Mrs. Bent's intricate and detailed work on the manuscript was of the utmost importance, and enabled some definite conclusions to be drawn. (What is written here owes much to her wide-ranging articles; readers are still waiting for her comprehensive survey, first announced some ten years ago.) She showed that the hundred and twelve sheets that remain were originally part of a hundred and thirty-seven sheets, perhaps more, and that the first scribe had a complete plan of the manuscript when he started to compile it but stopped work when there were only twelve pieces remaining to be copied. It was then illuminated, and (as some brilliant detective work revealed) an initial letter was provided for the beginning of each piece—even those remaining to be copied; the later scribes used those initial letters to start their own pieces. Mrs. Bent showed that the later additions of music by the four composers John Burell, John Cooke, Thomas Damett, and Nicholas Sturgeon (all of whom were associated with the Chapel Royal) were in distinct, nonprofessional hands, and she suggested that some of these might be autograph copies by the composers themselves. She thought this copying was complete by 1419 or thereabouts, when Cooke died. Mrs. Bent concluded that "1410 is the very earliest date that I can accept for the completion of the first-layer music which the scribe had in front of him when he started to copy." She suggested that the first layer was left incomplete around 1415.

On one main point, Mrs. Bent had to leave a question unanswered. She thought it clear from the first-layer work (which accounts for all but thirty



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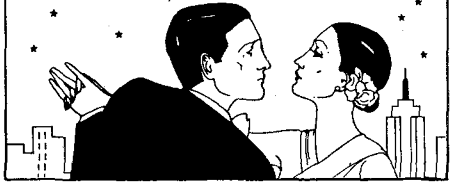

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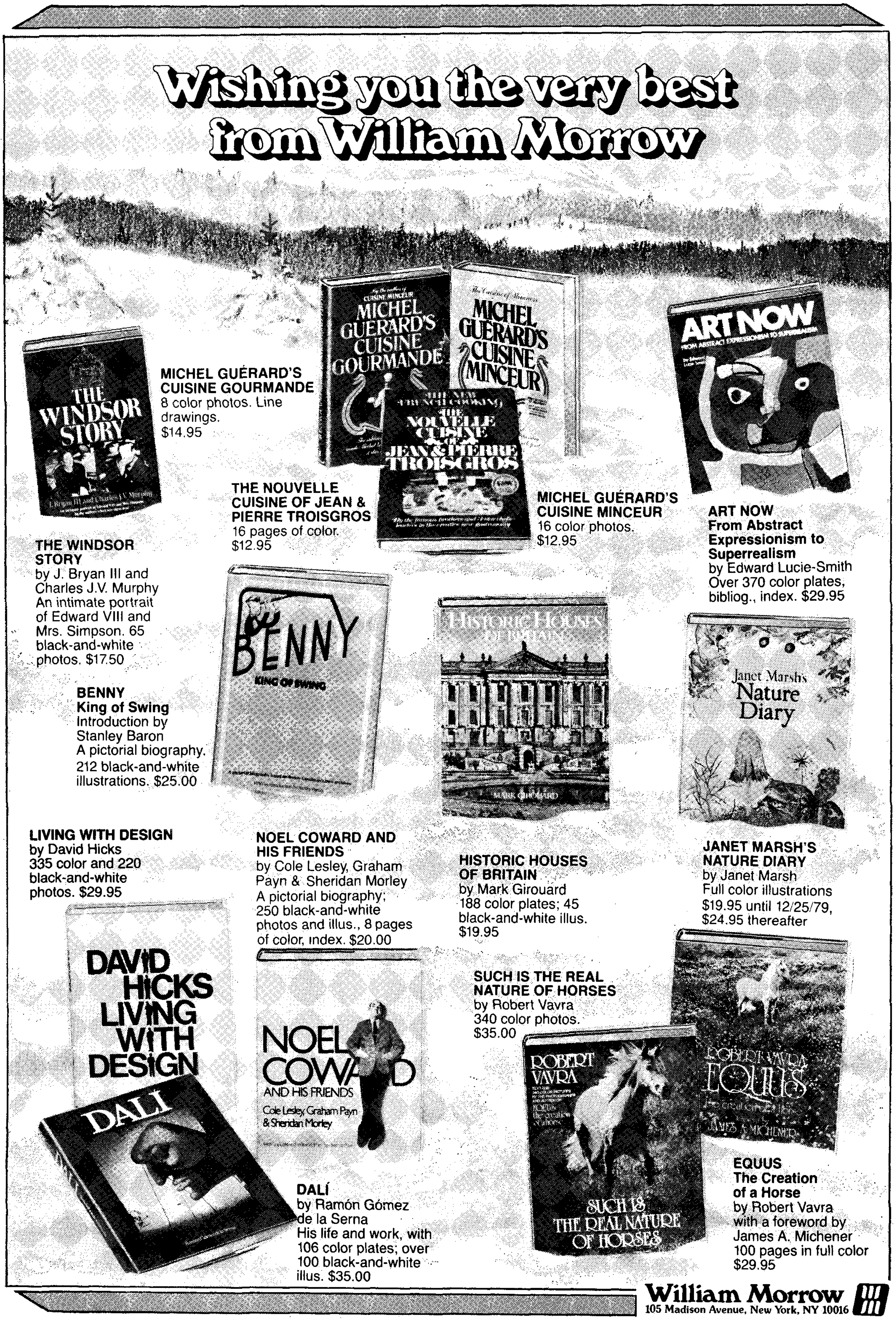
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of the hundred and forty-seven pieces now remaining in the manuscript) that the collection could not have been intended for the Chapel Royal: "There are many objections to assuming that the intended destination and the actual destination of the manuscript were one and the same. There can be little doubt that the members of Henry V's Household Chapel were the first users of the book, but I question the assumption that it was designed specifically for their use. Absolutely *nothing* remains to connect the compilation of the original layer with the Royal Household Chapel." Which left the question: For whom was this rich manuscript originally intended? It had long been realized that a major clue must lie in the fact that twenty of the first-layer pieces were credited to one composer, Leonel Power. The difficulty was that almost nothing was known of his life, beyond a late connection with Christ Church, Canterbury, and it was not especially likely that this institution instigated the manuscript (though it was famed for its polyphony, the lavishness of the original illumination suggested a more wealthy origin). In 1967, Mr. Hughes, summing up the evidence for its origin, mentioned the possibilities of Canterbury; the Chapel Royal; Yorkshire (where some of the composers had connections); St. Paul's and St. Stephen's in London (which maintained links with the Chapel Royal); and Oxford University (on no better ground than that "with its many colleges set up as monastic foundations [it] is a place where composers from many areas could have met").

This knot has recently been untied by the Cambridge scholar Roger Bowers, whose 1976 paper to the Royal Musical Association on Leonel Power's life and career has just been published. Based on detailed research in medieval archives, Bowers' findings are that Power was certainly from 1418 (and probably earlier) until 1421 in the service of Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother of Henry V. Power is named in the accounts not only as a member of the household chapel but also as instructor of the choristers. This fits uncannily with the available evidence, and corroborates Mrs. Bent's research in a striking way. If it is assumed that Power had been in the Duke's service since the household chapel was established (probably around 1411-13), then the manuscript (which was compiled in the years up to 1421) could well have included music in several styles by him, and by others, whose work was preserved by Power and used

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in chapel liturgies. The Duke's court was influential and wealthy; the illumination could well be from just such a source. And the hasty abandonment of the project? That also fits, for in March, 1421, Clarence, looking after Normandy for his brother, was killed in a skirmish with the Dauphin's forces at Baugé, near Angers. Clarence had no heirs; the household was dismissed and his possessions were dispersed. What is more likely than that this manuscript, having originated in one of the finest household chapels in the land, should be passed in 1421 to that of Clarence's elder brother—the Royal Household Chapel of King Henry V? There the "house" composers added their work to the volume, just as Power's music had dominated the earlier part of the compilation. This thesis has at present been only baldly stated. We are waiting for a more detailed commentary by Roger Bowers, and for the reaction of other medievalists. But, as hypotheses go, it is convincing.

Against this background, the performances by Pomerium Musices (using the Bent-Hughes edition, modified in some small details) gave a rare pleasure. This small ensemble sings with absolute clarity and with piercing directness of tone; nine singers are used, sometimes one to a part, sometimes more. The direction, by Alexander Blachly, is firm yet unobtrusive, pointing up the odd harmonic quirks of the earlier pieces and the brilliant elaboration of the later works with a sure hand. The sequence of items was didactically devised: it was a misjudgment to give us two Gloria settings in sequence, and three Credos, and two Sanctuses, just because this is how the manuscript is arranged. But one could hear clearly the progress from the simplicity of the first-layer "English discant" settings, in which plainsong is simply clothed by two note-against-note parts, to the isorhythmic complexities of the motets by Biteryng (from the first layer) and Sturgeon (second layer), and one could observe the radical changes in Power's own style. Cooke's "Stella celi," though a second-layer addition, sounded comparatively old-fashioned; the canonic devices of an anonymous Credo (No. 71) were hair-raising in their intricacy. Mr. Blachly made the sense of development in the Old Hall pieces all the stronger by prefacing them with earlier music (sung in transcriptions by Peter Lefferts, of Columbia University) and following them with Power's later, more famous Mass setting, based on the chant "Alma redemptoris mater." The sound of

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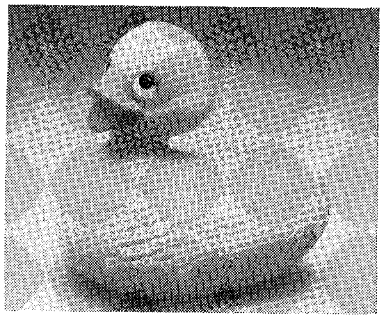

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Mr. Blachly's consort—particularly of the female voices, with their hard edge and unerring accuracy of pitch—is most impressive. There is no fuzziness or lack of definition in the lower male voices, nor is there the rather bloodless style associated with the English cathedral school, which has so often provided an all-purpose sound for English sacred music of any age. In short, Pomerium Musices is accomplished in technique and individual in style. The merits of the ensemble's keeping to a relatively small repertoire are clear from the strength of its characterizations and its ease in very difficult idioms. Whatever reservations musicologists may have—we can never really know how this music was originally performed—Pomerium Musices has succeeded in bringing it to life in accordance with the best recent scholarship. I hope these performances are recorded soon. To the next age of English music, the Eton Choirbook and the concert by Cappella Nova, I plan to return next week.

—Nicholas Kenyon

## FURTHER EVENTS

### *Tributes*

LAST month, two new commissioned works were played at concerts of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, in Alice Tully Hall. Gunther Schuller's Octet, performed on November 2nd and 4th, and broadcast a week later by WNCN, is composed for the forces of Schubert's Octet—clarinet, bassoon, and horn, string quartet and double-bass. There are four movements, in traditional forms; the work lasted nearly forty minutes at the first performance, a minute or two less at the second. The Octet is an attractive but not, I think, a wholly successful composition; it is hard to feel sure, for the Chamber Music Society performances seemed a sketch of the piece rather than a secure, masterly interpretation. The tone of the violins was thin and keen. The first subject, on strings, was less audible than the winds' ticktock accompaniment. Passages that look full and rich in the score sounded scrawny and ill-balanced in the hall. The slow movement is a set of variations on a short-winded four-limb theme of regular cut. (The idea for it may have come from the inner parts of the adagio introduction to Schubert's Octet.) The variations give solo opportunities to each instrument in turn; the bassoon's number and the final, exuberant treatment "in a well-known European folk ensem-

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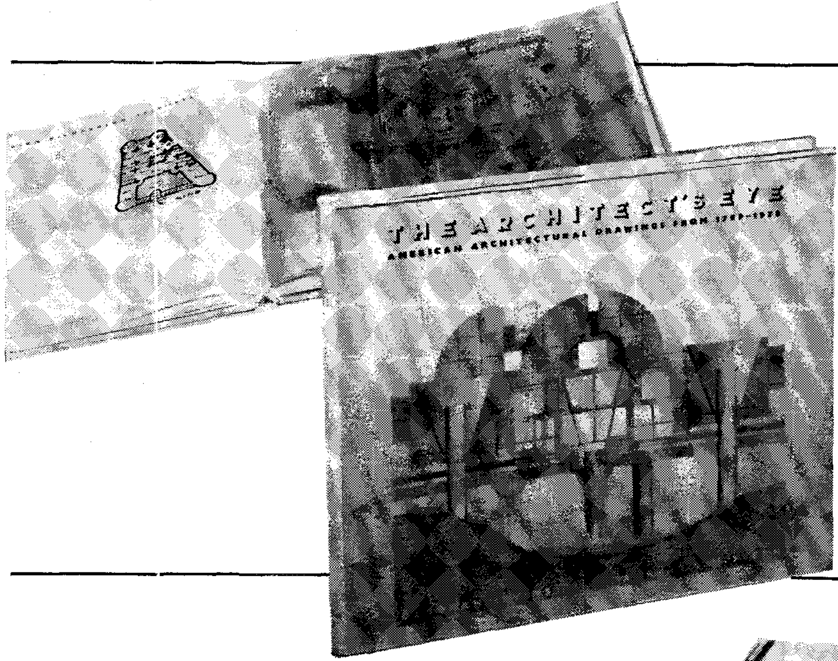
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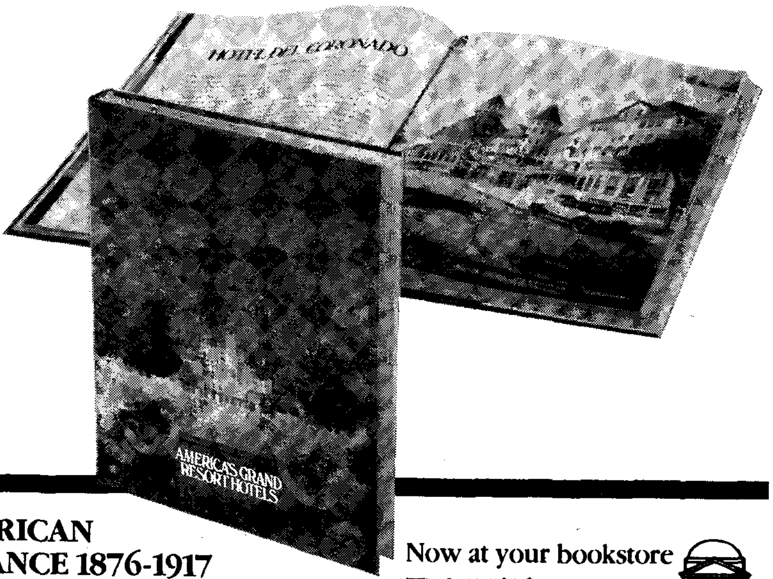
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ble manner" are especially taking. In the scherzo, Schuller comes closest to open neoclassicism and to the Schubert who rapped out Beethoven's scherzo rhythms. There is a lively fancy at work in this movement, but the composer's daring use of arrests followed by silences needed defter rhythmic handling than it received. The finale, marked "*Vivace*—with driving energy throughout," sounded neither lively nor energetic: partly the composer's fault, for writing many long notes tied across the bars, but largely the players'. In a program note, Schuller tells of often playing the horn part in the Schubert Octet and of the profound influence that work had on him. He mentions one "subtle, brief bow to Schubert," in the slow introduction to the first movement (both octets begin with a sustained octave F), but also writes of finding "contemporary analogies to those techniques and values we cherish from the past." And several times in this relaxed yet brimming piece the spirit of Schubert seems to haunt a rhythm, a cadence, and the bright, upward-bubbling themes. I would like to hear a warm, witty, ebullient account of the work, in more intimate surroundings. But I think there are passages the composer could tighten.

A fortnight later, George Crumb's "Celestial Mechanics (Makrokosmos IV): Cosmic Dances for Amplified Piano, Four Hands" had its first performance. This is the fourth in Crumb's "Makrokosmos" series; the first and second are for amplified piano, and the third, entitled "Music for a Summer Evening," is for the Bartók combination of two pianos (but amplified) and two percussions. The movements of "Celestial Mechanics" are entitled "Alpha Centauri," "Beta Cygni," "Gamma Draconis," and "Delta Orionis," but those names, the composer says in a note, were added after the music had been written. In several earlier works, Crumb's sound imagery has suggested to me the strange, deep emotions that can flood an imaginative watcher of the night skies, but this latest, and disappointing, piece struck me as a dry, uninspired exercise in drawing unusual sounds from a grand piano: rattles, the dull clonk of the hammers on finger-stopped strings, tapping with the hands and various mechanical aids on different parts of the instrument, picking and scratching. A few passages of agitated dance rhythms seem to owe something to Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," but they are rhythms pattered out and then dropped; there is little to sug-

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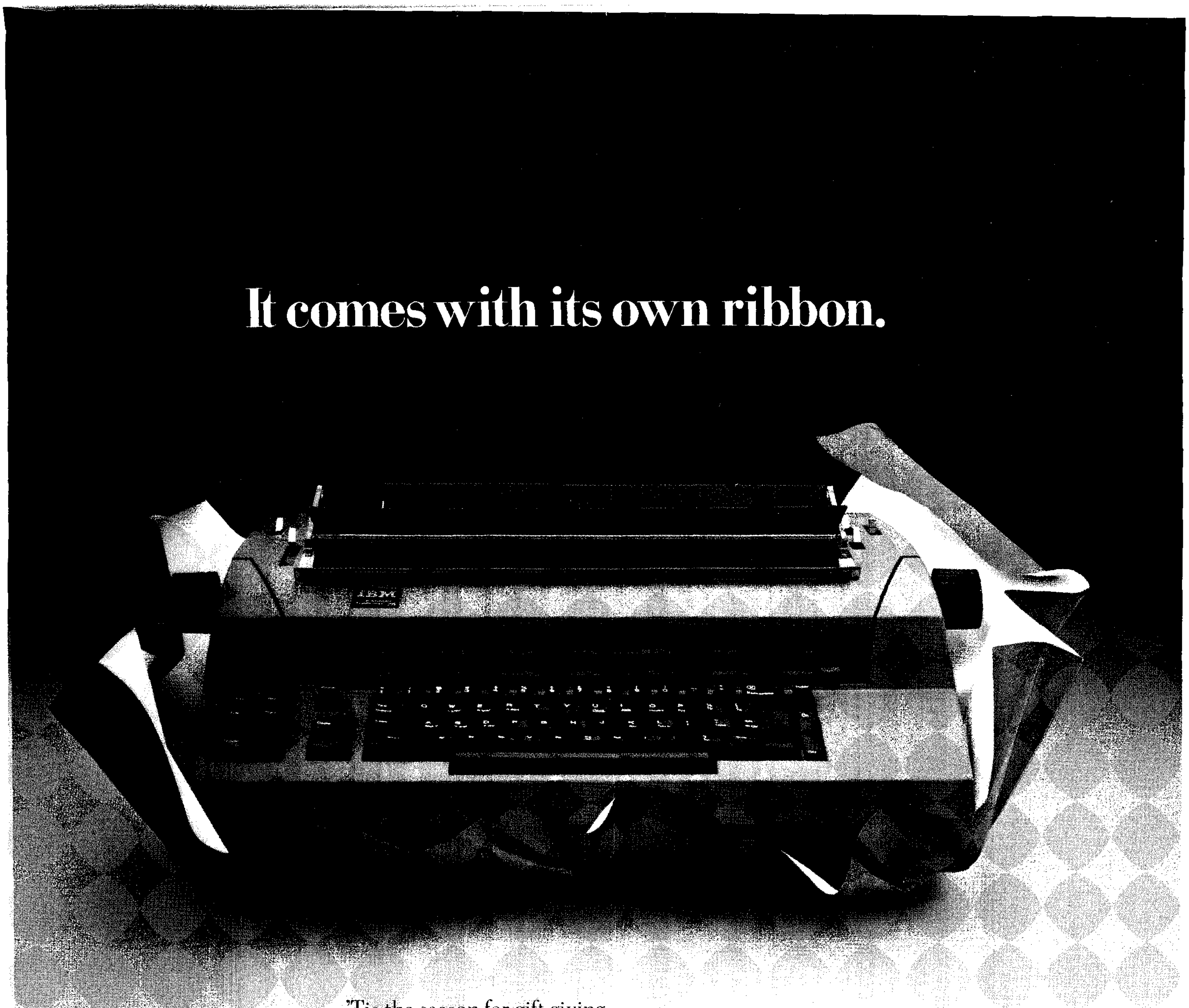

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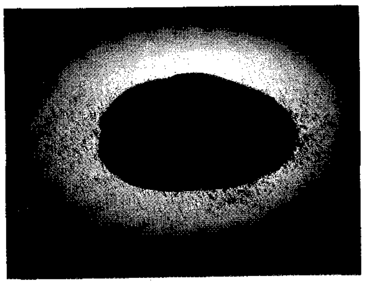

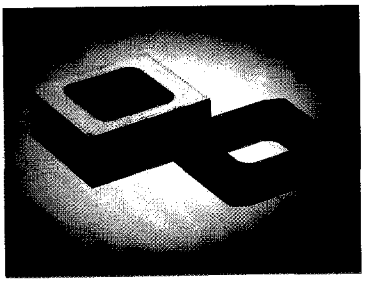

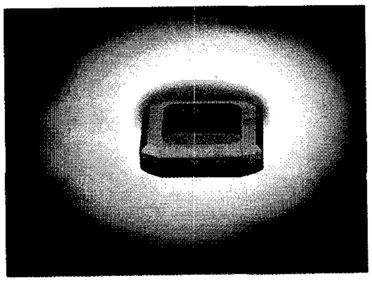

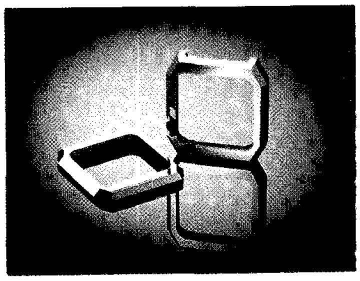

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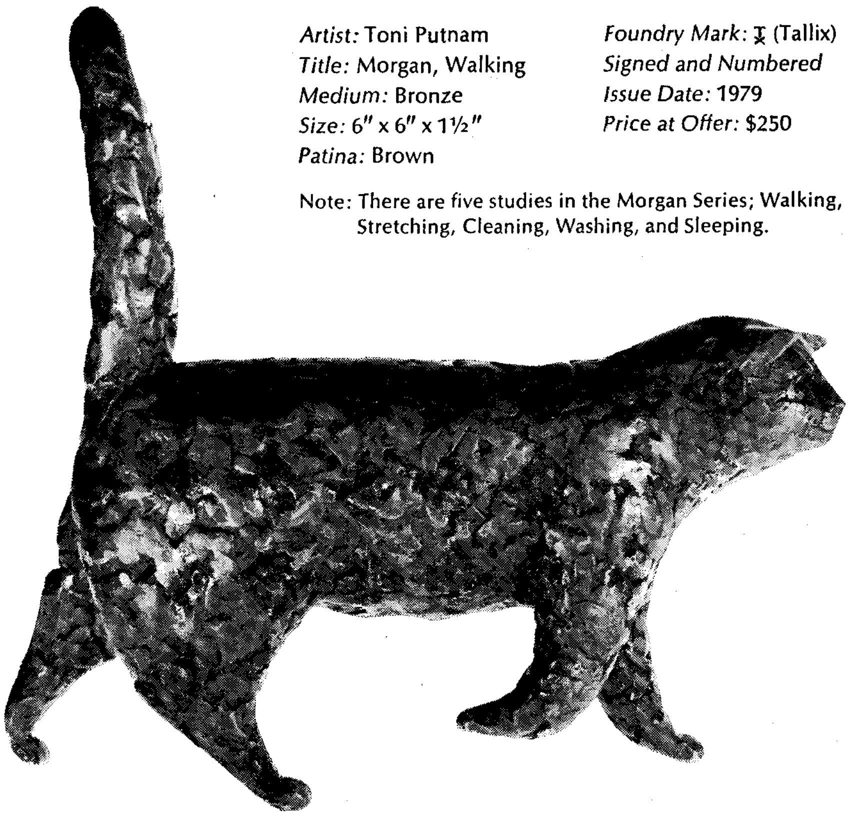
gest "the majestic movement of the stars" or "cosmic choreography." When I tried to forget the associations of the title and listen to the dances as "pure music," I still missed the quiet, romantically intense, delicately lyrical charm of timbre of the other "Makrokosmos" pieces. The work was played, with evident efficiency, by Gilbert Kalish and Paul Jacobs. The last number calls in a third pair of hands, those of the page turner. At this performance, he was Richard Goode—so we had three virtuosos at (and sometimes in) one piano.

Zubin Mehta began a Philharmonic concert with Luigi Nono's "Per Bastiana Tai-Yang Cheng," for orchestra and tape, composed in 1967 for the Toronto Symphony and last heard in New York in 1970, when Hans Werner Henze conducted it with the American Symphony. Mr. Mehta prefaced the Friday-matinée performance with a well-judged little introductory talk, warning his listeners that it would be silly to wait for tunes and then complain that they had heard none; the work was constructed of timbres, not melodies. It lasted just fifteen minutes, he continued; owing to the nature of the notation, no two performances were identical; and if the audience liked it he and the orchestra would do it again for them. The applause was not so warm as to justify an encore, but people did listen attentively. In my experience, the Philharmonic's matinée audiences are the most open to unfamiliar music; Thursday seems to bring out the booers and the noisy stompers-out. There *is* a tune, the Chinese song "The East Is Red," deep underneath "Per Bastiana," but it's not audible in the thick, muddy texture produced by the tape and by three large instrumental groups, two of which do not play from precisely pitched notation and employ microtonally mistuned strings. From the row behind, I caught the comment "Well, that wasn't too bad," and I felt much the same. Nono's mind has fashioned something delicately poised, intricately precise, on paper. In performances—I heard three by the Philharmonic, and the work is recorded on the Wergo label—one becomes aware of shifting balances and occasional arresting incidents, and with a little imagination can even catch the gist of the program hinted at in the composer's note: "The title . . . signifies 'the breaking of the day.' Just so, for Bastiana [Nono's daughter] 'the day breaks;' life begins, tinted with red." "Per



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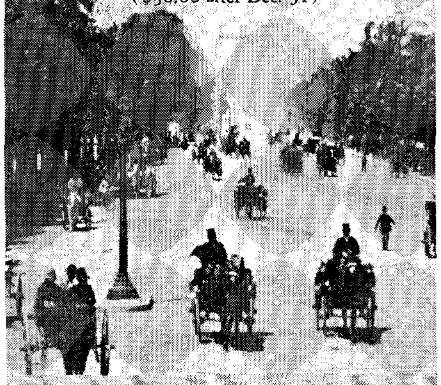

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Bastiana Tai-Yang Cheng" probably has a place in history as a distinguished composer's essay in the once fashionable manner of composing with clotted masses of timbre. Nono's convictions, political and musical, require him (and his listeners) to "confront each new situation" as it arises; inevitably, some of his compositions are tied to their time. I wonder why Mr. Mehta chose to revive "Per Bastiana" now. "Como una Ola de Fuerza y Luz" (1972), which is recorded on Deutsche Grammophon, is even more elaborate (it is twice as long, and needs a soprano and a pianist as well as orchestra and tape); but it is far more "audible," more beautiful, and more stirring.

THE achievements of Josef Marx—oboist, teacher, editor, publisher, and champion of both Baroque and contemporary composers—who died last year, were celebrated at a concert given in the Abraham Goodman House by his colleagues and pupils. It began and ended with Stefan Wolpe's Solo Piece for Trumpet (published by the Josef Marx Music Company) and included his Form for Piano—two notable examples of his charged, epigrammatic vein. A Suonata da Camera by Johann Gottlieb Janitsch—one of Frederick the Great's musicians, championed by Mr. Marx—made pleasant listening. A sonata by Jan Dismas Zelenka, for two oboes, bassoon, double-bass, and continuo, did something to mark the Zelenka tercentenary, which has otherwise passed almost unobserved in this country, except on WNCN. Charles Wuorinen's fine Second Trio, for flute, cello, and piano, composed in honor of Wolpe's sixtieth birthday, and works by Raoul Pleskow (his Latin songs and a new "Oratio: In Memoriam Josef Marx"), Isaac Nemiroff, and Harvey Sollberger made up a program that, even to someone who had not known Marx and his circle, seemed to draw the portrait of an enthusiastic, lovable, and inspiring musician.

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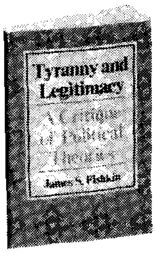

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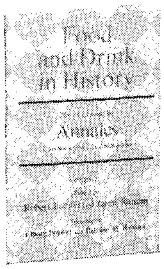

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# REFLECTIONS

## A DIFFERENT PLACE, WITH A DIFFERENT PAST

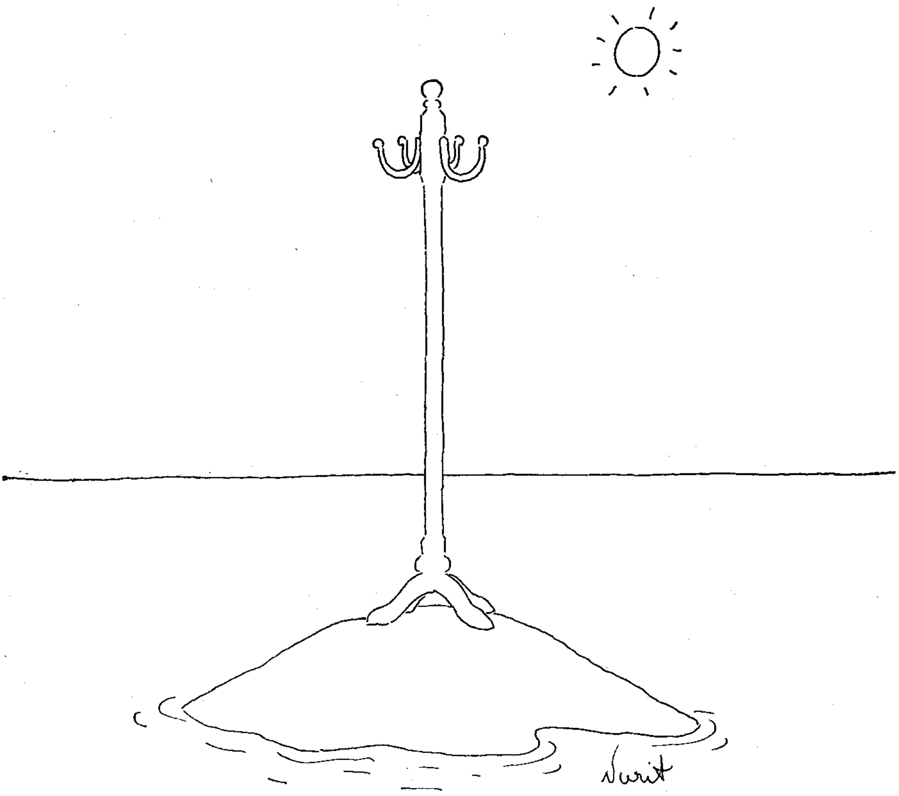
FOREIGN policy today deals across time as well as across space. Teheran is a thousand miles from the open sea, more than six thousand miles from Washington, and in another dimension of time. There is more in this than merely an observation that Ayatollah Khomeini seems a medieval figure. Certainly there is something in him that suggests Peter the Hermit preaching the First Crusade. There is also something in him that reminds one of Cromwell, Calvin, or Arnaud Amalric, the Abbot of Cîteaux, who, confronted with the need to distinguish heretic Cathari from the faithful, said, "Burn them all. God will know his own." Such men cannot be called evil. They are men with their own values, for whom the most important things do not exist in compromised time. They believe that common life is ephemeral, that justice lies in eternity. Temporal happiness is illusion or temptation. Compromise is betrayal. Truth is more important than feeling. Obedient to God, doing God's will, any of them, threatened with a bombing attack from the aircraft carrier Kitty Hawk or Midway, might welcome it—a shortcut to paradise, the longed-for meeting with destiny. God will snatch up his own and impose his own revenge upon the infidel.

In the matters that count most for Americans, Ayatollah Khomeini is our contemporary, yet he acts in dimensions that are closed to us. Darius Shayegan, an Iranian intellectual and philosopher, recently commented in the European press upon the premedieval and pre-Islamic resonances in Khomeini's conduct: "Khomeini stirs the collective unconscious of Iranians. . . . There are precedents of radical confrontation in the religious and political history of Iran which go back to the beginnings, in the tradition of the great 'Magi' before the Achaemenian Age, before Islam. Consider the Manichaeanism of Khomeini, the way in which he presents everything in black and white, good or evil, without compromise—that's much more Iranian, or Persian, than Islamic." Manichaeanism, the belief that evil is an active principle in human affairs and that Satan is co-eternal with God, was specifically an Iranian heresy. It arose from the collision of Christianity with the native Zoroastrianism of Persia, a religion of the unresolved conflict between good and evil powers, and of the force of the elements. Zoroastrianism was also ethical and activist, and so resisted the doctrine of submission that dominates Islam. The Islamic cult of the Assassins, which deliberately practiced murder, arose in Persia. The Islamic clergy in Persia has repeatedly taken a leading part in political and social action—in this century, by supporting the revolution of 1906 (when ten thousand revolutionaries took refuge in the British Legation grounds), by conferring the crown upon the present Shah's father, in 1925, and now by throwing out the son.

In the same way, something cataclysmic out of Khmer history was reenacted in Cambodia after the Communist takeover in 1975. The Khmers gave themselves to near-suicidal wars in the twelfth century and after, eventually producing near ruin—the abandonment of the major cities, partition of the country between the Thais and the Vietnamese. The threat, or promise, of the return of oppression is always present in such societies if the thin membrane of convention is destroyed. We still discuss the Cambodian upheaval as if what happened there were a sort of Marxist aberration, but when a people inflicts genocide upon itself it does so as a consequence of great traumas, such as Russia experienced in the period that included defeat by Japan in 1905, the Revolution, and the famine of the nineteen-twenties—and such as Cambodia underwent, thanks in part to us, after 1970.

In Mecca, a young prophet has been attempting to impose himself as the "expected Mahdi," the inspired leader who, according to the Hadith, the recorded sayings of Muhammad, is to appear at the beginning of a new century with a mission to purify Islam. Tradition has favored the fifteenth Islamic century, which began on November 20, 1979, our calendar, for the expected Mahdi's appearance. That was the morning the Great Mosque in Mecca was seized. Tradition has also said that the people of Mecca would try to kill the prophet but that he would escape, eventually march on Jerusalem, liberate it, and go on to defeat a false Mahdi from Persia. The Jidda correspondent of the London *Times* has written that "the niceness of the setting of present events is being remarked on here."

The immediate import of the Saudi Arabian affair, as it has thus far emerged, seems grave, because it demonstrates a continuing puritan reaction against Westernizing changes in Saudi Arabia, and because it appears to involve elements of the university intelligentsia as well as conservative Bedouins. The present dynasty in Saudi Arabia itself arose in puritan reaction against its predecessor. The people who



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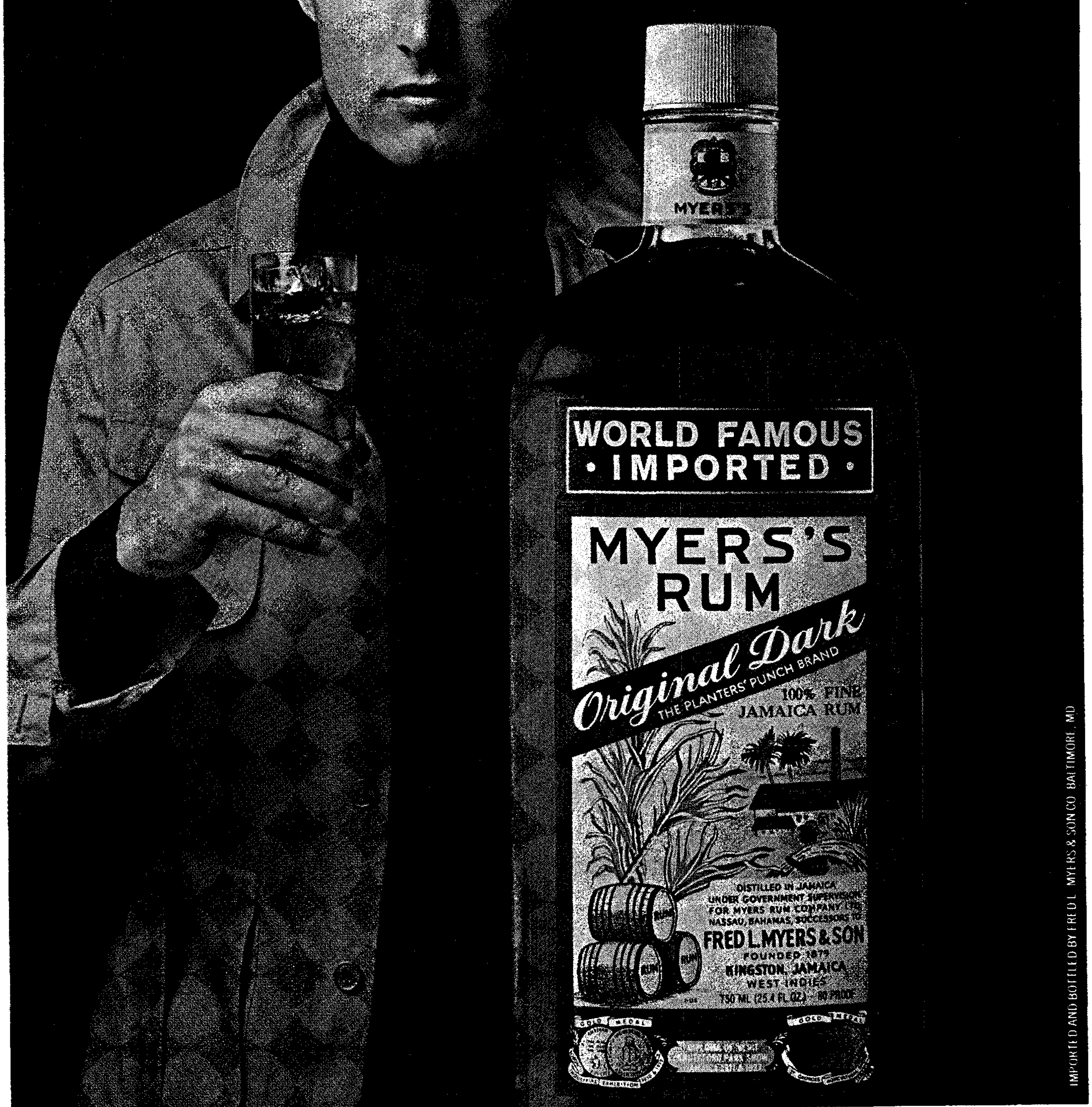
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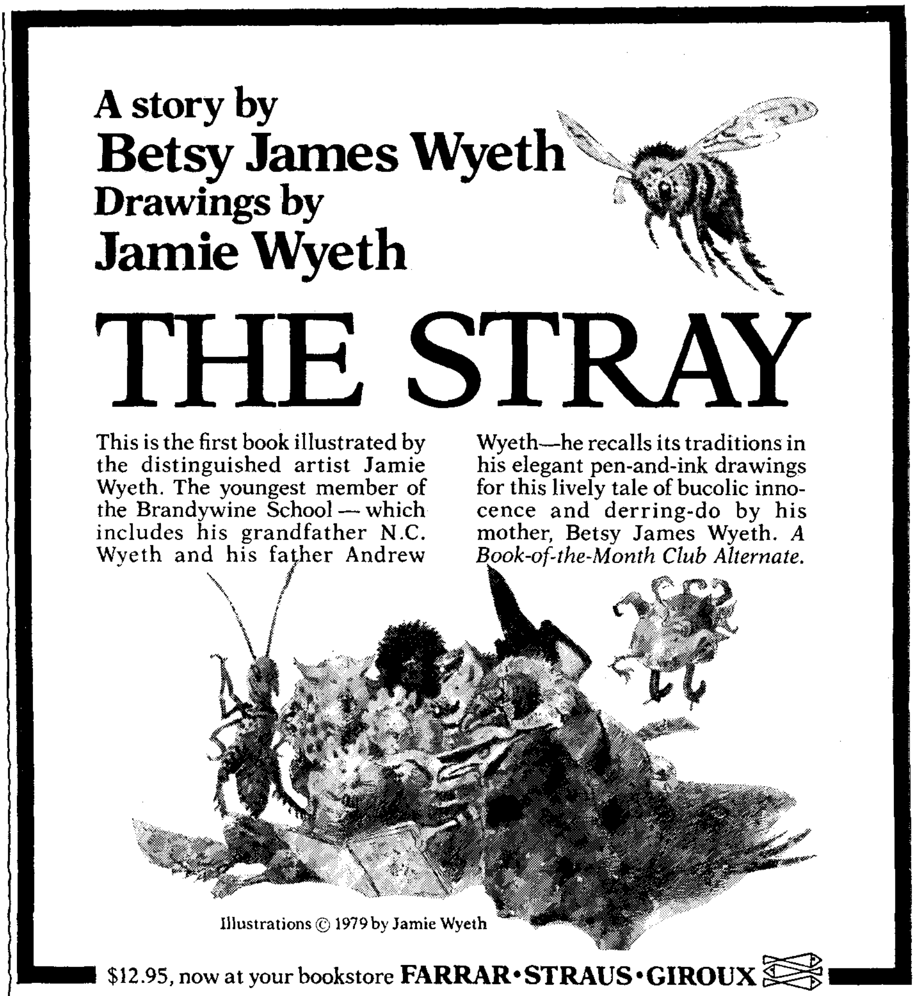
seized Mecca in 1924 in the name of orthodoxy and of Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud, the present king's father, came from the same tribes that are involved in the current affair. Western commentators call this puritanical orthodoxy "Islamic fundamentalism"—a term that is reassuring, because such a definition of the problem implies a solution. We Americans are progressives. Time, for us, marches on to conclusions. It begins at zero and ends in the infinite, when everything will be settled and men at rest. This belief is religious in origin. The Biblical account holds that God created men to undergo an adventure in temporal history which has a beginning, develops, and will end in judgment and justification. In other religious cultures, life is not seen as progressive and linear. In Hinduism, time is to be escaped, reality is spirit. Chinese history is dynastic and cyclical, not progressive. In Islam, progress is, so to speak, vertical, between man and God. For an American to describe the claimant Mahdi in Mecca or Ayatollah Khomeini or Colonel Qaddafi, of Libya, as medieval is to imply that education and progress will solve the problem they present. Time does away with old societies, progress will bring a modern way of life. These crises are accidents, errors, in what is, in the larger plan, an unstoppable process. True or not, our belief is a complacent one.

AMERICANS consider the United States to be the "new" world. We once left behind us the "old" world, which is Europe. This idea is deep in the American political consciousness. Yet there has been an oddity in our approach to Asia and the Middle East since the Second World War. We have chosen to call those states "new nations," and—until recently, at least—we have tended to regard them as closer to us, in an important way, than the European states that were their colonial rulers. They, like us, we felt, had cast off Europe to make for themselves a future that we had already explored, and toward which we led.

But these supposedly new nations are actually much older than Western nations, even in terms of conventional linear history, and at the same time, by virtue of cultural differences, they exist on a different plane. The societies of Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Turkey, India, Afghanistan, Burma, Cambodia, China are radically different from Western societies today, and, indeed, they are nothing like what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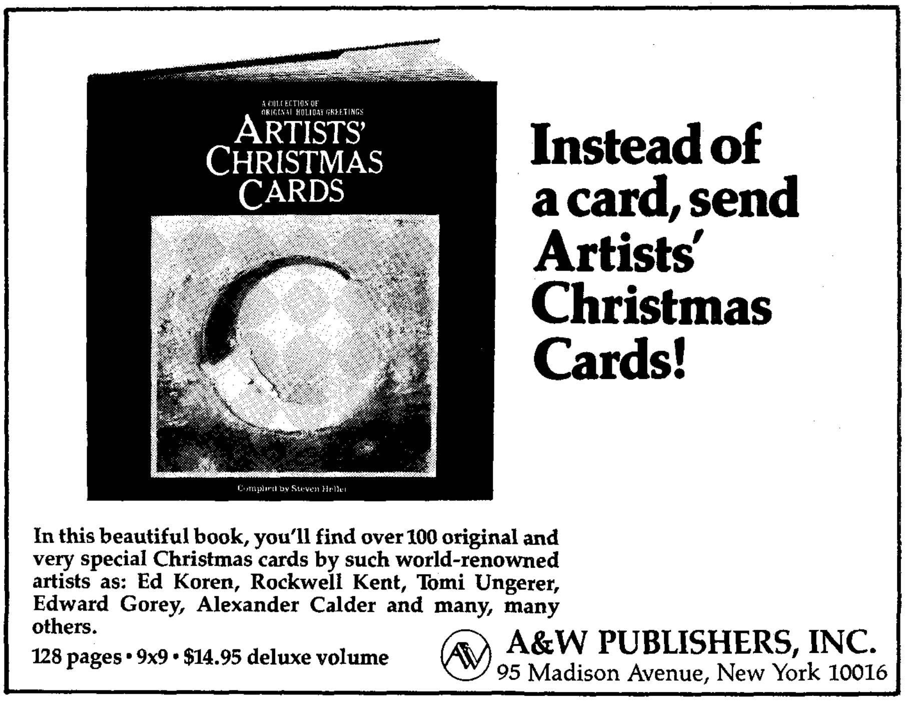
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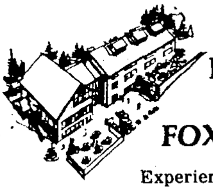

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Western civilization ever has been. They are not following us, somewhere on a road we have already travelled. They are in a different place, with a different past, and therefore it is not wholly unreasonable to think that they may have a different future.

A great nation's foreign policy involves power, money, trade, oil, and arms, but it proceeds from ideas. Because Americans do believe in the universality of time and progress, the United States government in recent years has conducted a policy that supported progressive and modernizing leaders in the Third World, and has financed industrialization and social changes that were meant to make other societies more like American society—all this being understood to be a matter of speeding progress so as to bring peace. The Shah of Iran was until recently thought by many Americans to be a progressive man—admittedly authoritarian, an absolute monarch, but then Kemal Atatürk, Fidel Castro, Napoleon, Bismarck, and Mao Zedong were authoritarians, too. All spilled blood and jailed or killed their enemies while reforming their societies. Americans, in fact, argued a great deal over whether the United States should support right-wing modernizers, like the Shah, or left-wing modernizers, like Salvador Allende Gossens, in Chile; the late Houari Boumedienne, in Algeria; Colonel Nasser; Pandit Nehru. We usually chose modernizers on the right. But the American debate never admitted a doubt that our national interest lay with modernization in the Third World. Even now, in Saudi Arabia, Egypt, the Arab Emirates, thousands of official Americans as well as people from American industry are hard at work helping modernize economies and societies. Not long ago, many of the same people were in Iran, and before that in Thailand and Vietnam.

There is no serious alternative for the United States today in a policy of backing off from the rest of the world, or in some kind of effort to halt change and perpetuate traditional society in the same places we have wanted, until now, to see modernized. There is, however, an alternative policy in maintaining a larger distance, a greater detachment, with respect to the changes taking place in these countries. We might conduct ourselves with a great deal more discretion, not to say awe, before the cultural chasm separating the United States from a country like Iran. Iran, in any case, was sure to undergo a great internal crisis in modern

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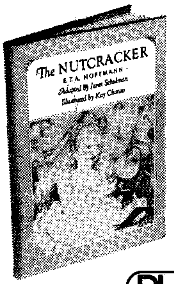

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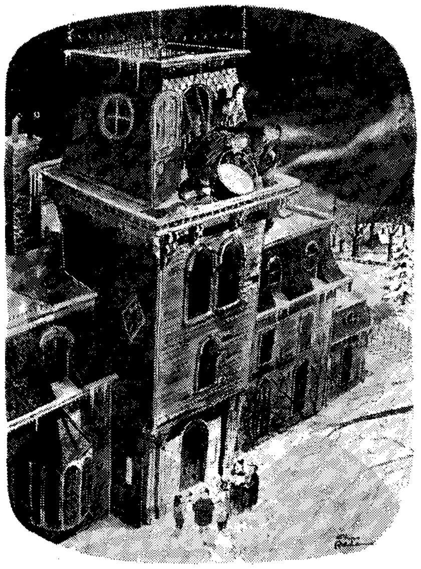

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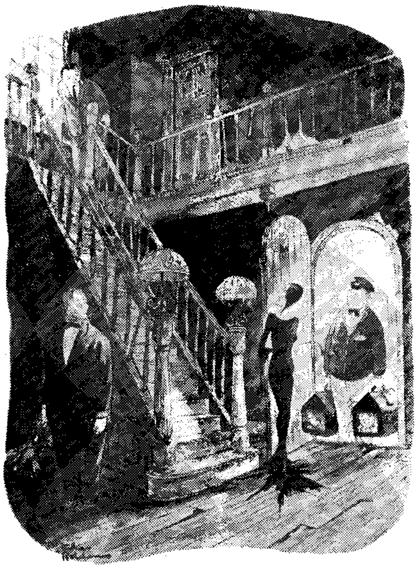

*"It's the children, darling, back from camp."*

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times, just as China, India, and Egypt have been undergoing such crises—and as the West went through its own wars of nationalism and its own intellectual and political revolutions after the sixteenth century. But the United States did not need to make itself the aggressive agent of change and crisis for contemporary Iran. Because we did, we are now being held responsible by Ayatollah Khomeini for "thousands of years" of oppression.

THE matter bears on what we now do to retaliate for what Iran has done to us. The discussions of military options thus far made public all concern bombings, large-scale landings. Preëmptive and precise operations that might save the hostages and also minimize Iranian casualties seem—even if they were not tactically foreclosed by the actual situation of the hostages—beyond our current ways of thinking, or perhaps our talent. In recent years, the American military has not shown much tactical originality in matters like this. It was a British specialty during the Second World War and has been mostly an Israeli specialty since. The modern American military is a blunt instrument. Modern American Presidents and Secretaries of State have preferred to act technologically, from a distance, through the air, where emotional distance can also be maintained.

The question of retaliation and the discussion of bombing recall Lyndon Johnson's and Richard Nixon's metaphors of American potency, and General Curtis LeMay's remark about bombing people back into the Stone Age. The General thus showed that he, too, was a believer in progressive time and linear history. We bombed Cambodia not back into the Stone Age but forward, into a lunar future of emptied cities and death. We could, of course, do the same to Iran if we tried.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

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# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

FERGUS LAMONT, by Robin Jenkins (Taplinger; $12.95). Writing as an old man holed up in a shabby flat, Fergus Lamont begins his story many years earlier, when his mother, after a long and unexplained absence, returns to her home in a squalid Glasgow slum, dresses her young son in a secondhand kilt, and takes him for a walk. Fergus's concern for his own dignity (none of his schoolmates wears a kilt) vanishes when he sees three old women spit on his mother and call her a whore. The next day, she is found drowned in a pond, and Fergus resolves to wear a kilt henceforth. Several years later, he learns that he has been right to consider himself special: he is the son not of John Lamont, a lower-class joiner, but of the young laird (now dead) of Corse Castle, where his mother, a McGilvray, was once a serving maid. Fergus becomes an intolerable prig, changing his name to Corse-Lamont, imitating the manners of the Scottish aristocracy, contriving a bogus family history, and eventually marrying into money. When his wife learns of his Glasgow-slum days, she throws him out, and he journeys to the McGilvray clan's ancestral seat, a hamlet in the Hebrides, where he doffs his miserable hypocrisies and enjoys, for ten years, the challenge of farming that difficult land. A fine portrait of a complicated man.

UNCOLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER, edited and with an introduction, notes, and a bibliography by Joseph Blotner (Random House; $17.95). Professor Blotner, Faulkner's indefatigable biographer, has reached far and wide to put this last-gasp book together. It contains forty-five stories of very various kinds. Twenty of them were published as stories (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, or elsewhere) and then later revised into chapters of such books as "The Unvanquished," "The Hamlet," "Go Down, Moses," and "The Mansion." Twelve are stories that found magazine publication but that Faulkner chose not to collect in book form. The rest, thirteen in all, are stories that Faulkner's agent was never able to place. As might be supposed, the first group is without exception work of the finest order, and familiar to every Faulkner reader; the revisions, though always for the better, are mostly negligible. The published but uncollected stories are of indifferent quality, and were rightly left uncollected by their author. The unpublished stories are of little more than minor academic interest; one of them, for example, called "Evangeline," is a crude anticipation of the Sutpen story that lies at the heart of "Absalom, Absalom!" Professor Blotner's notes, which follow each story to its ultimate publication or rejection, represent an awesome amount of patient research, and it was worth the effort; they provide a capsule commentary on the struggles of a free-lance fiction writer.

### GENERAL

A VICTORIAN COURTSHIP: THE STORY OF BEATRICE POTTER AND SIDNEY WEBB, by Jeanne MacKenzie (Oxford; $10.95). This delightful brief book is the story of an unlikely romance that led to a long and happy marriage. When the couple met, in 1890, Beatrice, a beautiful, upper-middle-class Englishwoman of thirty-two, was still in love with the famous Liberal leader Joseph Chamberlain, although she had decided against marrying him, because she feared his domineering personality. She had begun to make a reputation as a social investigator and writer, and her introduction to Sidney was arranged as a professional matter, since he, at thirty-one, was known as one of the most brilliant London radicals and Fabian writers. Sidney earned his living as a clerk in the Colonial Office; his family was poor; he was physically unattractive; and though he was learned, he was socially beneath Beatrice in speech, manner, and dress. He fell in love with her anyhow; she resisted; he wore down her resistance until she fell in love with him; her family and friends rallied round the mesalliance; and the Webbs became part of British history. What gives this book its enchantment is the contrast between the radicalism of the couple's politics and their Jane Austen feelings about friendship, courtship, love, and marriage.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: THE MAGICIAN OF WEST EIGHTY-SIXTH

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STREET, by Paul Kresh (Dial; $14.95). This is not so much a biography as it is an immersion in the personality of I. B. Singer. The author, a friend of Singer's for some years, jumps about in time, giving us glimpses of the writer as a youth in the ghettos of Poland, on the lecture platforms of colleges, in New York in the thirties, in Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize; he also gives us samples of Singer's wit (and, rather gratuitously, detailed glosses of the stories and novels); and he lets us in on Singer's views of such things as Jews, women, God, the obscurity and opacity of much modern literature, and his preference for writing in Yiddish (because Yiddish has "vitamins" that other languages lack). Out of this patchwork tapestry, a lifelike portrait somehow emerges, but the book is hardly a critical study.

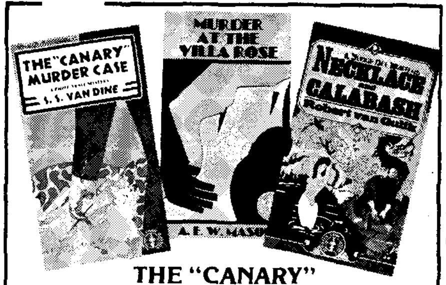
NOTE: "Notes from the Castle," a collection of poems by Howard Moss, most of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum ($10 cloth, $5.95 paper).

• •

## RICHARD ROVERE

RICHARD ROVERE, who died the day after Thanksgiving, always seemed surprised to discover that a fellow-writer had filled a whole wastebasket with preliminary drafts before turning in an article. If that worked for someone else, fine, said Rovere, who was as undoctrinaire about literary habits as about most other aspects of life. What worked for him, he would say, was to write a piece directly on the typewriter in one long take. In reality, by the time he handed it in, his typewritten manuscript would often be an almost impenetrable thicket of crossed-out phrases, ballooning inserts, and tangles of handwritten amendments curling in and out of margins. Once an editor had followed the signs and picked his tortuous way through it, however, it would reveal itself as the usual Rovere marvel of clarity, simplicity, and insight—truths plucked out of an apparently hopeless muddle and put into an order that immediately seemed to be the only rational one. Rovere joined *The New Yorker* in 1944, and, besides turning out book reviews, editorial comment, and, once in a while, a short humor piece, covered the Washington scene for the magazine from December, 1948, until his death. Over and over, in odds and ends of confusing and disparate facts that were available to everyone he would somehow find a pattern and meaning that had eluded the rest of us. In time, his unshrill and unbullying judgments of people and events often moved into the consciousness of other Americans, including that of academic historians, as the way things had been. And although, like his manuscripts, Rovere's desk was usually a mess, being piled high with yellowing press releases, tattered old letters, excerpts from the *Congressional Record*, and communications from the White House, a colleague with whom he was deep in discussion (his office door was always open, inviting company) would be startled to see him suddenly reach a thumb and forefinger into the morass and from it extract the one salient document that would prove a point: often a point made not by Rovere but by his visitor.

Surely there have been few important American political thinkers who more strongly resisted any move to treat them as oracles. A book review that greatly distressed him was one in the *Times* several years ago which, as a result of some ludicrous misapprehension, presented him as a writer who travelled about town with a "retinue." As everyone who spent time with him was aware, when Rovere and a group of friends straggled out to lunch he thought of himself as, if anything, part of *their* retinue. Sometimes, after the annual spring honors lists were announced and the major prizes and other signs of recognition were passed out to other writers (Rovere's name was never among them), he would point out that he had already been honored. Some years back, an editor had asked permission to reprint one of his short stories in a college textbook on the writing of fiction. A textbook! Not one of his better efforts, he had thought, but, still, a textbook! He sent the requested permission by return mail. When the book finally arrived and he broke the package open, he found that his story had been paired in a chapter with one by Ernest Hemingway, and that the chapter ended with a suggested test for the students. As he told it, the test included such directions as "Compare the openings of the two stories and explain why Hemingway's was so much more effective" and "Discuss the many mistakes Rovere made that cause the reader to lose interest in the story en-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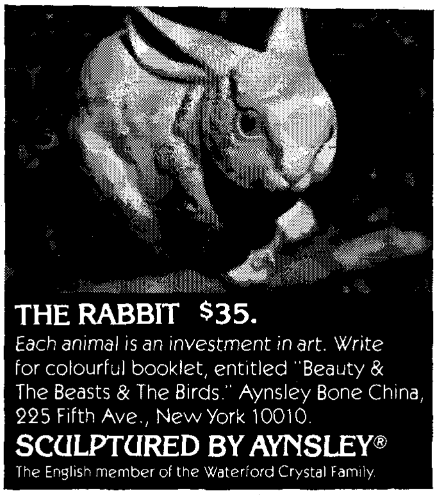
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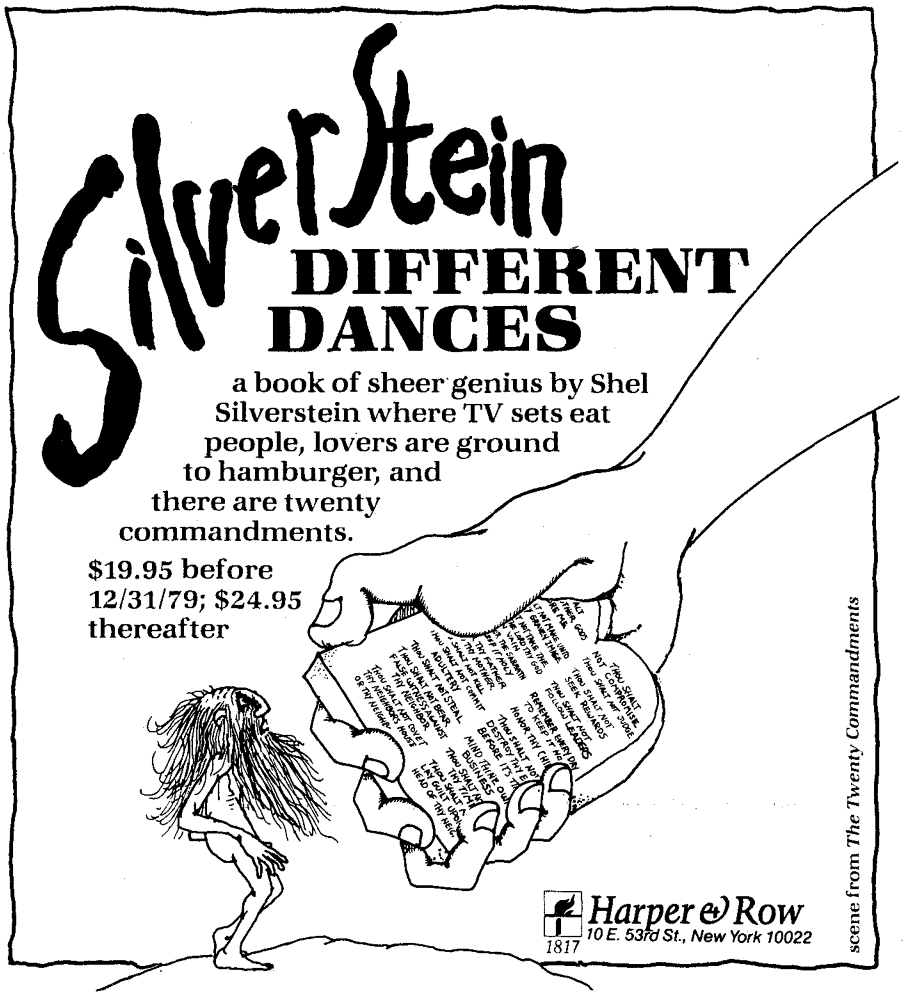
tirely." Rovere would add, with a smile, "That was enough recognition for me."

In an era in which some political writers act as if they were part of show business and vie with each other for spots on Hollywood talk programs, Rovere was an old-fashioned figure, going his own quiet way, writing in his own voice. Entirely absent from his character were insecurities that might have encouraged him to take a political view because it was the fashionable one or to come down on the opposite side because it was a flashy way to attract attention. He never felt it necessary to pretend that he was more intimately acquainted with Presidents and other political celebrities than he was or to conceal the fact that an occasional early political judgment had not been right on the mark. He wrote once of his first meeting with Senator Joseph McCarthy, in 1949, before the Senator's habits had become eponymous, and before Rovere had become a charter journalistic opponent of the Senator. McCarthy had plied him with one innocuous document after another in a more or less successful effort to persuade him that, because of their weight and number, there must be something in them that would prove a malign conspiracy. "I was not aware then," Rovere observed, "of having been switched, conned, and double-shuffled by one of the masters."

Unlike some men of his generation—he was sixty-four when he died—Rovere was not one to sit around only with people of his own age, hashing over the past; many of the writers and editors who regularly moved in and out of his office had not been born when he started writing, and had never heard of the Dixon-Yates scandal or seen Sam Rayburn plain. He was, however, on occasion, fondly retrospective about Harold Ross, *The New Yorker's* founding editor. Of Ross, he once wrote, "I liked his endless and, as I saw it and still see it, gallant fight against the slovenly, the flabby, and the needlessly ambiguous"—a fight that Rovere himself, of course, continued to the end of his life. It seems certain that for a long time to come many of his readers will find themselves looking at a crowded front page and saying, "I wonder what Rovere would have made of this;" and that those who worked with him, as they round the corner toward his old office, will for a moment expect to see him there, hunched over his typewriter but ready, as ever, to lean back in his chair, light a cigarette, and shoot the breeze.



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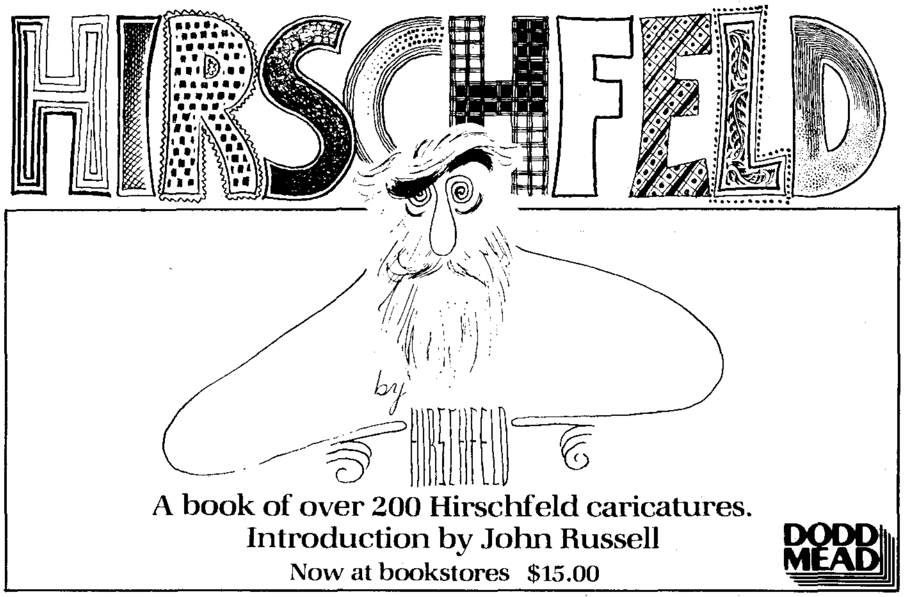

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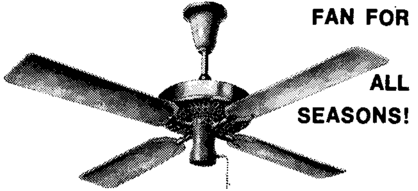
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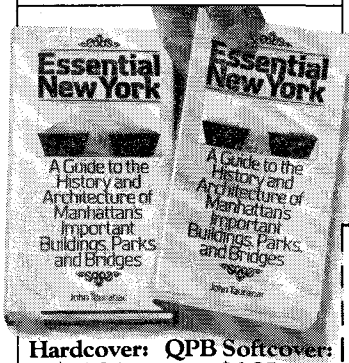
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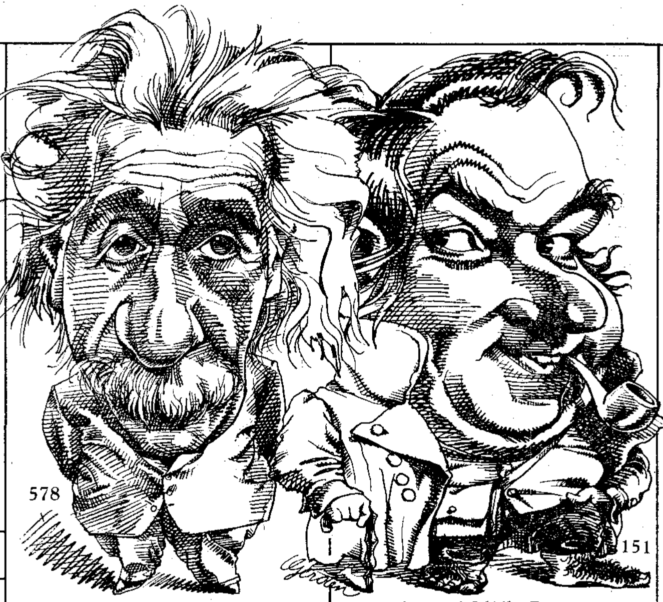

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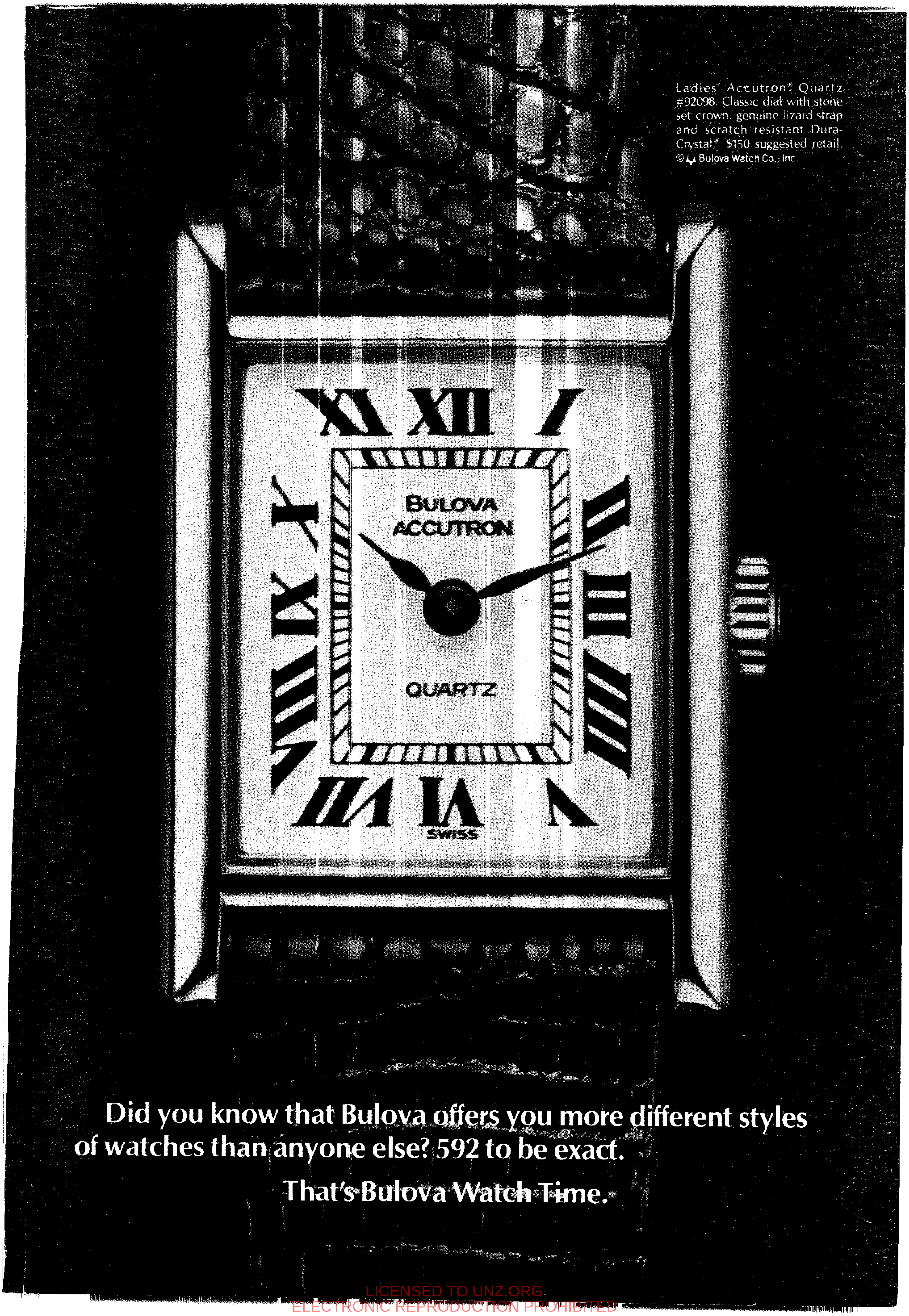

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